

Chatelaine

MAY, 1937

TEN CENTS



**Pampers her skin with costly lotions
—but she ignores her tender, ailing gums**



How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

PAT, PAT, go her deft fingers—attending to the important business of beauty. Creams and lotions to aid her skin—a hundred brush strokes nightly for her hair—those are details she never overlooks. *And rightly so!* Yet how little they count, when her lips part in a dull and dingy smile—a smile that ruins her loveliness, destroys her charm.

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“Pink tooth brush” is only a warning. But if ever that tinge appears on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble. Probably, he’ll warn you that the modern diet is to blame—too many soft, easily-masticated foods—too little work for lazy, flabby gums. “More work for those tender gums” is the likely verdict—“more exercise to keep them hardy”—

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And how much more charming will be your smile—a smile that discloses teeth, brilliant and sparkling. Don’t wait for the warning “tinge of pink” on your tooth brush. Start today with Ipana and massage—one sensible way to a lovely smile.

Remember

a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



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EP100



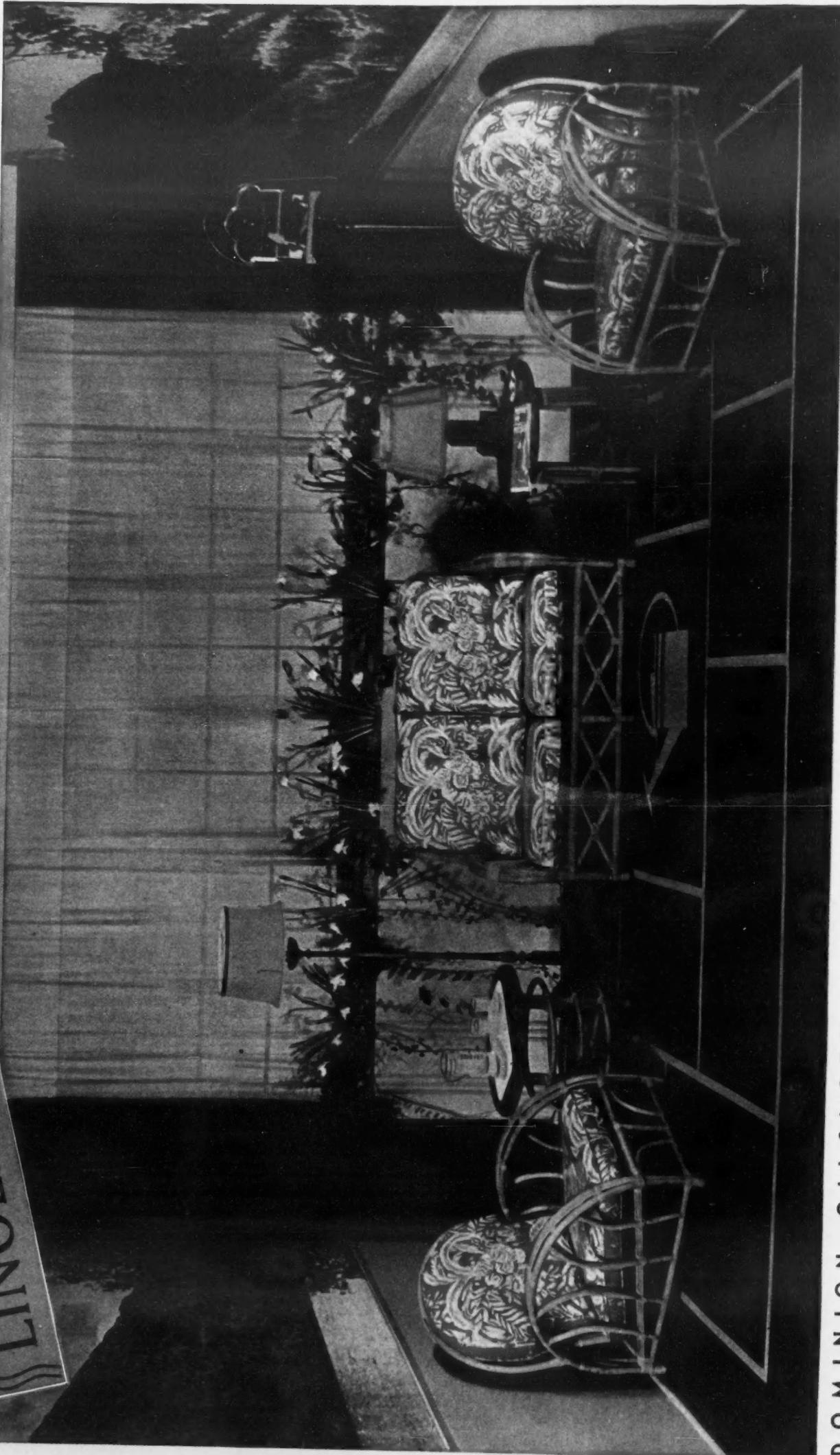
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The field of this floor is Black Dominion Battleship Linoleum with Ivory inlays. The border is Terra Cotta, while the decoration and flowers are Ivory, Terra Cotta and Green.

Photomurals and Direct Colour Photography by Dominion Yale.



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IT AIDS
DIGESTION
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IT SOOTHES
AND REFRESHES
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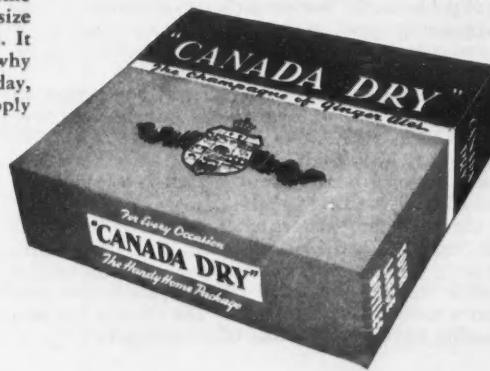
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CANADA DRY'S piquant flavour is one of the world's masterpieces... it's neither too sweet nor too dry, blends smoothly with other beverages. Let the children have all the Canada Dry they want. It's wholesome and crystal pure—good for them. And be sure to keep plenty in the refrigerator.

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CANADA DRY

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

Chatelaine



A MAGAZINE FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

I OFTEN remember the Walrus when I look at the proofs of an issue before writing this page. His insistence that the time had come "to talk of many things—of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings," is so exactly the way I feel. For as modern homemakers, your interests have become so wide, that in trying to keep up with you a magazine must cram its columns with talk of an astonishing number of things.

Of the crowning of kings, for instance . . . Mollie McGee, a young Canadian journalist, went off posthaste to old London Town, a week or so ago. She wanted to dig up the answers to the questions you would probably ask if you were over there yourself. When you've read what she discovered, you'll be able to enjoy the ceremonies of May 12 as you read of them in the daily press, or listen to them over the radio, with the appreciation that comes from a full knowledge of what is taking place.

Of women and the pulpits, for another thing . . . Chatelaine has watched, and recorded from time to time, the steady fight women have made to gain admittance to the ministry. They have a noble opportunity for service in a field which will give them every chance to develop women's genius for understanding and devotion. But for those who think it's all settled and over now, along comes Dr. Ernest Thomas, to discuss the subject with a direct frankness. Dr. Thomas, as a noted leader of the United Church of Canada,

was one of those who fought for the admission of women to the ministry. But that does not mean that he cannot consider, too, some of the problems this new triumph for women will entail.

Of Hollywood and its goings-on for another . . . So many readers have asked for direct news of what their favorite stars are doing, that we asked Whitney Williams, who lives in Hollywood, and who has been working with the studios as a journalist for some time, to record for you what he sees and hears month by month. His column, "What's Going On in Hollywood," begins this issue. Is there anything you'd like to know particularly about Hollywood? Don't forget that you can write to him, as you can to any of the contributors, via Chatelaine. We'll pass the letters on.

Of seventy years in a woman's life . . . Men and women from every province are expressing their interest in the absorbing and richly romantic life story of Mrs. George Black, M.P. for the Yukon. Unquestionably, "My Seventy Years" is proving to be one of the most popular features we have ever published. What could be more dramatic than the phase of Mrs. Black's life as revealed this month? Picture her as a young woman, who, having endured a year's unspeakable hardships in the northern wilderness, is taken back to her luxurious home. Wouldn't you think she'd have been delighted to stay there comfortably? Ten thousand pioneer women who have known the joy and agony of building a life in a new country will understand Mrs. Black's decision to return to the Yukon. I can promise you some enthralling chapters ahead!

Of love and hate, of devotion and derision . . . You'll find them all in the group of short stories gathered together in this issue. Aline Ballard, a charming young writer, likes to tell of light-hearted youngsters in love. You'll find her at her happiest in "And When She Was Bad." A son's resentment against the mother who ran away from home, is the vital theme for "His Father's Wife," by Jan Spiess. Glamor and the call of mystery walk with Fraulein, the haunting singer of "Dark Music," by Thomas Duncan. The effervescent gaiety of young newly-weds sparkles through "Forever Hold His Peace," by Phyllis Duganne. Velia Ercole's novel of impetuous marriage brings a dramatic climax in Beverly's life, in which she meets scorn and derision for the first time in her life—you'll find her reaction to it in "Marriage Made on Earth."

Of two features at the movies . . . They seem to be here to stay. Yet most people say they would prefer the single, first-class movie, with a comedy, travelogue and newsreel—and call it an evening's entertainment. Since it affects the entertainment interest of practically every Canadian, Chatelaine felt it was an important matter—too big for one

H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director
BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor
N. ROY PERRY, Business Manager



Phyllis Duganne tells of the bewildering events which followed one society marriage in "Forever Hold His Peace."



Aline Ballard knows how to write convincingly of irresponsible young people as those in "And When She Was Bad."

Toronto. Mr. Casson, who likes to paint quaint old French-Canadian villages particularly, is known throughout the Dominion for his work, as it is an interesting part of important gallery exhibitions.

All in all, looking through this May Chatelaine, it seems to me there should be contrast enough to satisfy even the Walrus!

Next month will bring you a group of distinctive short stories, among them "Spoiled Only Child," by that famous writer, Ruth Burr Sanborn. Miss Sanborn has frequently appeared in Chatelaine. There's a delightful bit for all young wives who still want to enjoy themselves as of old. It's called "Wives are Sacred," and Hannah Lees wrote it. I'll wager you never read a story just like it!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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on the last page

Every Woman CAN IMPROVE HER HOME

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RUGS



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In many Canadian homes there is a practically unused room which, with a little thought, could be transformed at little expense into a charming combination sewing room and spare room as shown above.

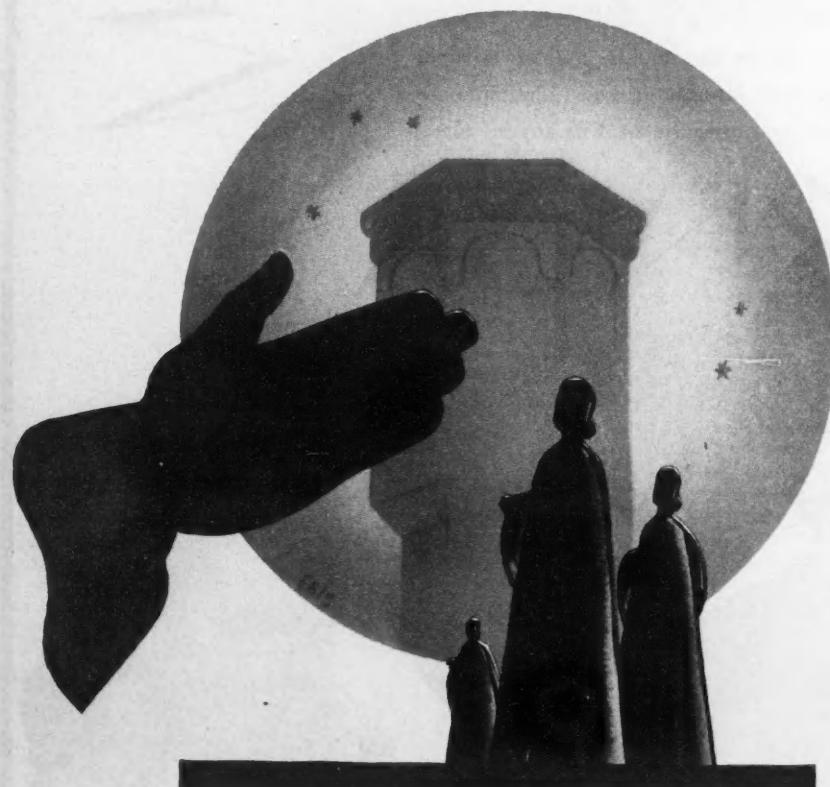
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CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED — MONTREAL

Ladies - We Give You the Pulpit



But what will happen then? Is there a special place for Canadian women in this newly opened profession? Will marriage affect their careers?

by DR. ERNEST THOMAS

TODAY THE woman minister stands among us. The United Church of Canada has made a place for her, and Lydia E. Gruchy, of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, has already been ordained. Other women will follow her shortly.

What exactly will the ordination of women mean? How will it change the church generally? How will it affect women?

Obviously the entry of women into the ministry of the Church means another step forward in the whole feminist movement. All along its progress was retarded by the very same objections that have met women's advance in every phase of public work. But while their admission to ordination apparently means only another feminist triumph, it may represent difficulties which the other professions for women have not entailed.

Consider the question of marriage, as an example of what may prove a difficult situation. When women have entered medicine, the law, or business, and have married, they have very often continued their profession afterward. It was a personal matter between themselves and their husband, or their individual firm.

On the other hand, for centuries, ordination has meant the dedication to a lifelong service. And the Church, recognizing the importance of its work, and the selfless attitude it demands, has seen to it that its ministers were assured a continued field of work. The Church has been responsible for the dependents of its ministers.

But what about the woman minister? In British Methodism where women have been ordained for some years, it was understood that their work ended irrevocably with their marriage. The situation might be simplified if ordination is for single women only—but it might seriously restrict the quality of women's service. The fact that a woman minister, doing notable work, and deeply devoted to what she felt was a lifelong dedication, must be denied marriage if she wishes to continue her work, seems out of key with the whole tenor of what ordination means.

If she should happen to be the breadwinner of the family, what place would her husband occupy? What provision is made for children, in case of her death, parallel to that made for children of the male ministry? One of the amusing incidents of the General Council occurred when an eminent counsel moved an amendment to the Pension Fund motion, that after the words, "minister's widow," there should be inserted the words "or widower."

As the Church has always regarded the support of a minister and his family as its responsibility, and assured every effective minister of a continuous field of employment, the inclusion of women in the ministry clearly complicates this guarantee.

WHAT ABOUT the economic competition involved? In the early days of women's entry into medicine it was predicted that women would not entrust themselves to feminine doctors. But today, the thousands of women

physicians—the fact that banks and investment houses have special consultants for feminine clients—the successful practice of the law by women—all indicate that these fears were groundless. Thus it may be expected that women will enter the Church in increasing numbers, and with notable success.

But there are only a certain number of parishes available. What will happen when a number of brilliant and charming women enter the field? When one thinks of the woman minister of a parish, one realizes that her charm will be of very definite importance. One college principal in discussing the question at the Assembly pointed out that in the selection of a minister, a gracious and attractive young woman would inevitably outclass an older man. But when the woman was no longer young, and the charm of the earlier years had passed, she would be at a very definite disadvantage compared with older men.

There are exceptions of course. Dr. Maude Royden has still her rich spell for audiences of this generation, as Mrs. William Booth had for the last. After all there is truth in the old line about the ministry—that it is to "charm, to comfort and to teach."

Probably, judging by what has happened in other fields, when women take their place, as men have for generations, in the more public forms of religious life, the personal appeal will be alien from the life of an ordained woman. There will remain only that aesthetic satisfaction which is found when a great teacher is also a handsome man with a rich, musical voice.

WILL WOMEN be suited for the ministry? I should say yes. For one thing the Church has always recognized the invaluable contribution women have made to its life. And the Church has provided beyond any other form of human organization, except the family, for the use of womanly skill, tenderness and wisdom.

The Church's increasing realization of the importance of clinical studies and psychological help for members of its congregation will offer a special place for women's intuitive and understanding powers. The trained woman, as a spiritual director, may come to occupy a place of great importance in the Church. When the theological training of the seminary is united with the skilled understanding of the social worker, in a woman of fine culture, disciplined mind and Christian sensitiveness—we may look for ministries which will play a decisive part in the maintaining or reclaiming of great numbers of overstrained men and women.

THERE ARE a number of positions in the Church—even outside the regular work of the ministers—which seem ideally suited to women. Among them, I should place the guiding powers in training schools for women workers in the Church, in Christian education, missionary work or girls' work.

Women, too, should be particularly adept as ministers, at home visitations and the care and oversight of children. They are no strangers to the pulpit, as the Church has long recognized the right of every Christian to bear testimony to the truth about God as he or she sees it. In the administration of baptism, no precedent is set, since, traditionally, baptism is as valid at the hands of laymen as ministers.

But the administration of Holy Communion will be a distinct innovation. Once the novelty has ceased to surprise, what more appropriate than that consecrated women should conduct "the mothering of the household of faith." Solemnization of marriage will be a new responsibility for the woman minister. (And may bring with it a new problem from an old practice. Traditionally, the pastor's wife received the wedding fees. Shall the woman minister, in turn, hand such honorariums to her husband?)

The ordination of women means more than their admission to a professional guild. It is a sacrament, a dedication. It leaves the candidate no longer a freelance adventurer in the field of religion. He, or she, has bowed to certain loyalties. Made definite vows of service. Thus the ordination of women is a momentous step in the history of the United Church. Other churches more deeply enmeshed in rigid traditions may find themselves hindered from taking the step which is now being taken in Canada by the United Church. But the precedent being established, things do begin to happen.

You may remember that when the Red armies of Russia, in the early days of the new regime, were advancing on the Baltic, the American Consul, eager to assist the British interests, telegraphed Downing Street, suggesting that he hoist the American flag over the British Consulate buildings. The reply duly came back that there was no known precedent for such action. Downing Street, however, received within a few hours a laconic message: "Precedent established. All well."

Such is the sentiment, apparently, of the United Church.

*.. and when
she was bad*



Chatelaine
FOR MAY, 1937

Sky

ALINE BALLARD

Alex brought out the worst in a girl; and Trudy's worst will astonish you, as it did all concerned

TRUDY'S EYES struggled open. Sky and ocean had dwindled into a slanted, blue rectangle, visible through a window. Drowning, she thought dimly, hadn't been half so unpleasant as she'd always imagined. Except that her head hurt. She lifted an exploring hand, and felt sooping hair against a pillow.

"Ugh!"

"I wish I had some steak," a voice close to her ear mourned.

"I'm not hungry, thank you," Trudy murmured politely. "Not to eat. To plaster on your right eyebrow—a very nice eyebrow, by the way. I like them natural."

"Or garnished with raw beef," Trudy said, but she was beginning to remember.

She had been rowing. The motorboat had catapulted around a cliff faster than any boat had a right to travel. She must have hit something harder than water when she went over.

"You could at least look where you're going," she said crossly.

"My eyes were shut," he explained—if you could call that an explanation. "And I don't blame you for being mad. Can you move?"

She made a cautious, half-hearted attempt. Her bones seemed to be all in place, but she felt weak and dizzy and



"You might have found an apartment with a bigger bedroom," Alex complained.
"It isn't funny," Trudy said sharply, "We'll have to stay here till morning."



" SUPREME "

"This Year it's Buckingham"



away, they'll go unheralded and unrecorded, and probably die of malnutrition," Alex murmured.

"I expect so," Trudy agreed placidly. "But they might as well learn to do without me. They'll have to when I get married."

He gave a violent start and looked at her hand. "It isn't imminent, is it?"

"Well—"

How much, she wondered, should she tell him about Godfrey? That he worked in a bank, that his clothes were meticulously pressed and his ties matched his socks . . . this last, in view of the fact that her companion wore no tie and had his feet thrust into disreputable sneakers, seemed a little pointed. But Godfrey was neat mentally, as well. When she went out with him, she could be sure of doing what they set out to do. If it was the theatre, the seats were reserved in advance and they got there in time to see the whole performance. And when they had dinner together, they went to restful, well-

aired restaurants with good service. Cellars, Godfrey thought, should be devoted to heating plants. "What I want is food, not atmosphere," he always said.

"Don't tell me any more," Alex begged, before she had scarcely begun. "I bet he carries his change in a pocketbook and writes down his engagements on a desk calendar. I can just see him, neatly brushed, jumping up the instant the alarm goes off, always on time for work. An eight-hour man—bah!"

He pushed a lock of hair out of his eyes violently, and before she knew what had happened, he was striding off, sand slithering under his disdainful heels.

He needn't act so disgusted. Those were good traits to live with, at least she thought they should be. She had decided long ago that, when she married, it would be a man who got up for breakfast and came home on time for dinner, who made plans and followed them. Peace and order and security, that was what she meant to have.

Now that her neighbor knew what sort of girl she was, he'd stay away; and that, Trudy told herself as she slipped into bed was just as well. She quite forgot you couldn't ever predict what an artist would do.

A violent pounding awakened her. In the crawling moments before she could struggle into a robe and light a lamp, she thought of all the catastrophes that might have happened to her family, that had happened other times when she left them. Two were safe on a boat, but there was Sturm on her way to Vancouver—and anyway, boats weren't so terribly safe. Once Jill found a special place to watch the phosphorescent fish and got herself locked in and had to stay all night and all the next day, while they thought she was overboard. And on the West Indies trip Wick decided the stateroom needed murals and fell off the chair he had put on the bureau and had to lie for six months on his stomach with his head hanging down; and once Jill was carving Achilles out of soap . . . She flung the door open. And, instead of a boy with a telegram or cable, there stood Alex.

The lamp made a wavering curlicue of light, and his mouth slid into a smile. "Were you in bed?"

"Oh, no! I was baking a cake," Trudy retorted, relief and anger battling for supremacy. "And shouldn't one be in bed at three in the morning?"

"It's very becoming, anyway," he observed. "The curls in a tangle and that dab of cream on your nose. I was afraid you wore a hairnet."

"And a chin plaster, I suppose. So you came to find out. Or did you want to do a portrait of me?"

"Don't be eager," he said. "Just now I'm scouting for dog food."

"Will you take it plain or in cream sauce?" she asked kindly.

"For Sadie," he explained patiently.

"I didn't know you had a dog," she said suspiciously.

"There's a lot you don't know about me, mostly good." He grinned confidingly. "She was out digging clams when you dropped in—I like that word dropped, don't you?"

If she gave him any encouragement, he'd flop down in an easy chair and spill ashes over the rug and talk the rest of the night, while Sadie starved. She brought out a half-pound of ground steak, which in view of its recent association with medication had seemed less appealing than eggs at supper time and thrust it at him.

"I knew you'd have something in your cupboard," Alex gave her a wistful look. "You wouldn't want to—"

"No," said Trudy firmly. "To everything."

He went off looking as dejected as if she had slapped him, instead of donating tomorrow's—no, today's—lunch. But she kept her heart hard. The appealingness was part of his stock in trade. Artists and writers and actors all had it developed to a fine point. That was because they were always having to cajole people into getting them out of scrapes. In another moment he would have asked her to cook it for him.

She might as well be home.

WHEN SHE NEXT awakened, the sun was shining down almost straight, and the cove looked as if someone had squeezed a tube of permanent blue pigment all over it. Feeling slothful and a little fuzzy, she went out to get the milk. And there, beside the milk bottle, sat an alarm clock, a twist of paper through the ring of metal that you picked it up by.

"I'm afraid you're a little off schedule, darling," she read. "Shall we make lunch at one-thirty? Lobster. If you don't come, they'll go to waste—and you know you wouldn't approve of that."

She giggled as she picked up the clock, because somehow the whole episode seemed funnier now than last night. And she had overslept. If she accepted his invitation, she'd probably have to cook the lobster and set the table and perhaps even wash dishes before they could eat.

It happened practically as she expected. She arrived promptly at one-thirty; and there was Alex asleep on the couch, his head pillow on one long brown arm, his hair falling over his face. And no lunch in sight.

She had put on a crisp pink linen dress and pinned all her curls securely behind her ears in little brown whorls like breakfast sausages and powdered her nose with extra care, and she meant to be appreciated. She opened the screen and tiptoed in. He did have a dog. An English bull. Ungrateful, too. It stuck its head out from under the couch and growled at her. Alex's eyes flew open.

"Mm," he yawned. "All dressed up. I thought you were never coming."

"I'm on time to the minute," she said reprovingly. "And you aren't ready."

"I've been ready for days. Come see my lobster. Hand-picked. I went to the pots with the men after I left you."

He picked them out of the tub where they were crawling over chunks of ice and dumped them unceremoniously into the kettle, water splashing on to the stove and the floor; and then he left the whole thing bubbling violently and rushed off to set the table.

He thumped the plates down and put the silver all wrong. Trudy followed and set everything straight and cut the bread in thin, even slices; and then she made tea.

Even at home she had never eaten a crazier meal. Alex waved a lobster claw at her and talked and talked. The table sat plumb against the front window. The sea boiled and churned on the rocks below them. They had toast and jam for dessert, and she felt more and more mixed up. Because it was fun, because part of her floated off ecstatically happy, while the other part was a dull, miserable lump.

It might be indigestion, but she didn't think so. She thought, "I mustn't come again—ever."

THAT WAS the danger in being with men like Alex. You couldn't help liking them. When you most disapproved, you still liked them, and before you knew it, you found yourself mixed up in the crazy life they led. It was like giving a kitten a ball of yarn. You got a gorgeous tangle and never by any chance anything useful like a sweater, but you didn't blame the kitten. You petted it.

"Show me your paintings," she said.

He brought them out. "You won't like them."

They were wild and stormy—and cruel. Spume and spray, waves clawing at rocks just out of reach, a gull with a broken wing. Clamor and turmoil and defeat; but underneath the overboldness of line and color, a solid knowledge of structure, genuine sympathy. He was good. He was a real artist. Trudy looked at them with the most curious sinking feeling.

She started to clear the table.

"Must we?" Alex protested, when she began to carry things out; and then he pushed her to one side and picked up the whole table. Dishes slithered wildly and one lobster shell fell off on to the floor, but he made the kitchen door safely.

"There," he cried triumphantly. "About five miles of walking saved."

He began to dump dishes into the sink. Trudy took them out one by one and scraped them carefully. Then she filled a pan to the brim with hot water and made a great suds, and washed everything she could find that was dirty. Alex dried sketchily and piled china and tinware helter-skelter in the cupboard.

"I tell you what," he said, flinging the dishtowel over a chair, "we'll go on a picnic for supper. It's lots less complicated."

"You should be working now," Trudy reminded him, frowning. [Continued on page 26]

cold. "I can but I don't want to," she murmured, making herself small and snug under the blanket. "And I'm not mad. I never lose my temper."

"Good," he observed blithely. "I was going to suggest you sock me one in the eye, but suppose I build a fire instead."

He was better with fireplaces than with boats. In scarcely a second flames were leaping and crackling. He dropped the poker with a bang and came hurtling back to the couch.

"You know you had me scared. And as if you weren't wet enough, I had to slop more water over you. But you'll be warm in no time at all now." He surveyed her with a pleased air. "You just moved into that little grey cottage across the cove. I've been wanting to meet you."

"You chose a striking way of introducing yourself," Trudy retorted coldly, and not conscious of having made a pun until he laughed.

He laughed, she decided, much too easily. The upper part of his face was the sort Jill would adore to model: nice planes, blue eyes deep set, eyebrows with peaks in the centre of them; but his mouth crooked in a way that would drive a sculptress mad.

"Reckless," she thought disapprovingly. "And irresponsible."

He smiled again and she was sure of it. "The name is Alex. What's yours?"

She told him: "Trudy."

He repeated it. She looked, he thought, like a little girl there under his blanket and rather sweet in spite of wet hair plastered close to her head and the bump slanting over one big brown eye, but he only said,

"Not bad. Sounds neat and Dutch, like a blue and white kitchen in a cleansing powder ad."

"Oh, I love neat blue kitchens," Trudy exclaimed more warmly.

"Don't look at mine then." With that he swooped into the bedroom and came back holding out a rumpled blue robe. "Here, hang yourself up to dry, little wet bunny. I'll be outside on those rocks. You can call." He was on the other side of the room now; she could hear a great rattling and rummaging, and something like a chair upsetting. "Now where the devil is that palette?"

Trudy sat up so suddenly the robe slid off onto the floor. "Then—you're an artist?"

"You tell me," he said, the laughter suddenly gone from his voice.

The door banged. The door, Trudy saw now, had scarlet hollyhocks trailing crookedly down its pale blue panels—the crookedness due to a hinge that needed mending. The rest of the room was equally disreputable: canvases piled helter-skelter, their backs dusty, a necktie over one chair and a smock over another, the rug hanging by one nail in front of what was probably a south or west window.

And she'd been so sure that Gull's Head wouldn't possess a single specimen of artistic ability—or temperament! Trudy flung the blanket in a heap and stood up. The patch of blue retreated suddenly. That must have been some sock in the head, she thought bitterly, to keep her from recognizing a skylight.

SHE FOUND a path outside the back door. It clambered over a sand dune and down again to follow a gully littered with oyster shells and pieces of fish net and cans labelled beans. Her feet in wet sandals made squishing sounds, and a trickle of water ran coldly down her back. She thought longingly of the fire she'd just deserted, but if she'd stayed another minute, she would have started in to tidy up the place.

The gully ended finally, and she saw the cove and her own snug, grey cabin ahead. The cabin hadn't been used since she was a little girl, but this summer, she had told her family, she was going to spend her vacation the way she wanted.

"Not alone!" her mother had protested. "It had mice when we were there, and goodness knows what there'll be by now."

"More mice without a doubt. Don't be silly, Jill."

Wick had come to his daughter's rescue. "Trudy's been taking care of herself and us ever since she was ten. Why shouldn't she, if she wants?"

And so it was settled, and after she got the two of them packed and safely on the boat and had bought Sturm's ticket and compartment for Vancouver and put dust covers on the furniture, Trudy had started her own vacation, which she intended to be carefree and orderly and without adventure.

"Humph!" she said now, very softly, and touched her forehead with one finger.

A little shiver ran all the way down to her toes. She was glad she hadn't stayed. She'd have a nice hot bath and supper and go to bed early . . . There wasn't any hot water. The fire had taken advantage of her absence to go out.

Her foot stamped unexpectedly, and before she knew what was happening, tears began to slide down her cheeks. As if she weren't damp enough, and already stiff with salt! Besides, she never cried. Crying was for temperamental people.

She wiped her eyes fiercely and then, to punish herself, filled the tub with cold water. There was no wood cut for the fireplace; the kerosene lamp smoked and made a nasty smell. Her feeling of martyrdom persisted and as soon as she had eaten she went down onto the pier.

Her neighbor found her there, small and a little forlorn in the moonlight. He rowed her boat across the cove with a great splashing, clambered out and grinned mockingly at her.

"So you ran away! Maybe you don't like artists?"

His shirt was flannel and minus a button. His beard made scallops like the inside of seashells on his cheeks. The sun had burned his hair and the sea washed it; some was pale yellow and some the color of wet sand, and if he had used a comb, you'd never guess it now. He needed a barber and a seamstress and probably a cook to put him in order and keep him there.

Trudy said firmly, "This is my vacation."

"And on vacations you go in for other professions? I see. I don't, though."

"I live with three of you," she elucidated. "The last name is Wickett. J. Wickett's my father. The J is for John, Jack you know, but mother's name is Jill and so he makes everyone call him Wick."

Alex muttered, "Of course," with a fervency that showed the explanation, which had always seemed silly to her, was perfectly understandable to him.

"Your mother's the sculptress?"

Trudy nodded. "And Sturm's with the Guild. She's my sister."

"Three in one family—that does seem a bit excessive."

"You'd like them," Trudy said. "Particularly Sturm. She's gorgeous."

"I would not," Alex interrupted. "I like little girls, who wear white ruffles and sit with their hands folded. I think I'll paint you. And put in a cottage with a flagstone walk and hollyhocks growing primly by the door and frilled curtains."

"Oh, yes," she scoffed. "Your cottage would be sky-blue-pink and perched on a hilltop, all the hollyhocks ragged from trying to grow in the wind and the curtains torn or with holes burned in them."

"You do know a lot," he mocked. "And what do you do in between vacations?"

There wasn't any in between; this was the first real one, but she didn't tell him that. She said, "Oh, just things for the family; paste press notices in scrapbooks, write letters of apology when they forget to go to dinner parties, interview new cooks—"

He reached out and pulled a curl down into her eyes. "Such a handy little person to have around the house."

Trudy tucked the curl back in place. "And fix trays."

It seemed to her that was the chief thing she did. Not because they were sick; they were almost never sick. Because eating had to be sandwiched in between rehearsals and sittings and telephone calls and baths.

"I suppose, while you're

He would paint her as a horrid, prim little thing, would he? She didn't hear Alex come in. "I thought you had outgrown cutting out pictures," he said, pleasantly.



Dark Music

PERHAPS you danced at Riverside Park during that July and August when people stopped at the platform and asked us to play "No Regrets" again, or "These Foolish Things." Perhaps you were one of those who said, "And have her sing it," or one of the many who asked me, "Where did you find her?" or "Who is she?" I couldn't tell you then because I didn't know. She came from nowhere, and during the weeks she was with us there was about her that mystery which, in some degree, all women possess, and which beckons and tantalizes us forever.

We were rehearsing on a July morning when I saw her first. The song we had finished sounded sour, and we were ready to try it again when I glanced round. Beneath the festooned paper roses she was coming across the empty dancing floor.

"Wait a minute," I told the orchestra.

The dark blue blouse which she wore with her linen suit made her blond coloring the more startling. She had the hair of a Saxon girl, honey-colored at its darkest and at its lightest the lemon-yellow of sunlight, and I remember thinking that she was probably vain about it, because no hat obstructed the flaxen nimbus that shimmered about her coronet braids.

She was a tall girl, but her figure was beautifully proportioned, and she carried herself with extraordinary grace. She was only eighteen or nineteen, but she had a statuesque quality that was womanly rather than girlish.

"Are you Don Fuller?" she asked, and when I nodded she said, "I am Fraulein—Miss Krummer."

You know how girls in their teens hear Crawford or Hepburn and model their voices in imitation. I thought Miss Krummer had been sitting through every Garbo and Dietrich picture twice. Her voice had depth and richness, and a North European accent fringed it.

"Mr. Fuller," she said, "I wish to sing for you."

"We're busy with a rehearsal."

"That is good." Only she pronounced it "goot;" and I began to suspect that the accent was authentic. "I wish to sing in your orchestra."

"We have a singer."

"Please—do not talk that way. In the newspaper I find this—you will need another singer, *ja?*"

And she handed me a neatly clipped item from last night's paper which chronicled the departure of Susie, our torch-girl, for New York and, Susie hoped, for the big time.

"You have not hired another already?"

"Not yet."

"Good. I sing for you then?"

I was attracted to Fraulein Krummer, but a rehearsal is a rehearsal, business is business and pretty girls are something else.

"We're really busy," I said, and turned my back on the gold and sunny gal.

The number went terribly. The piano player kept craning round his head; the trombonist had lost interest in music; and Todd McCord, the clarinet player, kept his eyes on a spot behind me. When we finished, I glanced round and saw the Fraulein. She hadn't budged an inch.

"You're still with us?"

Her face brightened. "Please—I want to sing, now. I walked all the way out, you know, and I am here now and ready to sing."

"You walked?"

"Oh, *ja, ja*—I walked. Except for perhaps a mile when I rode in a truck."

She had walked. To sing for us. Riverside Park, I'd better explain for those who came in late, is a dancing pavilion, not an amusement park, and it's located in the country about four miles north of the city. It's very pretty, the white pavilion situated among willows and elms near the river. And it's highly respectable, the theory being that the cheaper places in town will catch the riffraff.

Well, I'm no iron-man, and I was on the verge of telling the Fraulein to sing if she wanted to when Todd McCord spoke up:

"If she walked out here to sing, why in thunder don't you let her?"

Fraulein Krummer glanced at him. "You are very kind. Thank you."

Something in her tone told me that the Fraulein had not always encountered people who were very kind.

by
THOMAS W. DUNCAN

She was gifted, alluring . . . as vivid as the sunrise. "Yet always" she said "where I am, there is darkness"

Illustrated by JACK KEAY

"All right, Fraulein," I said, "if you want to sing, no one's going to stop you. What'll it be?"

Her brow puckered. "I do not, you understand, know much of the popular music—but there is a work which is called "Lost." You know that work, already?"

Did we know "Lost?" That was July, 1936.

"It seems I've heard of such a song," I said. "You come on the first chorus."

Now I'm not so foolish as to imagine that I can get into chilly type the quality of her voice. The girl could sing. I mean sing. It was a rich contralto, that voice, as sweet and smooth as syrup, as effortless as the dark music of a rainy night. It had a copious feminine witchery, glamorous and seductive. And the Fraulein gave that song a provocative air that was as Continental as champagne.

"I can sing?" she asked.

"Yes, Fraulein, you can sing."

"In your orchestra, *ja?*"

"I wouldn't be astounded."

"For how much?"

"For eighteen dollars."

"A month?"

"No, Fraulein, eighteen a week."

"Oh-h-h . . ." Her voice ran up and down a little scale.

"A week . . . Oh, *ja . . .*"

"Do you memorize easily?"

"For eighteen a week I do anything easily."

"Could you memorize six or eight numbers by three this afternoon?"

"Oh, *ja*, anything . . ."

I turned to the boys.

"It means rehearsing at three."

They were all pulling for the Fraulein. Ordinarily, a two-rehearsal day would have made them my sworn enemies.

"Three's fine for me," Todd McCord said.

And again the Fraulein glanced at him and smiled.

So we called it a day till three o'clock, but when I offered to drive her back to town she shook her head:

"I stay here and practice."

"You'll get hungry."

"But I brought food. I eat now." And she crossed to one of the benches and unwrapped a little bundle containing rye bread and cheese.

She had known I'd hire her and she had come prepared. What a combination of naivete and aplomb and self-confidence she was! She was as simple as spring sunshine and as complicated as the universe. And aren't those the characteristics of genius?

I saw her watching Todd McCord as he crossed the floor . . . He was the ugliest chap I've ever known. He was so ugly he was attractive—in the way of gnarled old trees and weather-beaten crags and Abe Lincoln. He had black hair and a long, homely face; and his voice was deep and ideal for singing such low-down numbers as "Basin Street Blues." When he sang, he thrust out his jaw and wrinkled

his forehead and smiled, his eyes slitting almost shut. He looked villainous then, but he was anything but that.

The Fraulein watched him walk to his roadster where Marjorie Neal was waiting.

"I like him," she said. "Is that his wife?"

"His future wife."

"So?"

That was all, but the memory of the Fraulein's gaze, following him, stayed with me all the way to town. I thought that perhaps Marjorie and the Fraulein were in for some bad moments. I thought that even I might be.

I'D LIKE to report that the Fraulein was a sensation with her first song, but that wouldn't be quite true. Our customers liked her, they requested that she sing their favorites, but they never broke into the music to applaud her. However, when she sang, the couples danced in closer to the orchestra platform; listening to her became more important than dipping and gliding in the shadows; and to any singer at a place like Riverside, where people are out for a gay evening, that's a compliment.

After that first rehearsal I drove her back to town, and as we approached the outskirts she grew slightly apprehensive.

"You will understand something?" she asked.

"What's the trouble?"

"I cannot let you drive me to my home."

"Why not?"

"It is impossible."

I couldn't pry another scrap of information from her, so we arranged that I should drop her in the vicinity of her home, and she'd walk the rest of the way.

"Turn here," she directed, and after a couple of blocks, "Now down this street," and finally, "I will get out here."

It was a district of flat subdivisions on the northwest edge of town; land that had been cow pastures and frog ponds till real estate men laid out streets and planted young maples. Some of the lots had acquired brick houses, and on others the families lived in garages, waiting for more affluent times.

"I'll call for you at eight tonight," I said.

"Ja . . . but not at my home . . ."

"At this corner, then?"

"No . . ." The Fraulein bit her lip. "At that drugstore where we first turned."

So this arrangement continued for the next two weeks. After midnight, when the dancing ended, the Fraulein and I would leave the park and drive homeward through the warm darkness. Were you in love at the end of that July? The moon swung into full—remember? And the air had a sweet summer smell of the earth and the growing grasses, and once after a shower a low white mist clung to the fields and flowed across the road. Pensive in the night, the Fraulein sat by my side, and now and then, her voice like liquid gold, she sang those songs that will always mean summer and Fraulein to me.

That was the happy part. The unhappy? Well, you and I have been jealous, haven't we?

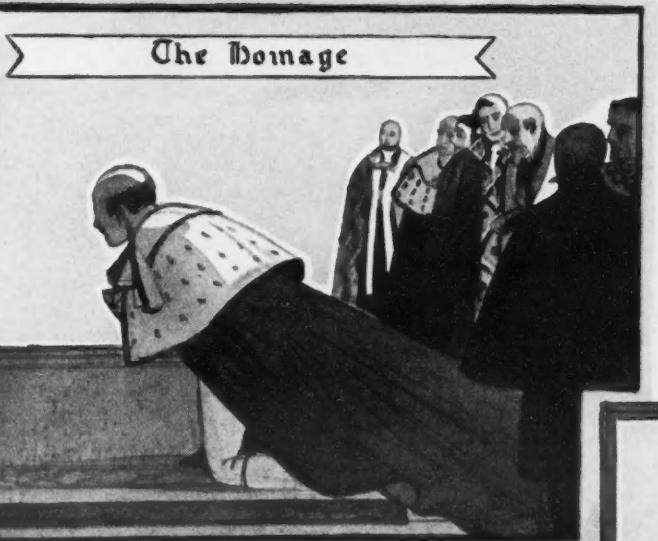
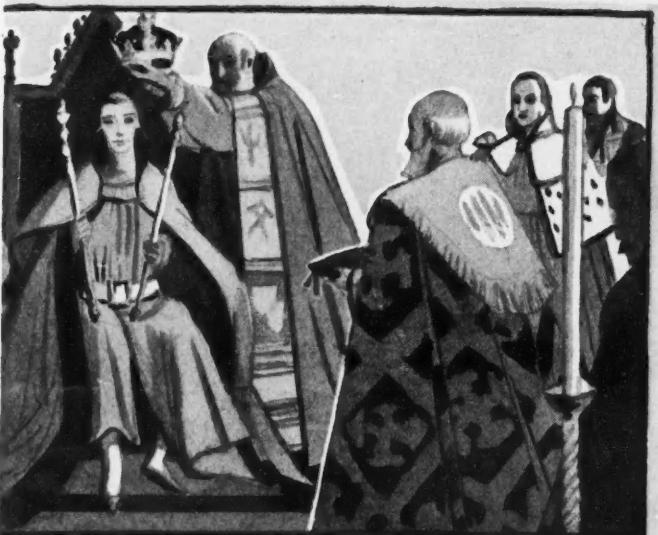
Todd McCord was a strange person to be jealous of. You'd have thought his dark, low-down face would scare away a girl you loved, but women find odd things to love in men. Moreover, he was to marry Marjorie Neal in October, and he was being very faithful to her. Oh, very. With the Fraulein he never talked more than a half-minute at a time, but occasionally I'd discover a long, secret glance passing between them, and just the suggestion of a smile brushing each of their mouths. I had the helpless feeling of things unseen occurring below the surface of existence. He attracted her: as wordlessly and inexorably as the north attracts a quivering compass needle. It was the most subtle situation I've ever been in.

Because he worked at night, Todd and Marjorie did their dating in the daytime, but one evening he brought her to Riverside. She was a brown-haired girl, petite and very pretty. During one number, he left the platform and danced with her, and I was fool enough to serve "These Foolish Things" on the music menu, and to let the Fraulein sing.

Was it as obvious as I thought? I don't know; but I got it and Marjorie got it. The Fraulein sang to him. Her gaze followed him over the floor, in and out among the couples, and her voice followed him, too—[Continued on page 34]



He brushed the dancers aside like flies, and his blue eyes were blazing anger.
Elizabeth," he thundered,
"Come Home!"



What would you like to know about the Coronation ceremonies? When is the King actually crowned? What will the Princesses wear? Does the Queen sit on a throne?

into the government-supervised Coronation Accommodation Committee, set by a fire in his office and told of 70,000 reasonably priced rooms seen and checked by 70 Government inspectors, and now listed on the card indices of 100 filing clerks next door. A uniformed porter at the Earl Marshal's office by Buckingham Palace, flattered us with "upstairs to see the pictures of the robes, milady."

For every question we found an answer, and here they are.

Why is There a Coronation?

The Coronation or crowning does not create a king, but is the public inauguration and installation of a new monarch. Each ceremony and item of regalia has a meaning and contributes to the dedication of the man to his duties as a just ruler and example to his people. The investiture is of two characters and relates to his two distinct powers in the Church and State. When he emerges from Westminster Abbey, the King is no longer a layman but a "mixed person," a term the facetious might take literally as well as figuratively, for he has been completely undressed and redressed and has been through intricate ceremonies that take hours.

Who Will Actually See the Coronation?

Because stern and uncompromising early English monarchs realized that it gave awesome solemnity and significance to the occasion of a king's crowning, that he should walk through his grandsire's burial place to take his throne. For many generations England's kings were crowned, and buried at Westminster.

How Do They Get the Right to Go?

The peers—whose ancestors were lords of the land under the King—and their peeresses, are summoned to offer allegiance to the new [Continued on page 77]

The King's Orb, below at left, given to him by the Archbishop as a reminder that the whole world "is subject to the power and Empire of Christ our Redeemer."



The Robe of purple velvet and ermine which the king wears in the procession after the Coronation.

Coronation Preview . . .

by MOLLIE McGEE

A Canadian writer travelled to London to find the answers to these questions . . . and so enable you to appreciate fully the drama behind the Coronation

ARMED WITH credentials and a list of questions to answer for *Chatelaine* readers, I have been behind the scenes in London, finding the people who know all about the crowning of kings.

In the College of Arms, down near St. Paul's, where the procedure for the Coronation is attended to, I found Richmond Herald of Arms, hard at work on a much red-inked family tree. He was a bluff young Englishman, and had been out to Canada in 1926 with an international Badminton team.

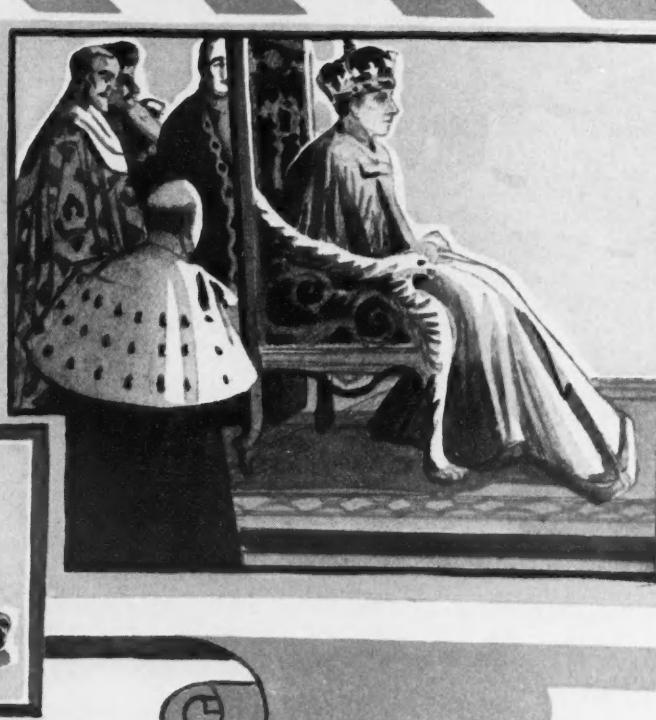
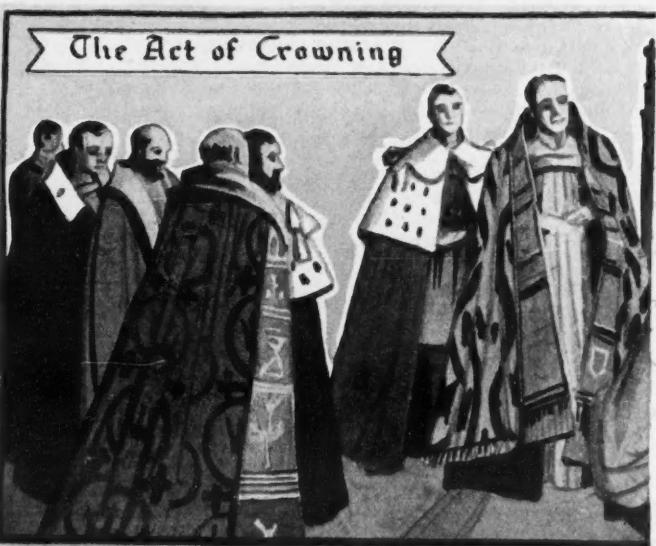
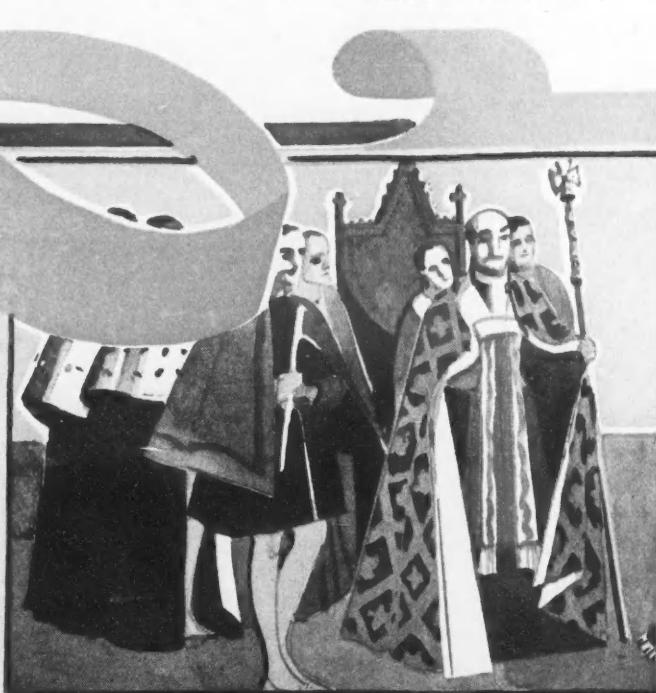
Lady Dorrien Smith, trusted friend of Queen Mary, and an amazing executive, shepherded me round the high-windowed workrooms of the Royal School of Needlework, where they foster and preserve the art of Heraldic embroidery. Six girls at a long frame never raised their heads as we admired the expert stitches with which they placed gold imperial emblems on Queen Elizabeth's purple velvet train. Near them, others worked on coats of arms for royal seats in the Abbey.

A friendly clerk in the Department of Works, and courtly Col. Stanton, of Quebec, in Canada House, gave cheery news of plenty of seats for Canadians in Government stands, at Government tariffs. A dapper hotel executive, conscripted



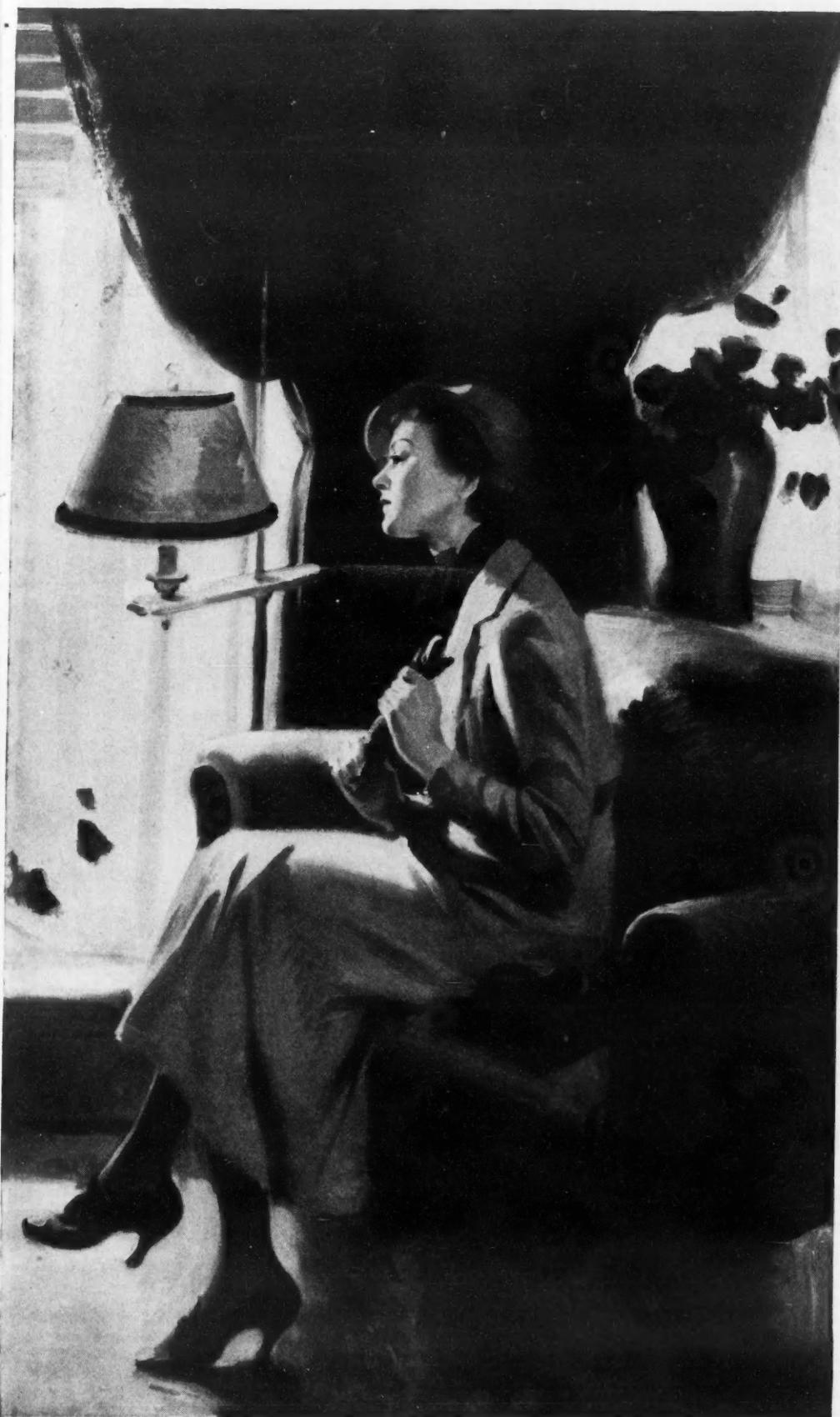
The Coronation Chair, below, in which all Sovereigns of England (Save Mary I and Mary II) have been crowned since Edward I

The Crimson Robe of State and the Cap of Maintenance, which the King wears during the Recognition.



JAN SPIESS

Illustrated by Parkhouse



Peter thought, "She's doing this too well," and determined to embarrass her before Claire.

because they were so young and loved each other so dearly, they managed to laugh when their fingers intertwined.

"What an imp that little boy was who caught you kissing me."

"Pretty soon I can say 'that ain't my girl that's my wife,'" Peter said. "Are you going to tell your father that your mother's coming?" she asked. "Of course. I'll have to—after all it's his house."

LATER IN the library, he said to his father,

"I've had a letter from my mother, sir. She wants to see me."

His father looked up from his book and into his son's eyes. Peter had eyes like his mother's, direct, unwavering, not afraid of man or devil. That was all right for a man—but it made a woman restless and reckless.

"Well," he asked.

"I think she should come here."

The older man felt his hands tremble. He locked his fingers together.

"Why don't you go to her?" he asked.

"Claire wants to see her. It would be easier here—the day you are away."

Claire mustn't see his mother where she could make a setting for herself that would seem right. She must never say again that Peter was hard. She must want as little of the woman in the rest of her life as he did.

His father stood up.

"Very well," he said. They talked then about the yacht, *Claire*, that his father was giving them for their wedding present and that they would use for their honeymoon. It wasn't until just before dinner that he found time to write the brief letter and give it to Hodges to post.

THURSDAY WAS crisply cold. Peter, looking out of his window at the frost white on the brown grass, thought with satisfaction of the afternoon he and Claire would have in the woods shooting. Then he remembered his mother's coming that day and scowled, hoping she'd go away after luncheon and leave them in peace.

As he went down the stairs to breakfast he passed Claire coming up with a bowl of asters in her hands. He kissed her and asked.

"What are those for?"

She hesitated before she answered, "Your mother's room."

His lips grew taut with sudden anger but he held himself in check. Claire would never like asters again but there were other flowers . . . roses, violets, carnations. He'd let her destroy asters for herself if she must. And for him, too. He'd never see them again without thinking of Claire taking them to his mother's room.

She came to join him at breakfast and they managed to talk about everything, anything but the woman who was coming. Until finally Peter held her chin up and looked deep in her blue-grey eyes.

"Look here, Claire," he said, "this isn't to be a Roman holiday for your sentimentality, you know."

"What do you mean?"

"You are to meet my mother and treat her exactly as though she were any woman coming here to meet you."

Claire was pale.

"Very well, Peter," she said gently.

She left him then and he wandered into the library and picking up a book began to turn the pages. It was a technical book. He never read novels—couldn't abide 'em, not since that other one. The woman in the book had been beautiful; she had come to Paris to escape the boredom of a conventional home and husband and baby. She had had more than one love affair, had spent most of her time with a young writer who took her travelling here and there. Very romantic if it wasn't your mother, while you grew up and could never speak her name. *No Harm Done*—to whom?

SUDDENLY THE doorbell tinkled and Hodges opened it. Peter, stiffening with a strange excitement that gripped the pit of his stomach, stood rigidly waiting. Hodges opened the door and the woman came into the room. She walked into the room as though it were an ordinary room with a man in it she wanted casually to see.

Peter held out his hand and managed, "How do you do, mother?"

Her handclasp was firm, "Well, Peter, I am glad to see you."

Her voice was not deep and not light, but mellow and reserved. She might as well have said, "I've only come here to see what sort of a man my son's grown to be—no histrionics, please."

She was a tall slender woman, her dark hair frankly streaked with grey. Her lips were rouged but she wore well-tailored country tweeds and lisle stockings and neat shoes. But while Peter was ready to acknowledge that he should have known she would know how to dress, it didn't change the fact that she should have come in satin, reeking with perfume. She was looking about the room. Her eyebrows, slightly lifted, said, "Nothing's changed." But she waited for him to speak.

"Did you drive down?" he asked.

[Continued on page 58]

... When all his life she had been only a legend in an ugly book?

His Father's Wife

By

"I'M SORRY," Claire said, "I can't marry you, Peter, unless I know her. Of course, I know all about her—" she flushed and paused.

Peter said miserably, "Everybody does."

Claire slipped her young brown hand, with the diamond ring blazing on the third finger, into Peter's.

"I know she had courage."

"Do you think it was courage that took her to Paris?" Peter said and white lines enclosed his firm young lips, "that made her leave her husband and a year-old baby?"

Claire thought of herself and Peter married. She couldn't picture a year-old baby and she couldn't picture leaving Peter, but Peter's father wasn't Peter. Peter's father hardly ever smiled, didn't talk much and immersed himself in shipbuilding.

"She called it living her own life," Claire said. "Perhaps it was just bad luck that Richard Craven put her in a book that became a best seller."

"I doubt if she thought it was bad luck," Peter said bitterly. "But anyway, she hasn't thought enough of me to see me this twenty-four years and I don't think she's really interested now—it's just drama."

"But since she's in Montreal, Peter, and wants to come down just for a day, I think you should let her," Claire said. "I'm being serious about it, dearest one, because I don't want a husband without understanding. We can't sit in judgment—not if we expect happiness for ourselves later."

Peter looked at the girl beside him. She was bronze and blonde and slim and gallant and something more than beautiful. He reached for the hand she had withdrawn from his and spread the fingers fan-wise on his palm. Early autumn leaves lifted and scurried about the log they sat on. The sky was intense blue with drifting clouds. He could have been happy except for the shadow which had always been cast across his life, and which lay now between Claire and himself.

Their guns for target practice stood against a near-by tree. Peter sauntered over to pick his up and sighting, took aim and fired at the target they had fastened on an oak tree.

"Good shot," Claire said, but she didn't get up to try her luck. Peter put his gun down and came back to the log.

"I'd do anything to make you happy, Claire," he said. "I'll write her to come down. I'll ask her to come Thursday when father will be away."

"We'll be happier that way, Peter," Claire said.

She held her lips up to his but drew back hastily as a small boy walked by with exaggerated unconcern.

"Kissin' your girl, Mr. Bailey?" he asked, impudent blue eyes grinning.

"Yes, I am. Scat, youngster."

The boy went on, whistling cheerfully. Claire said, "She never saw you after she left you. Every time she saw a little boy she must have thought of you. Did she write you, Peter?"

"I got one letter after I'd gone away to school. I never answered it."

He didn't tell her he got the letter just after he read the book which was called *No Harm Done*. It was flippant, it was ugly, it was about his mother. He knew it was about her because he had heard Nana talking about it. After he had read it, he went out in the woods, dug a hole and buried it. He stamped on the little mound after he had finished. There, he resolved, lay all he would ever know of his mother.

Claire said softly, "Poor Peter."

He thought she couldn't know what it had been not to be able to talk about your mother. He'd never said, "My mother," the way other boys said, "My mother rides better than I do," "makes the best chocolate cake I ever ate," "is as much fun as a girl."

He never mentioned her, even that evening when he was visiting young Roger Dillon and Roger had pulled *No Harm Done* from his bookshelf.

"This is the first dirty book I ever read," he said. "Gosh, it seems mild now. But when I was a kid I sneaked it out of my mother's room and read it under my pillow."

Peter stood silent, staring down into the flickering flames of the coal fire.

"Did you ever read it, Peter?" Roger persisted, thrusting it into his hands.

Peter threw it into the fire.

"I don't like filthy books," he had said furiously and would not listen to Roger's startled apologies.

Now he stood up.

"Time to go back, Claire."

Time to write the letter before dinner . . . Come, come and show the girl who is going to be my wife that we need have no regrets about you . . . Come on high heels, in a satin frock, smelling of perfume so we'll have to air the house after you are gone . . . Come and try to erase the past because now you're getting old and you're afraid of being lonely. But there'll be something about you Claire won't like, can't pity. She'll be glad to see the last of you.

They walked side by side, Peter's dark head bent to Claire's gold one and,



She was casual, friendly and utterly impersonal in her regard for them.

Had he any any pity for a remorseless woman, returning home

Married on impulse . . . facing the hatred of the girl her husband had promised to marry . . . Beverly goes to meet Annette's cruel revenge without protection . . . and faces the defeat of all her hopes . . . You can begin this novel of modern times today



"Jane's an especial friend of yours," said Tod. "It's strange that she should be making overtures to us."

Illustrated by Agnew

THAT MORNING Beverly walked across the fields to visit her mother. It did nothing to depress her regarding her present state. If anything, it re-created her optimism. Though Martha and her mother both received her kindly enough in their remote way, they seemed so utterly detached from ordinary human emotions and activities as to be inhabitants of another planet, a cold, dead planet. They had nothing to tell. Their lives in this interim had been eventless, purposeless as all the weeks and years before, when her living, adventurous flesh had been subject to them. And her own story elicited only a polite, perfunctory interest. She was glad to escape, hurrying from the gloom of the small cottage.

One violent crisis of pity for her mother shook her, and

she babbled concern and promises, while she cried in a childish, heartbroken way. But her mother was unaffected and silent through that.

"There's nothing I want that you could give me. But I'm glad you're settled and I hope you will be happy."

When the conversation plainly wearied her mother, she got up to go, with promises to return frequently. They would always be glad to see her, they said. But she felt, when she left the house as if her coming had been like a stone flung into a dark pool. Now it had sunk out of sight and the waters were unruffled, stagnant as before.

It was after midday when she came into the back fields, through the stable yards and across the lawns of Fairholme. There was a side entrance there, French doors partly opened, and hurrying because she feared to be late for luncheon, she thrust them wide, only to stand rooted on the threshold. Facing her, seated together on a jade velvet settee, were her mother-in-law and a tall young girl of ashen fairness, whose hand Mrs. Firth was holding. Beverly received a confused impression of light walls and colorful hangings, the dainty French furniture of a boudoir and a profusion of flowers; but the two women caught and riveted her eyes.

"I'm sorry," she stammered to the uncomfortable silence. "I didn't know where this door led. I wanted to go to my room."

Mrs. Firth's voice was uneven as she said:

"This is my sitting room, but of course you couldn't be expected to know that. I don't usually choose for it to be used as a passageway . . . but come in now, Beverly"—she paused, and her face plainly showed her distress at this painful introduction—"Beverly, this is Annette."

Beverly was agonizingly embarrassed. She could not speak. Her wits were wildly astray. But Annette's face was grave and composed. She wore her ash-blond hair unwaved and parted in the middle and this above her pure, beautiful brow gave her a demure, angelic air. For the first instant of recognition a turgid emotion had shown in her wide blue eyes, but now they were unreadable. Thinking unimportantly as one sometimes does in moments of crisis, Beverly could go no farther, coherently, than: "She's so utterly unlike her letter! So utterly unlike . . ." Then searched for words to meet this impossible situation and of course found none. But mercifully, Mrs. Firth spoke, though there was little mercy for Beverly in her speech.

"Annette knows everything, of course. And because you are Tod's wife I've asked her to forgive you if she can." Her small white hand tightened convulsively on the other's. "I wouldn't ask it or expect it of anyone with less character than she has."

Beverly was staring at the carpet and did not see the anger which for an uncontrollable instant made the eyes of the girl like twin blue flames. When Annette's low voice dragged her gaze upward, she found again that grave, unreadable expression.

"You think too much of me, Maman," she was saying. "I'm afraid I feel much the same as anybody would in the circumstances." She stood up, gently disengaging herself from Mrs. Firth's clasp, then looked straight at Beverly. "But you're Tod's choice, and if you make him happy, it's all right with me. That's all I wanted anyway."

Beverly stammered, overcome and helpless. "I—I'm sorry things happened this way."

"Naturally I'm sorry, too. But I suppose least said soonest mended." Annette turned and went swiftly across and kissed Mrs. Firth who was trembling on her sofa. "Don't you worry, darling. It's Tod's happiness, remember. We both feel that's what counts."

Then she almost ran from the room and Beverly wanted desperately to follow her, but she lacked the will to move. She stood, as she had first entered, like a child awaiting dismissal. Mrs. Firth was crying softly, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief. This morning's scene coming after a wakeful, miserable night, had conquered her reserve. She was nervous and physically weakened by all that had happened and her defenses were down even before this strange girl whom Tod unbelievably loved.

"Naturally she is very upset, heartbroken," she said at last. "This part of it is very painful for all of us. I only pray that time will set things right for the poor girl."

"I think she's wonderful," Beverly said in a low voice, unable to look at the tearful face of her mother-in-law. She added guilelessly, "I couldn't be like that if anyone had taken Tod from me."

Mrs. Firth quite believed that and ignored it. "She's a wonderful girl," she said. "She has been like my daughter to me and I had always hoped that she would become my real daughter." Her voice was so informed with violent reproach that Beverly was once more reduced to helpless confusion. She could find nothing to say and Mrs. Firth continued.

"She is absolutely devoted to Tod. Ever since they were children she has had more influence over him than anyone else." In this strain she went on, with not wholly unconscious cruelty, until the mellow boom of the luncheon gong released Beverly from the torment of hearing that quavering voice which articulated no definite abuse or injury, but which was implicit with both.

OF THE THREE women Annette seemed to suffer least from the ordeal of the luncheon which followed. Beverly, flying to her room, failed to find Tod there but she met him at the entrance to the dining room, and, isolated for a few feverish seconds she clutched at him and begged him to save her from having lunch with the family. She was overwrought, but his own morning had been none too pleasant.

"Don't be a silly kid," he said, and she pleaded in an excited whisper that she had seen Annette, that it had been dreadful.

"I've seen her myself and it's been equally dreadful," Tod said curtly. "But I don't intend to miss my meals because of that. Pull yourself together." And he thrust her gently, but inescapably into the room. The others were at table and Mr. Firth stood up for a second, but did not cease his discussion with Annette over the relative merits of two horses which he intended to purchase. The two slipped into their places and were served, and Beverly, incapable of anything except sheer muscular control, made no attempt to join in the few banal exchanges which passed between Tod and his mother.

The Comptons were home, Mrs. Firth said, and the general was no better. The trip had done him no good at all. Didn't Tod think these spas were very overrated? The poor lady's eyes were unhappy and apprehensive; like frightened birds, darting from one to the other of her family and finding nowhere escape into serenity. All were more conscious of the things which were not being said than the things which were said, and so the wretched meal dragged to its end. They were rising when Annette said:

"I'm going over to the Maitlands' for tennis, Maman. I've just decided that, after all, there's no reason why I shouldn't be among those present."

Mrs. Firth gasped at this announcement. "But, my dear . . . surely . . . so soon . . . won't it be unnecessarily painful for you? I'd thought . . ."

"But, darling, the sooner the better in cases like these." Annette's voice was quite steady. No one could have told what she was thinking, not even Tod who knew her better than any of the others present.

"Unless I'm going into a convent, I'll have to face my friends. And after all I'm not the criminal. I'm afraid, old thing," here she looked at Tod, "that will be your role. And if I'm out and about it will make things pleasanter for all of us. Don't you worry, Maman."

"As you like, dear. I'd thought you might have preferred to go right away for a little trip somewhere."

"Oh no, I don't think I'd like that at all! I'll go at the end of the month as I had planned . . . to Irene's. That's if you don't mind my being here, the way things are."

Her voice was gentle, her really fine eyes brave and sad and a little deprecating.

"As if we mind your being in your own home, whatever happens!" Mrs. Firth said with defiant emphasis.

She got up swiftly and followed Annette from the room and when they had gone Mr. Firth commented:

"Well, she has courage anyhow. And her courage will make things considerably easier for you, Tod."

BUT IN THE privacy of their bedroom Tod gave his wife a different opinion. "Annette won't do much to help, if you ask me. She was savage this morning." He was no longer in the happiest of humors. His father had not minced words during the morning interview. After a week's grace he was to spend his days with Mullins, the agent, and three months training would be given him. Then such work of the estate as was not handled by the family solicitors would be given over to him. In fact, his father had said, there was no reason why he should not continue the law studies which had been so expensive and so [Continued on page 82]



Marriage Made on Earth

by VELIA ERCOLE

THE STORY SO FAR:

Daughter of a spectacular swindler who finally blew his brains out, little Beverly Raine lived in a small English village, friendless and lonely because of her mother's outraged shame and obstinate grief.

Then she met Tod. He had stopped his car beside her as she tramped on one of her solitary walks, and suggested casually, "Wouldn't you rather ride?"

Swiftly, eagerly, they were in love. Tod's people were wealthy, and he told Beverly that for years they had planned another marriage for him. He begged Beverly to slip away quietly with him and be married, to save the uproar of family

objections. Beverly, afraid of disturbing her gloom-ridden mother, agreed, and one moonlit night they drove through the countryside to London.

With details for the secret wedding to be arranged, Tod sent Beverly to the apartment of Dr. Geoffrey Matheson, his best friend, to wait for him. Geoffrey, however, urged Beverly not to rush into marriage with Tod so quickly.

"Don't do it," he begged. "Not today. Give yourself just a little more time." But Beverly laughed in a joyous certainty of herself and Tod.

But on the honeymoon, Beverly had her first doubts—for Tod seemed only too ready to desert her for his many friends. And then came an English paper with the announcement of Tod's engagement to Annette Macdonald, with a letter from

Annette happily discussing her marriage with Tod. Beverly realized that Tod had not told Annette of his marriage—and that he had eloped with her, while Annette believed their marriage a few weeks off. Beverly insisted on their instant return to England to face the family—and Annette.

In the painful interview with Tod's parents, who obviously idolized and spoiled their son, Beverly allowed Tod to infer that she was the one who trapped him into marriage. The parents regard her as a designing little minx and blame her for the unfortunate marriage. Annette had thought herself engaged to Tod—in fact engagement parties had been announced to celebrate their union. Beverly finds her situation a cruelly unhappy one, with Tod impatient of the criticism and displeased with her gloomy outlook.

Made good enough even for HER



AMONG the children in your neighborhood are some whose sturdy bodies, rosy cheeks and smiling faces tell you they're in the very pink of health. And you can count on it that the mothers

of those kiddies have been watchful of their children's diet right from babyhood. They've given the youngsters foods they like—certainly. But they've seen to it that those foods provide good wholesome nourishment as well as appetite appeal. They've selected foods that build bone and teeth and muscle.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup, for instance. It's made the good home way, with invigorating beef broth that's been slowly simmered for hours till it contains all the splendid nourishment of the beef itself. Then fifteen kinds of garden vegetables containing those precious vitamins and mineral salts the children need, are cooked in a rich beef stock so that all their wholesome juices are retained in the soup.

Naturally, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is good enough for her—and equally a favorite with any member of the family.

Tomorrow why not serve this world-popular beef stock vegetable soup for lunch or supper? Your grocer has it—and it's ready in a jiffy.



21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Consommé	Ox Tail
Bean with bacon	Julienne	Pea
Beef	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Scotch Broth
Celery	Mushroom (Cream of)	Tomato
Chicken with rice	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Chowder	Noodle with chicken	Vegetable-Beef

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Campbell's
Vegetable Soup

Contains 15 garden vegetables plus rich beef stock

Forever Hold His Peace

by PHYLLIS DUGANNE



WHEN the Reverend Mr. Avery said, "If any man can show just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace," John Benson's heart contracted sharply, and he wondered whether Suzanne, standing beside him, was half expecting, too, that someone would speak out, in the dim, flower-filled church.

Of course the question had become a purely rhetorical one; not any of Suzanne's family or friends, grouped so solidly on their side of the aisle, nor any of his, on the other side, would speak again, now.

"John, Wilt thou have this Woman . . . ?" He said, "I will," firmly, decisively. He *would* have this woman; nothing that any of them could say would shake him.

"Suzanne, Wilt thou have this Man . . . ?"

Even in all the solemnity of the church, the numbing unreality of the ritual, Suzanne's voice rang out clearly, gay and defiant.

"I will!" said Suzanne. "I'm so terribly happy . . . let any one of you try to stop me! the lilting echo seemed to add.

John had an impression that Guy Torrey, managing to look dashing and romantic even in his conventionally correct wedding clothes, was smiling sardonically, as he gave his daughter away. He was giving her—yes—but in his heart, he considered it a loan. None of the Torreys expected the marriage to last.

"I, John . . ." There was resolution in his voice. And then Suzanne, still gay, still challenging. "I, Suzanne . . ."

Robert Benson, best man, was stiff with disapproval as he surrendered the ring; Suzanne's hand was cool and soft as John slipped it upon her finger.

"Those whom God hath joined together . . ." How many times had Dr. Avery said those words over people who were now divorced?—John wondered, listening. ". . . pronounce that they are Man and Wife . . ." and Suzanne's face, framed by the misty veil, tilted upward like a white flower, and he kissed her.

There might have been another aisle across the Torrey drawing-room, at the reception, with the bride's family on their side, the groom's on the other. Bensons disapproving of Torreys, Torreys for the most part ignoring Bensons. Suzanne's mother and father, and the husband and wife to whom they were now married, moved about, shedding glamor as even the Torrey in-laws and ex-in-laws managed always to do; an older generation mocked the service that was ended, as Mrs. Dwight Torrey, Suzanne's grandmother, chatted with the distinguished portrait painter who had been her first husband. Several Bensons politely "hoped that they would be very happy," and one Torrey, Gerda, the actress, said, "May all your brides be as pretty as

In which surprising events follow a marriage to which everyone objected

Suzanne, John—and all her husbands just as handsome!"

Suzanne clutched his arm. "Let's get out of here, darling!" and if any Bensons had brought rice, which was likely, they probably took it home with them to cook for supper, because Mr. and Mrs. John Benson departed across the Italian garden in the backyard, and through a door in the pale pink wall.

"HOW ARE you happy?" Suzanne demanded, some two months afterward, as they were having breakfast.

"Deliriously," replied John, promptly.

Her eyes, which he told her looked like wet violets, were bright with her own happiness. "Correct. And what do you wish, this morning, sir?"

"That I didn't have to go to the office."

She nodded her tousled blond head emphatically. "And the hours?"

"Will drag. And—"

"And then you'll come whizzing up in the elevator, and open the door and call, 'Su-za-aa-ane!' and what'll I do?"

"Demonstrate this minute!" he ordered, and she ran around the table and kissed him.

"Why don't you come downtown and have lunch with me today, Mrs. Benson?" he asked, and her bright eyes clouded.

"I can't, today, Johnny." She hesitated. "I'm having lunch with dad," she added, and suddenly smiled. "Ask me again? Tomorrow?"

Life was like being perpetually a little "high," John

reflected, as he left their apartment. Living with Suzanne, loving Suzanne and having her love him, gave him the same heady effect as several glasses of champagne—except that it never wore off.

They had been wrong, after all, all those people who had prophesied that it could never work out. Suzanne, with her hedonistic background, her inheritance of instability and need for entertainment and gaiety; himself, with all his solid, money-in-the-bank good sense, his prudence and deliberation, were still completely happy. Still! He could find no indication of restlessness or boredom in her; she liked getting up in the mornings to breakfast with him, liked running their apartment so efficiently and charmingly. It must have been wrong, that unanimous thumbs-down upon their marriage . . .

He ran into Guy Torrey at two o'clock, as he was emerging from the restaurant where he had lunched alone.

"Hello—where's Suzanne?" asked John, and as his father-in-law merely smiled, "Weren't you having lunch with her?"

Guy Torrey snapped his fingers. "Good lord, I forgot all about it! I'd better call her now." Even without that smile, John would have known that he was lying.

Somehow, he got through the rest of the day; somehow he kept his voice steady when he asked, "How was your father?" and somehow he held his counsel when Suzanne answered, casually, "Oh, dad's all right," and her mouth curved into an inexplicable smile, while her eyes began to dance at something remembered.

Icy fear about his heart . . . Suzanne had not had lunch with her father, yet she wanted him to think that she had. Why? Oh, why, Suzanne? But he could not bring himself to ask her; he could only wait, watching her with abnormally alert perceptions, with all his senses extended and sharpened.

And the signs increased and multiplied. There was the morning when he was late starting for the office and the telephone rang, and Suzanne said swiftly, "I'll answer, John," and looked strangely excited as she said, "Hello. Oh, yes. That'll be fine. Yes, indeed. Good-by." Only his eyes had questioned her, and she had murmured, too casually, "Hairdresser appointment," but her hair had been unchanged when he came home that evening. The letter that he was sure she slid deliberately beneath the rest of her mail one morning, saying laconically, "Just bills," as though he had questioned her. The afternoon when she was not in the living room, when he came home early from the office. She called out, from their chamber, "That you, Johnny? Wait a minute, darling!" and he heard her moving about swiftly, as [Continued on page 44]

A suit is known by the company it keeps . . . and that means blouses. So much depends, in a suit season such as this, how you garnish your outfit. The wrong touch, the wrong color . . . and pouff! that perfect ensemble you planned falls like a flat cake. Here are some favorite suit types — for the young girl, the jaunty femme, the sophisticated woman and the matron. And each looks its best with a special kind of blouse. Try one of these combinations and see!

by
CAROLYN DAMON

Private Life of a Suit



My sporting lines (jigger coat and contrasting skirt) can support this festive white linen blouse, highly embroidered.



Alert matrons like pin-striped severity. Give me a blouse in a woven pattern with built-up collar.



For sophisticated smartness . . . a fine Irish linen blouse in Flemish blue or marigold, with my tailored suavity.



Lower left photograph, Rochelle Hudson, 20th century Fox film player. Other photographs by courtesy The T. Eaton Company, Toronto.



My Mother said: "I knew you'd go back
to Bon Ami..."

and I said: Yes, I've learned my
lesson Mother, other cleansers
just don't *polish* and clean like
Bon Ami...or rinse away as easily

Many mothers have watched their daughters "try out" other cleansers only to go back to Bon Ami. Bon Ami does the work so much better! Makes it easy to keep your kitchen sink and bathtub smooth and glistening like new year after year. Helps you to avoid drain trouble—no gritty sediment is left behind. Just try Bon Ami. See how much easier and faster it makes all your household cleaning.

MADE IN CANADA



Copr. 1937, Bon Ami Ltd.
Bon Ami
for kitchen sinks
hasn't scratched yet

Double Bill.

WHAT DO MOTHERS THINK?

By MRS. H. E. HASTINGS
Chairman "Better Movies for Children,"
Winnipeg

THE DOUBLE bill is a serious danger to the health and character development of our children. It is the largest stumbling block in attaining better movies for children, because the value of classified censorship is defeated when an unsuitable picture is paired with an approved feature.

This opinion is endorsed by sixty-three organizations alone in Winnipeg. And that is indicative of feeling throughout the West.

A double bill of even two suitable pictures is undesirable for children because of the long stay indoors, eye-strain and overtaxed nerves. The harm is intensified by the fact that invariably one of the pictures is damaging to the healthy growth of the child mind.

I have watched little children sit shuddering and terrified throughout the screening of a horror picture that was a harrowing experience even for grownups. They had come to the movie to see an excellent Western picture, with which the other feature was paired.

Another most unfortunate linking of films was Joe E. Brown's "Earthworm Tractor" with a lurid crime picture. The former—as are all Joe E. Brown's pictures—was suitable for children; the latter an unwholesome gangster melodrama, depicting anti-social living.

Anyone with common sense knows that it is unhealthy for a child to sit in a movie for a period of three or four hours. But until the matter is brought to their attention, many parents do not realize the length of time required to see the double bill.

Many parents still do not understand why their young people are so late—much too late—coming home from a movie. They blame the young people when their annoyance should be directed at the double-bill movie.

When parents become fully aware of the harmful effects of the double bill, I believe they will demand approved one-feature matinees, for children. When the demand is sufficiently emphasized, it will undoubtedly be acceded to by the theatre managers.

It is surely deplorable for us to tolerate having the medium of fine entertainment and education misused to the detriment of children's physical and moral health.

We, who are working for better films for children, are determined to do our utmost to do away with the double bill. We are endeavoring to arouse parents to a realization of the harmful effects by having the matter discussed in organization meetings. We asked an opinion of forty-five women's organizations.

Forty-four replies emphatically disapproved of two-

bill programs. The reply of the superintendent of a children's home, caring for one hundred and forty children, is typical. The letter follows:

"It has frequently been brought to our attention, after our children have attended a movie where a double bill is presented, that it is seldom the better picture but more often the sensational picture, depicting perhaps crime and immorality, which leaves the greater impression on their minds. It is the unanimous agreement of the board and superintendent that the adoption of the single feature would be a step in the right direction."

The majority of children are movie-fans, whose attitudes, desires and conduct are being molded to a large degree by motion pictures. If the movies are suitable it is most desirable that the children be fans. We, who are sponsoring better movies for children, are aiming to have the neighborhood theatres show approved single-feature pictures at special Saturday matinees for children under twelve years of age. We approve one good feature, a short (educational or travelogue) and a comedy or news-reel, the time of the entire program not exceeding two hours.

We believe achievement of our aim would result in morally and physically healthier children and a reduction in the number of delinquents.

DOES HOLLYWOOD LIKE IT?

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS
Chatelaine's Hollywood Correspondent

WHAT DOES Hollywood, the film factory itself, say about the double bill? What do the stars think about it? Where do the producers, the distributors, the managers who show pictures, stand on this two-for-one bargain they offer in theatres throughout the Dominion?

Hollywood admits that the double bill crept up on us during the depression. The public simply demanded more for its money—in movies as in everything else. The practice took such deep root that, like a number of other depression ills, it refuses to be shaken. It is doubtful now that it will ever be abandoned.

Late last year, Warner Bros., one of the most important studios in the motion picture industry, conducted a nation-wide poll to determine the popularity of double bills in theatres. The results were surprising, to say the least.

By a four to one majority—out of 725,824 votes cast—the populace favored single-bill programs.

Recently a convention of theatre executives at Los Angeles voted against it. They asked for better pictures that would be of sufficient

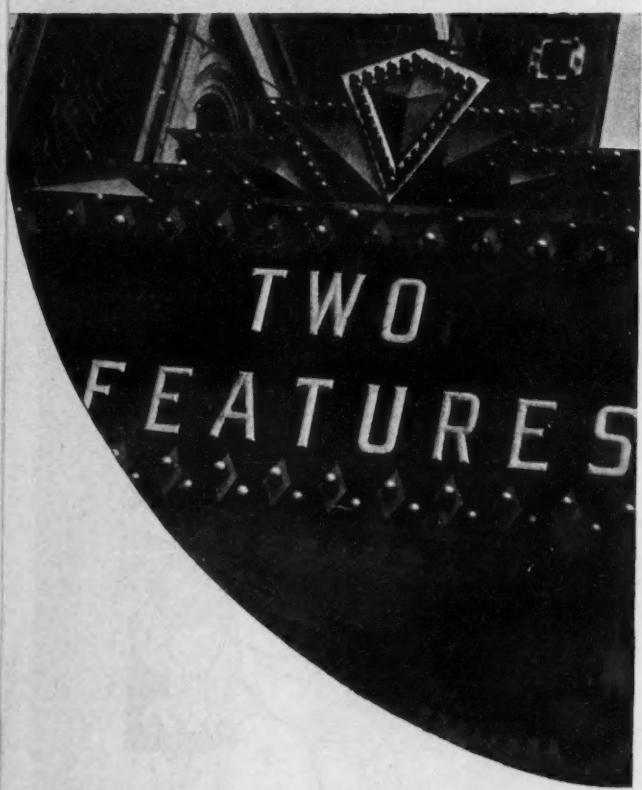
[Continued on page 57]

"Double bills demand more Hollywood product and mean additional employment for men and women in every craft pertaining to the screen."—Whitney Williams.





That



"Nobody likes double billing apparently, and yet box-office reading indicates that it is actually what the public demands."

— Mary Lowrey Ross.

DO MOVIE FANS LIKE IT?

By MARY LOWREY ROSS
Well-known Movie Critic

FANNY HURST, the novelist, tells how she once sat in a bus next to a passenger who was reading one of her magazine stories. The passenger read on and on without change of expression till he came to the bottom of the page where it said, "Continued on page 36." Instead of turning to page 36, he turned to page 38, headed "Duck Hunting." Miss Hurst says he went right on reading without any awareness of a change in theme.

The bus passenger is typical of an astonishing number of movie-goers who sit watching the screen in a state of gentle stupefaction while image succeeds image, registering faintly on the sitter's retina, but never reaching through to his awareness.

I don't think the producers are responsible for this curious attitude of the movie public, since they have done everything in their power to thrill, shock and arouse us. They have given us passion, romance, crime and thrillers on the screen. They have even produced horrors, to make our flesh creep. And we remain in much the tranced state of the hostess whose guest murmured, "Good afternoon, I have just murdered my husband in the bathroom," and who murmured back, "Really, how interesting," and passed on to the next guest.

IT MUST have come to the producers and distributors of moving pictures a brilliant illumination that the public doesn't in the least insist on being moved, excited or exalted before the screen. It just wants to be lulled into oblivion. The movies, it seems, are the real opium of the people. Recognizing this, the movie people apparently decided that it would be a good thing to give the public a double shot of their favorite hypnotic; two features on the same bill. The features themselves didn't need to be particularly distinguished. They didn't even need to be particularly distinguishable. They just needed to be moving pictures and the whole show must run anywhere from three and a half to four hours.

Thus, apparently, double-billing came into existence. When double-billing first got its foothold on the screen it was during a long hot summer. At that time most of us didn't care what the movie people showed us—we would gladly have sat through a series of Keystone comedies or Lasky silents if the management would only allow us to go in and relax in their lovely cool theatre. We assumed at that time that the distributors were taking advantage of the public torpor to get rid of their old canned goods and that when the brisk fall weather started, we would go back to the accustomed screen program—a good feature

picture, a comedy short, a cartoon or travelogue and a newsreel.

We still believe this to be the ideal bill, varied, sprightly and satisfying. But we hardly ever get it any more. The double bill not only survived the heat wave but took strong root and is now flourishing everywhere. The situation is a curious one. I talked about it recently to a motion-picture executive, who seemed quite as much baffled by it as anyone else. He said that if you ask the average person if he likes double-billing he will tell you emphatically that he doesn't. When you mention it to motion-picture distributors they throw up their hands—the double bill isn't, it seems, any bargain for them since they are the ones who carry the expense of the extra two hours of program. On the other hand, the box-office reading indicates that it is actually what the public demands. Nobody likes double-billing, it would seem, and everybody patiently and even gladly accepts it.

People, it seems, don't go to the movies any more to enjoy themselves. They go to forget themselves. It is the utter featurelessness of the double-feature bill that recommends it, since it allows the movie-goer to remain submerged just below the level of consciousness, undisturbed by the outside world or any sharp or stimulating reflection of it on the screen. The result is dullness all round. The movies make no demand of the public and the public makes no demand of the movies. Under the present system the tendency is to produce more and more pictures of less and less individual quality, mass production and mediocrity going hand in hand.

In the meantime the quality of moving pictures in general is bound to deteriorate. As every housewife knows, you don't get quality goods in quantity lots. You get in the long run exactly what you pay for. In this case the choice lies between two hours of well-balanced and selected entertainment and a long dull bill.

The only way to get good consistent programs of reasonable length is to insist on them. And the only way to insist on them is to abandon our present policy of passive acceptance and try a little passive resistance instead. A prolonged sit-down strike on the part of people who want fewer and better features would undoubtedly have a bracing effect on motion-picture production; the sitting-down naturally to be done at home. The best channel of communication between public and producer after all has always been the box office.

For movies should stimulate not dull their audience. A good picture handled with imagination and sensitivity sends one out with a sharpened awareness, a quickened response to life and feeling. The movie producers will give us such pictures if we want them—they have always been admirably alert in supplying the public with exactly what it demands. But we won't have them as long as we are content with programs that merely drug us with length and send us home exhausted by the weight of entertainment we have been too bored to assimilate.

YOU CAN CLIMB 1200 STEPS ON

2 Slices of Bread*

* CLIMBING STAIRS — lifting the weight of your whole body at every step—is hard work! Yet only two slices of your baker's good white bread—costing less than one cent—actually supply the energy you would need to climb 1200 steps! No other food supplies so much energy at such low cost. And bread is the best energy food you can eat—regardless of cost. Eat at least 6 slices every day.



Ralph E. Stoetzel, Architect, Chicago

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR 6 SLICES TODAY?

**Bread gives you vital energy—
builds endurance... EAT AT LEAST 6
SLICES A DAY, diet authorities advise**

BREAD is not just a "filler" in the diet, as some people believe. It's a vital food necessity — the best energy food you can eat.

Eat bread with every meal, and you have no let-down feeling about eleven in the morning or four in the afternoon. When evening comes, you have the pep and vitality to enjoy your social life. For bread supplies sustained energy. Not just a single spurt, but the steady flow of energy you need to keep going hour after hour.

So, for the sake of your family's health... and because *bread tastes so good* — always have plenty of bread on your table. Encourage each member of the family to eat at least 6 slices every day.



BREAD is essential for safe reducing

to keep your strength while you reduce, you need the energy bread supplies. And bread is not *fattening*, as many people believe. It is a combination of carbohydrate and a form of protein that helps you *burn up* surplus fat. To reduce safely, cut down on other foods, but keep bread in your diet.



BUY BREAD FROM YOUR BAKER. With his trained skill and scientific equipment, he makes the finest bread that can be produced—whole-some, nourishing and delicious in flavor.

FREE!

A fascinating book that tells you in plain words the startling new scientific discoveries about bread and other common foods. A valuable aid for planning economical meals, reducing diets, diets for children, etc. Mail coupon.

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copy of the new book,
"What do you really
know about bread?"

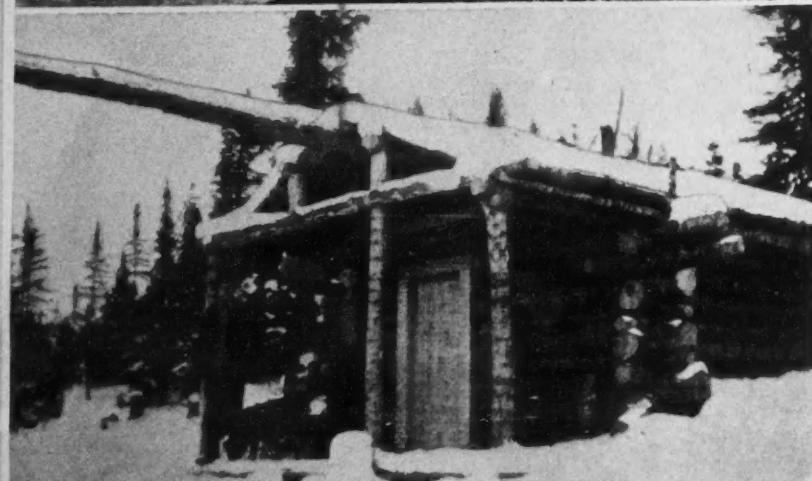
Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ Prov. _____

C-3

My 40 Years



Mrs. Black and her two sons, in 1905.

This installment of the most thrilling autobiography of a Canadian woman yet published, tells of early days in Dawson, of Mrs. Black's journey home to luxurious comfort, and her return to the zestful life of the north

by MRS. GEORGE BLACK, M.P. for the Yukon,
as told to ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

I HAVE BEEN so busy telling you my personal troubles, that I have described none of the night life of Dawson. Speaking of the meaning of "night life," as it is understood today, recalls to my mind that in those days we celebrated Canada's birthday (July 1), and the Fourth of July, with equal zest. Many of the revellers of these summer celebrations lost all sense of time, as to periods of day and night, and tuned in with the continuous daylight, until they passed out from sheer exhaustion. Similarly, in winter, especially if the men were not busy, it was a never-ending night life.

Of course, no reminiscences of early Yukon days would be complete without some description of the notorious, wild times of frontier life, and, while I did not enter into the gaiety, I did have what sporting editors call a "ringside seat."

In the heyday of the stampede,

almost every other building on Front Street in Dawson, was either a dance hall, saloon, hotel or restaurant, with such names as the Floradora, Aurora, Northern, Monte Carlo, M. and N.—the name derived from the initials of the owners' names—Sourdough and Can Can. One or the other "told the world" by painted signs and printed notices, that crap, chuck and draw poker, blackjack, roulette wheels and faro banks were run by the management; that every known fluid—water excepted—was for sale at the bar; that there were special rates for the "gambling perlesh."

I was never in a dance hall in the early days, but the men of our party used to "talk them over," and I learned a good deal about their general layouts. Then, too, my "ringside seat" did give me a close-up view of women who figured prominently in the night life. Of course, as Dawson grew smaller and smaller, I couldn't help knowing some of them by sight, and hearing the gossip about them.

Recalling the women of '98 and analyzing the situation, I would say there were three classes who entered the Klondike during the stampede: the members of the "oldest profession in the world," who ever follow armies and gold rushes; the dance hall and variety girls, whose business was to entertain and be dancing partners; and a few others, wives with unbounded faith in and love for their mates, and the odd person like myself on a special mission.

THE DANCE HALL girls were often beautiful, invariably had good figures and many were clever and resented the stigma generally attached to their profession. They had to be able to do some vaudeville stunt, and were also chosen for their "lure," which we call "sex appeal" today. They had to be entertaining companions, and the kind "a fella would like to buy a drink for." It was decidedly to their personal advantage to have a flair for salesmanship, to help the proprietor sell his full stock of liquor, for they received a commission of from twenty-five to fifty per cent on the drinks, that were never less than a dollar apiece. It was said that some girls made as high as two hundred and fifty dollars a night, but this could only be done by "rolling," which meant getting a man drunk and stealing his "poke."

[Continued on page 52]

Above: A striking view of Dawson from the hills.

Centre: Mrs. Black's first home in the Yukon.

A typical street in Skagway at the time of Mrs. Black's first visit in 1898.



**KEEP HIM THAT WAY. KEEP HIM SAFE AND HEALTHY, TOO.
CHOOSE HIS FIRST SOLID FOOD WITH CARE.**

From cuddly dolls to lullabies—there are a thousand ways to make your baby coo with happiness!

But to keep him thriving at first solid food time . . . that's different. There is only one right way: seek the advice of your doctor!

The right first solid food is very important. It must agree with your baby, so there will be no disturbing upsets and lowering of vitality. It must be quickly digested, so the

young stomach will not be overtaxed. It must encourage natural weight increases.

Your doctor will probably advise Cream of Wheat. Ask him to tell you about the ease with which it is digested in little systems . . . its purity and safety . . . its uniformity in texture and taste . . . its freedom from harsh parts of the grain. Learn how economically it supplies food energy that babies need to

help them gain and keep active.

Cream of Wheat is not made from just a single wheat. It is a blend of selected hard wheat from Canada's best growing areas. It comes to you hygienically sealed against the contaminations often found in cereals sold loose in bags. Millions of mothers through 42 years have raised sturdy babies on delicious Cream of Wheat.

Silverware! Wm. A. Rogers Al heavy silver plate, made by Oneida, Ltd. See offer on Cream of Wheat package. The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.



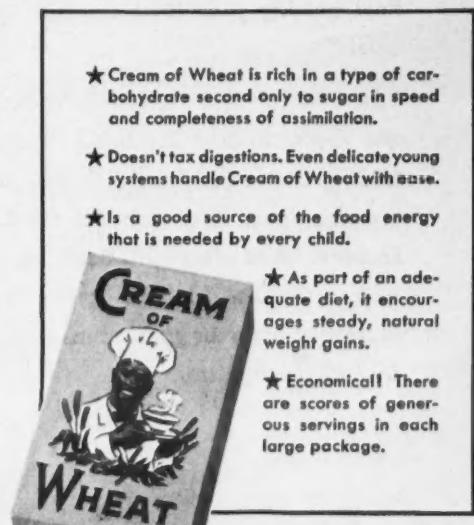
"AH-H-H-H, Cream of Wheat . . . that's my dish! The more I eat, the more I want. It's some builder-upper, isn't it, Mommy?"



"SAY, what is this nonsense anyway? I want off! Of course I'm up to weight . . . I eat my Cream of Wheat every day!"



"SORRY, Teddy, it must be the cave man in me. Or maybe it's the extra food energy that swell Cream of Wheat is giving me!"



Made in Canada from best Canadian hard wheat. Never sold loose in bags . . . only in this box

★ Cream of Wheat is rich in a type of carbohydrate second only to sugar in speed and completeness of assimilation.

★ Doesn't tax digestions. Even delicate young systems handle Cream of Wheat with ease.

★ Is a good source of the food energy that is needed by every child.

★ As part of an adequate diet, it encourages steady, natural weight gains.

★ Economical! There are scores of generous servings in each large package.

"And When She Was Bad"

(Continued from page 9)

"Too late in the day. Besides, this is my vacation."

It was hers, too, and she hadn't opened one of the books she'd brought with her.

"Tomorrow then?"

She shook her head again. "Tomorrow I'm going to trim lamp wicks and put paper on the cupboard shelves—"

"And wash and iron, I suppose. Don't be silly. Saturday?"

They went on Saturday . . . and again on Sunday, because Alex said it was wicked to work on the Sabbath. Saturday's outing was uneventful. Trudy began to think she might be wrong and that Alex was different from artists she had known.

As soon as they had eaten, he scoured the frying pan with sand and packed everything in the basket; and then he stretched out peacefully at her feet. She had brought a sweater she was knitting for Jill.

"Even on a picnic," he said, grinning lazily at her flying fingers.

"Even what on a picnic?"

Instead of answering that, he said, "Will you make me a sweater—one of those short-change affairs without sleeves?"

"Mm—maybe," she promised carelessly.

And then Sunday spoiled everything.

Trudy brought the supper: fried chicken, and rolls and tomatoes cut like roses. She had found an old granite coffeepot under the cottage and tested it to see if it would hold water, and it did. The coffee was smooth and a lovely golden brown, settled with egg the old-fashioned way. They took a long time to eat—too long, as it turned out. When they started to pack things away, there was the ocean, where only a few hours before had been a path along the beach.

"But you said—" Trudy began accusingly.

When they came, one strip of sand had seemed a little squishy, but Alex had assured her it was perfectly safe; he had been here the week before, painting a sunset.

It was safe now, but not very comfortable. They retreated step by step and at last took refuge on a rock that jutted up encouragingly high. There was just room for the two of them and the picnic basket.

"You might have found an apartment with a bigger bedroom, my dear," Alex complained.

"It isn't funny," Trudy said sharply. "We'll have to stay here till morning."

"Only till four, or maybe five. You've stayed up later than that lots of times at dances. Don't be stuffy, darling. It's a lark."

He really thought so. Even in this inadequate light, she could see a telltale gleam in his eyes. "You and the waves—I love night. This night."

She considered him for a moment with suspicion. Had he planned this escapade? But no, he never made plans or, if he did, they couldn't possibly work out so neatly. Yesterday's delusion of order and contentment had been a mirage, the deceptive lull in the middle of a hurricane, the one rational moment you find even in bad cases of insanity. She shivered. Alex said, "Ever hear the one about the Scotchman and the stone?"

She hadn't and she didn't want to. He told it anyway. The rock grew harder. A pair of scissors opened and shut along her spine. If you've always taken chair backs for granted, try sitting up straight some time, feet stuck out in front of you. They tried it that way and tailor fashion; and then they sat with their knees tucked under their chins; and then, finally, Alex had a really good idea.



The original dress was knit from twenty-five balls of Monarch Dove wool in Melon Pink.

THE MARINA

Simple to make, enchanting to wear, this attractively tailored two-piece outfit for smart women

Measurements of Finished Garments when Blocked:

Skirt—All around at waist, 33 inches. All around at hips, 41 inches. Length from waist to hem, 33½ inches.

Blouse—All around at underarm, 38½ inches. From shoulder to bottom of garment, 22 inches. Length of sleeve at underarm seam, 18½ inches.

Materials Used

25 Balls of 4-ply wool
1 Pair No. 9 Needles
1 Circular Needle No. 9
1 Fine Bone Crochet Hook
Tension of Stitch—7 sts.=1 inch.
9 rows=1 inch.

Skirt

Starting at the bottom, using No. 9 circular needle, cast on 349 sts. Join, being careful not to twist them. Work in stocking stitch (all knit) for 9½ inches.

1st Decrease Round—*K29, K2tog, repeat from * once; *K30, K2tog; repeat from * 3 times; K29, K2tog; *K30, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times. (338 sts. on needle). Work evenly for 5 inches.

2nd Decrease Round—*K28, K2tog, repeat from * once; *K29, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times; K28, K2tog; *K29, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times. (327 sts. on needle). Work evenly for 4½ inches.

3rd Decrease Round—*K27, K2tog, repeat from * once; *K28, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times; K27, K2tog; *K28, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times. (316 sts. on needle). Work evenly for 3½ inches.

4th Decrease Round—*K26, K2tog, repeat from * once; *K27, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times; K26, K2tog; *K27, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times. (305 sts. on needle). Work evenly for 2½ inches.

5th Decrease Round—*K25, K2tog, repeat from * once; *K26, K2tog, repeat

[Continued on page 56]

"Back to back," he chortled. "We'll play mad. Only don't push."

It took a little manoeuvring, but they managed. She leaned back gratefully. Her head came in the nape of his neck; she wondered if her hair tickled him and decided not, or he would have mentioned it. The waves were splashing higher now.

Alex said, "I guess you think I'm determined to drown you," his voice for the first time a little worried.

"Oh—we won't drown," Trudy flung out a crumb of comfort. "We may get pneumonia or lumbago, though."

She began to let her mind dwell on all the people in the world who were sensibly snug in bed. She didn't have to play mad—she was mad. Through and through. At herself more than at him.

If she'd let Godfrey come down to the hotel for the week-end the way he wanted, this would never have happened. They'd have dined on a balcony, with suavely attentive waiters and soft chairs and the sea where it belonged. Music and bright lights—she was getting sleepy. Her head slipped a little, she jerked it back . . . And coffee. Alex moved. She could feel him edging around cautiously, his arm holding her. And then she slid down against it. She tried to tell him he couldn't sit that way, but the words trailed off. She said: "Coffee . . ."

It was there in front of her. A cup of it. She thought she must be dreaming and put out one hand uncertainly. A voice said: "Your morning beverage, madam." A voice as gay and undaunted as ever.

She came up on one elbow. The sky was a faint pearly pink, the sea was ambling gently seaward. A tiny plume of smoke rose from the damp sand below her. She drank the coffee feeling more and more ashamed. She'd been a rotten sport; it was as much her fault as his.

"You're a dear," she said, her voice shaking.

Alex only laughed. "I told you that all along. Also efficient. I burned all the papers and the cardboard boxes and the basket. Now, if we'd rinsed the coffeepot the way you wanted to—but wait until you try your setting-up exercises."

He scooped her off the rock and set her down on the sand. Her knees collapsed like folding chairs. She wondered how he had managed all by himself, but of course, he hadn't slept. He never slept at night. He didn't even look tired. His hair was no more mussed than usual, and his mouth smiled just as easily. He marched her up and down, and then suddenly he swept her into his arms.

"Oh, darling, it was such fun! Finding you when I opened my eyes. I want to always. You're going to marry me."

"Please," she whispered, trying to pull away.

"Don't," he said sternly. "You belong here. You do like me. You admitted it a moment ago. And you could love me if you'd let yourself. Can't you be mad and reckless just once?"

He bent swiftly and kissed her. It wasn't the kind of kiss you'd expect from Alex. It fell gently on her lips. It—she stopped thinking. Her hand crept up, just for a second held his head close. And then, a wave slower in retreat than the others, leaped across the sand and splashed her feet; and she remembered.

She snatched herself away. Because she hurt so, she had to hurt him. "There," she cried. "You've done your duty. It was sweet of you to propose but not necessary. I'm not that old-fashioned."

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said, the beginning of temper in his voice.

"Chivalry," she cried. "To make an honest woman of me."

He was angrier than she had ever seen anyone, not excepting her sister, Sturm, who often tore a whole room to pieces. And there wasn't anything for him to throw. Excepting her. She thought he was going to do just that, the savage way he caught her by one shoulder.

[Continued on page 29]

"And When She Was Bad"

(Continued from page 26)

"Honest woman be damned!" His fingers relaxed. "I'm sorry."

He didn't look sorry. His eyes were still sending out blue sparks like the chips of ice that fly when you're skating fast and have to stop suddenly.

"Don't apologize," Trudy murmured. "I'm used to tantrums."

"I'm not apologizing. You're the one to do that. That was a foul thing to say."

Anger and hurt were all mixed up on his face. She could feel her courage slipping. "I know," she whispered. "But I had to make you stop. I can't marry an artist."

"You don't expect me to stop painting?"

"That wouldn't do any good," she said desperately. "It's too late for that now. You'd still be an artist; I mean, the kind of person an artist is."

It sounded confused, but it was clear enough in her mind. Hopelessly clear. She tried again: "I'd make you miserable. I'm practical and you—"

"Well, what am I? That seems to be the question."

"You. You're—"

It was no use. Her lips wouldn't say any more mean things. She stared at him, her hand against her mouth. He reached out and took it away.

"Skip it," he said. "This wasn't the time, anyway."

THEY WENT HOME, single file, along the strip of sand that was beginning to dry. Alex walked in front, his head high, his shoulders squared. Trudy stared at them, wishing she could stop feeling their safe, strong pressure against her own. Presently she stumbled and after that she looked at the ground. In sight of her cottage they said good-by to each other, politely.

She didn't think of it as really good-by until days later. She took it for granted Alex would stop in that afternoon or the next day. Just because she wouldn't marry him was no reason for them not to meet occasionally.

She forgot that companionship had played no part in her original plans for a vacation. They had been such careful plans: days delightfully cut to one pattern, with bathing and sunbaths and meals at regular intervals, evenings over a book, long, quiet nights to sleep. And now she had all this, and it wasn't delightful at all, but boring.

She thought: "It's because I'm used to excitement. After a while I'll settle down." And then she thought, "I'll wire Godfrey," but she didn't send the telegram and she didn't settle down.

The days stretched out interminably; nights she slept badly. She would wake and catch herself listening for something—a pounding on the door, perhaps. But all she could ever hear was the gentle knock of the waves.

Lying there awake and restless, she remembered things that she hadn't considered half important enough at the time they happened: the fire and the blue robe, the warmed-up coffee: the way Alex was always taking care of her. Nobody ever had before.

And what, she asked herself one night, had she ever done for him?

The next day she started the sweater. There was no blue yarn in the resort shops, so she bought white and dyed it. The days and the evenings went faster now. She planned, first, to mail it to him, and then she remembered that she didn't know his last name. She would have to deliver it in person.

The day it was finished, she packed her suitcases and straightened the cottage for the last time. She'd tell Wick to sell the

place, she thought, as she closed the shutters.

She took the package and went slowly along the gully. She meant to creep up and tuck it inside the screen door, but when she came close, she saw that there was no need for caution. The blue door was closed, the windows too. The cottage wore a completely deserted air. She couldn't believe it. That he had actually gone—without a word. Without even saying good-by.

He couldn't have cared much. He couldn't really have cared at all. It had been just a passing fancy: the night and the adventure . . . And the moon, she whispered, trying to laugh. The laughter choked her, and she stood there, the package tight in both hands, tears pressing up in her throat and back of her eyes.

She should have known, she supposed. She, who boasted so much knowledge about artists. After a moment, she went around the cottage; and there, facing the sea, she found one window ajar. Alex, she felt sure, could be depended on to forget at least one window. She went closer. She would just put the sweater inside—though perhaps he would never find it now—and then push the window shut. It was the window where they had sat that day at lunch. She couldn't resist looking in, this once more.

The room was just as she remembered, the easel in the centre of the floor. There was a painting on it. A girl. It looked like—it was her.

The dress was the one she had worn that evening on the pier. He had even painted the white ruffles on the collar and sleeves. He had said he was going to paint her—with her hands folded. It had sounded nice. And now he had done it, and it wasn't nice at all. The folded hands were prim. The mouth was prim. Her curls lay snug against her head, except one, right down the centre of her forehead . . . *And when she was good—*

"Oh," Trudy cried. "How cruel!"

It was a horrible picture. She didn't look like that.

She had never understood how anyone could fly into a rage. Now she knew. She could feel a swelling. It began in her head. It went through her body. It pressed and pressed until it seemed as if something would have to burst. And then something did burst. She flung the sweater she had knit into the room, and without waiting to see where it hit, climbed after.

No wonder he had gone away. Afraid of the picture he had made. Afraid of such a horrid, prim little thing. Well, he could go. He could forget her if he wanted. But he wasn't going to remember her like this.

The shears were hanging on the kitchen cupboard, where she had seen them the day she washed the dishes. They were the only thing that was in place. She snatched them off and marched into the living room and up to the easel.

He would, would he! Slash . . . Put a curl down the centre of her forehead . . . Slash . . . So much for that. She didn't hear the door open, didn't hear Alex cross the room.

He said pleasantly, "Well, well, I thought you had outgrown cutting out pictures."

She whirled. "I'm not cutting out. I'm—"

The enormity of what she was doing swept over her. She, Trudy Wickett, who had grown up in the tradition that any created work was sacred. The angry, excited color flowed slowly out of her face. She stared at him and the shreds of canvas.

"And when she was bad—" he said and took the shears out of her hand and put them on the table.

He should have been angry; he should have been in a perfect rage. And he was smiling. Maybe he hadn't liked the picture either.

"Oh, Alex," she wailed. "I don't look like that?"

"All cut-up," he said. "Well—"

"Don't be funny," she begged. "You think I'm like that, don't you? Artists

"SURE, 'TWAS NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT..."



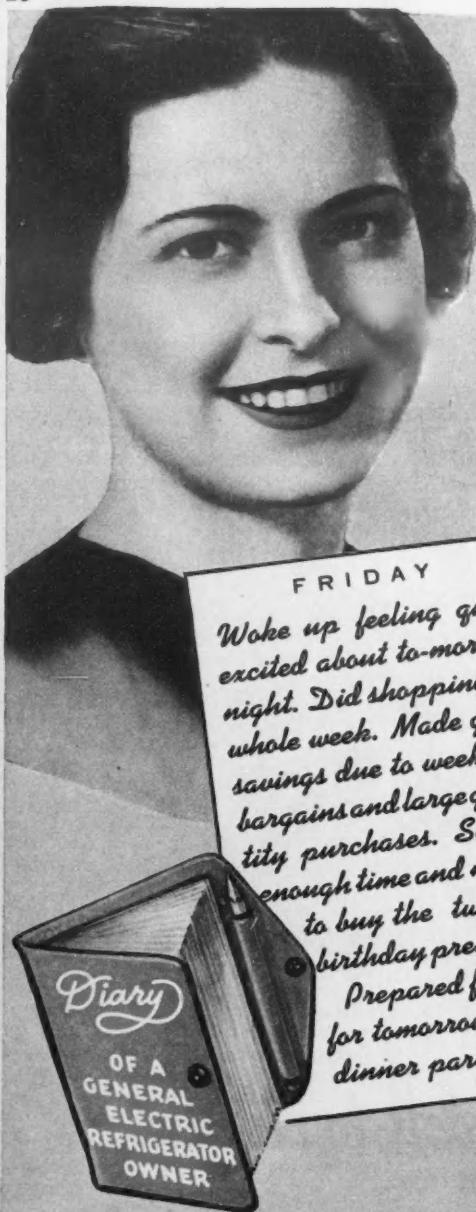
SO THE BRIDE GOT MRS. CASEY'S LETTER

It's no business of mine, but I heard the words between you and your husband in the bus. So will you be minding a bit of advice? For many's the wash I've done in my life and it's myself can tell you what's wrong with yours. Tattle-tale gray's got into your clothes. It's the fault of the lazy soap you're using, leaving dirt behind it. So do be changing to Fels-Naptha Soap at once! What with all the naptha in the bar along with the fine golden soap, clothes wash so clean, they look whiter than the whitest roses of Killarney.

AND A FEW WEEKS LATER



BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!



"Is it fair to read a Personal Diary?... I did"

FRIDAY

Woke up feeling quite excited about to-morrow night. Did shopping for whole week. Made great savings due to week-end bargains and large quantity purchases. Saved enough time and money to buy the twins' birthday presents. Prepared food for tomorrow's dinner party.

SATURDAY

Getting terribly keen on entertaining at home. Gave most successful dinner party to Jim's boss and his wife. Thrilled at compliments re salad and frozen dessert. Prepared baby's bottles for tomorrow as expecting busy day. Not a bit tired as most of work prepared in advance.

SUNDAY

Went to church in morning and drove in afternoon. Jim's mother and aunt came to cold buffet supper. Most of it prepared Friday. No longer scared of having mother-in-law to meals. Fuss and worry over food gone forever.

MONDAY

Made up pie paste for 3 pies to be cooked during week—also dough for refrigerator rolls ready to bake when needed, and a 3 foot roll of refrigerator cookie dough for future parties. Had nice hot dinner made from Saturday night's left-overs. But Jim never guessed.

TUESDAY

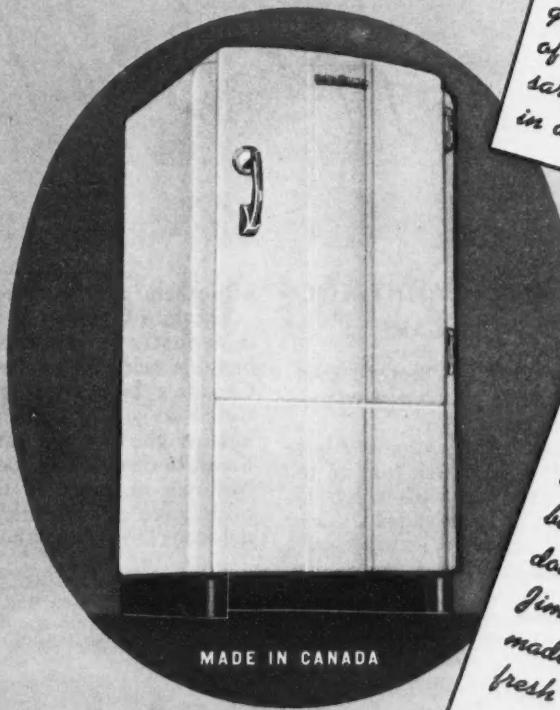
Made two shepherd's pies, one for tonight and one for next Tuesday. Mixed cake batter and stored in refrigerator all ready for baking tomorrow, fresh for the bridge game. Tried trick of making necessary sandwiches in advance.

WEDNESDAY

Thoroughly enjoyed having girls in for afternoon of bridge—used to dread my turn. Advance sandwich trick worked wonderfully. Neighbours dropped in unexpectedly in evening, prepared much enjoyed snacks in a jiffy.

THURSDAY

Birthday party for the twins. Had asked eight kids but ended up with fourteen. Fortunately loads of milk in refrigerator and cookies quickly baked from prepared dough. Despite all, gave Jim best dinner of week made from perfectly fresh odds and ends.



• "You, too, can enjoy all the benefits that a General Electric Refrigerator brought to this delighted owner. You can save endless time and energy. What's more, you can save money—as much as \$10 a month. You'll be amazed to find how quickly your food worries cease to exist."

The General Electric Refrigerator has all the most modern features: Stor-A-Dor, Sliding Shelves, Lighted Cabinet, adequate storage space and stainless steel super-freezer. And above all, don't forget that with a General Electric comes the satisfaction of a 5 year guarantee on the sealed-in-steel mechanism.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC *Refrigerator*
WITH THE SEALED-IN-STEEL UNIT . . . GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS
CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED



"You've made my crow's-feet fly, Jane Seymour!"

She was sitting in my Salon telling me the old, old story. "I've never bothered much about my looks," she said, "but when I saw these lines appearing round my eyes, I got frightened and felt I must do something. Now tell me honestly, can anything be done?"

"Yes," I said. "Two very simple things—daily care and planned treatment. When the skin hasn't been cleansed, or fed, or toned for a long time, it crumples up like a withered leaf. Every line shows. Get your pores breathing properly by removing grime every night with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic. Pat Anti-wrinkle Cream round your eyes to nourish those dried-up under-tissues. Use pads soaked in Eye Lotion to rest and restore your eyes. On alternate nights feed your skin with Orange Skin Food. And every morning brace up your circulation with more Juniper Skin Tonic."

"If you follow that simple régime for a week or two—you'll see puckers gradually disappearing, the little lines that remain hardly visible on the clear, smooth surface of your skin."

"That sounds like sense to me," she said. "I'll try it!" She did. About a month later I ran across her at a rather smart function. "Look!" she whispered. "You've made my crow's-feet fly!" It was no exaggeration either.

Ask for my preparations at any smart cosmetic counter, and also for my book "Speaking Frankly." If you cannot obtain it, please write me: Jane Seymour, Lumsden Building, Toronto—mentioning your dealer's name, and I will gladly send it to you with my compliments.

My Bond Street Salon is at 21-22 Grosvenor Street, London, W. 1, England, where many of the most famous and beautiful women of the Empire visit for regular treatment and personal advice. If you are visiting England do be sure to call and see me.

Jane Seymour
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



Trade Mark

Shorten Your Belt Lengthen Your Life



"Twenty pounds—in four months—twenty pounds gone! How's that?"

UP to age 30, a moderate degree of overweight helps to protect against diseases such as tuberculosis and pneumonia. But after age 30—consult the scales and watch your belt line. In older people excess fat adds to the work which the heart, liver, kidneys and pancreas are called upon to do.

Men and women over 45 who weigh 20% more than the average have a death rate that is 50% higher than the average for their age. Long continued overweight may lead to early heart disease or apoplexy. Nearly half the people who develop diabetes are very fat before the disease appears.

Too much fat usually comes from overeating, lack of exercise, or both. It is easier to avoid excess weight than to take it off. In most instances overweight can be controlled.

Even when present for a long period of years overweight often may be reduced with safety, but each case requires individual treatment. No effort to bring about a marked weight reduction should be attempted except on the advice and under the supervision of a physician.

People who adopt an unbalanced "fad" diet, or treat themselves with reducing medicines, often suffer serious consequences. Some of these medicines contain dangerous drugs; others are practically useless for weight reduction. It may also be dangerous to begin suddenly a strenuous system of exercises in an effort to reduce. Such extreme measures may throw too great a strain on vital organs already impaired by the excess fat and cause a sudden breakdown.

Aside from overeating, lack of exercise and hereditary factors, overweight may be caused by disease or improper secretion of certain glands. Even if it is caused by an abnormal glandular condition, medical treatment can often effect a complete cure or relief.

Do you know what you should weigh? The Metropolitan booklet "Overweight and Underweight" tells the proper weight for your age and height. Send for it. In it you will find a complete program of diet and exercise which may help you to keep your weight down, or—under your physician's guidance—to reduce safely. Address Booklet Dept. 5-L-37.

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always want to paint the way they feel."

"Do they?" he said gravely.

"Yes, no, I don't know. I don't know anything about them. I just thought I did. I—" She was the one who was talking wildly now. "Alex, I don't suppose you can, but if you do, I mean, if you still want to marry me."

"I'm still an artist," he reminded her.

"I don't care," she stammered. "I'm glad."

"What made you change?"

"Missing you. I kept remembering what fun we had together." She stopped suddenly. Why, that was the way it was with Wick and Jill. The things they did were fun to them. They only seemed crazy to her because she didn't share in them.

"Is there any other reason?" Alex said. "Because I love you so much."

"Of course you do. I knew it all the time. I was sure you'd come." He swept her into his arms. "Oh, darling, if you could see how sweet you are angry. The

tip of your nose red from trying not to cry, and I think one eyebrow crooked."

"Let it crook," said Trudy snuggling.

"What about my mouth?" She hoped it wasn't prim; she hoped it would never be prim again. It wouldn't be after this.

Life with Alex wouldn't be orderly or tranquil or any of the things she'd planned. They'd live on beaches and mountaintops and in the centre of the desert. They'd run for trains and arrive at dinners with the salad course, they'd never have any money . . . She thought of all these things, and now they sounded different. The reasons why she shouldn't love him were the reasons why she should. Or perhaps reason didn't have anything to do with it.

She said breathlessly, "But you—are you sure? I can't stay angry all the time."

"No," said Alex and pushed the tumbled curls back, and holding her face so, lookee at it a long time. "Just on Sundays and holidays, darling."

SING BEFORE SEVEN

by Anne Elizabeth Wilson

SWEET DAY

Tomorrow I'll be thinking
This was a happy day.
But I can't keep the darkness
From folding it away.
With little soft night shadows
She'll tuck it into bed,
And then blow out the candle
That's burning by its head.



BIRD TIME

It seems to me the evening
Is the time that birds love best.
Perhaps that's why a robin
Has a sunset on his breast.



TIT FOR TAT

If Josephine keeps saying
That greens are good for me,
I'll dry some poison-ivy leaves
And mix them with her tea.



Make Your Hairdress

"Very Truly Yours"

NATURALNESS . . . simplicity . . . and softness are the distinguishing features of the new hair styles.

One of the important points in hairdressing stressed by the Hairdressing Exhibition held recently in Toronto, was that beauty in any hairdress begins with healthy hair. Steady use of the brush, oil shampoos for dry hair, especially in the spring, and above all, naturalness in rinses were stressed.

The woman whose hair is really well dressed looks as though her hair style were a part of her whole ensemble . . . as if it couldn't be worn by anyone else, says Mr. Bernard Guro, Russian hair stylist from New York, who has been visiting Canada. Everyone must develop her own individual style of hairdressing today, he believes. The platinum, redhead or any other "trend" is out. The grey-haired woman has come into her own, care and treatment making her locks among the smartest to be seen.

Among the new hair styles are many

variations of the "Coronation" mode . . . coronet rolls, duchess, countess and baroness coiffures. All are high-piled and formal, many leaving a smooth place up-top for a coronet, or other decoration.

Mr. Guro believes that every woman should study the dimensions and curves of her own face before settling on her hair style. He divides women, from the standpoint of hair styling, into six categories . . . oval face, round, thin long face, pointed, squarejaw, high-cheek-boned type.

One of the important ideas brought out by the hairdressers' show was the desirability of a change of coiffure every year or so. Don't wear the same hairdress year after year, any more than you would the same hat, say the experts. Everywhere you can spot the women who have worked themselves up to the smart hairdress of some long-lost season, and stuck there. As for decorative effects . . . let yourself go on ribbons, flowers, and ornaments of all kinds, in the evening. Keep the hair as natural as possible.

SDV T

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An Interesting Canadian . . .



Because she has been Registrar of the Toronto Conservatory of Music for 50 years.

Because she has raised the standard of music, through her efforts, in Canada.

Because she might have been a concert performer . . . and instead, devoted her life to work behind the scenes.

MISS MARION FERGUSON

FOR FIFTY YEARS Marion Ferguson has been Registrar at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Today she has graduated to the post of Honorary Registrar, and someone else sits at her desk to welcome and direct students.

But she is too deeply a part of the institution to be, in any sense, replaced. During the last fifty years Miss Ferguson has come to represent, to thousands of Canadians everywhere, all that is finest and richest in the Conservatory . . . and something of the lasting importance of music itself. And most certainly the Conservatory, and all it means, has become the very lifeblood of Miss Ferguson.

Slight, keen-eyed, buoyant and understanding, Marion Ferguson can look back on a half century of musicianship. She has not fulfilled her girlhood dreams of becoming a great organist or pianist. But she has been the powerful force and encouragement behind the careers of many Canadians who are. Hers has been a great musical role behind the scenes.

In the fall of 1886, the slight fair girl came to Toronto from her home in the Ottawa valley to study music. Her teacher, the eminent Dr. Edward Fisher, was engrossed in the founding of a school of music. He needed someone to help him compile lists and send out letters; to take some of the burden of organization from his shoulders. He called on his new pupil, who handled all the correspondence by hand, in Victorian phraseology and fine script. Later his dream school became a reality, the "Toronto Conservatory of Music" was incorporated on November 20, 1886, with Marion Ferguson as a part-time registrar. She received \$200 a month for her work. Gradually it absorbed her completely, her own lessons were dropped . . . and she embarked on a career which she has never regretted.

She enrolled 200 pupils. As the list grew, she found a thrill in every new name, a deep sense of satisfaction in arranging concerts and looking after organ lessons and practice in the churches. She took great pride in the new academy, opened on September 5, 1887, with its ten upright pianos. It was there, to the accompaniment of discordant jumbles of scales, finger exercises and wailing violins, that she developed the correspondence which now encompasses the whole country. Writing letters was her daily duty, for in those days the Toronto Conservatory had no telephone.

The early days were difficult and stimulating. Frank, the lank colored errand boy, was Marion Ferguson's right-hand man. He modestly admitted that he was also a genius on the traps. While he wore out running shoes, the registrar wrote letters. Typical of those early epistles

was one from a country pupil enclosing a postal order for a book of music and asking that the change be invested in a toothbrush. There were no mail order catalogues.

There was a fine personal note in Marion Ferguson's job. She encouraged students, looked after those away from home, found places for them to live in the days before the Timothy Eaton house on Orde Street was taken over as a residence for women, discharged duties requested by faraway parents, and even smiled upon many romances. She believes the students of those early days were more seriously interested in their work; they were older, more mature than today's students. When the Conservatory was affiliated with the University of Toronto in 1896, senior students devoted their energies to achieving Mus. Bac. degrees. Failures were rare and loss of a year through a weak subject was unthought of.

From behind her desk Marion Ferguson saw many students rise to the top and win honors in the cosmopolitan field—and today is intensely pleased to survey an army of former students filling important positions in all walks of life. Businesslike herself, she has the greatest admiration for the often unworldly attitude of the real musician. "Every teacher had at least one impoverished pupil he was helping," she says. "I wonder if there is enough regard and approbation for the music-makers themselves."

Her still undimmed love of the organ is evidenced in her organ scholarship established some years ago. Her memorial is to be a foundation fund for helping poor students. "So much better than a stained glass window," she believes.

Her living memorial, her devotion to the Conservatory and to music has, according to Sir Ernest MacMillan "raised the general standard of music work much higher than it would otherwise have been." She had much to do with the inauguration of the examination system, and its success, soon after the opening of the Conservatory—aided always, she says, by loyal and efficient co-workers. Today, relieved of active duties and tedious detail, she will as honorary registrar and vice-president of the alumnae association, keep in very close touch with the school. She sums up her feeling about music when she says, "It is like a mighty chorus that has come down from the beginning of time. Musicians may come and go, but music lives on."

Last year at a book tea at the Conservatory, Lady MacMillan, wife of the dean, wore a picture of Marion Ferguson, who, in turn, wore a picture of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The former represented "Our Mutual Friend," the latter, "The Magnificent Obsession." And that's the way it is.

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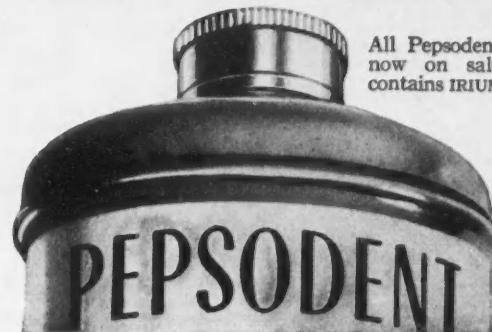
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Dark Music

(Continued from page 10)

that voice which was colored like her hair, fluid and golden. "Oh," sang the Fraulein, "how the ghost of you clings . . ." But tonight Todd ignored her.

"I am unhappy," she murmured.

"So am I."

"Always," she said miserably, "where I am there is darkness."

I turned west on a side road, driving to kill time, to keep her with me a few more minutes than those consumed on the route to town.

"Who are you, Fraulein?"

"The past is painful," she said, and from any other girl it would have sounded melodramatic.

"Why won't you ever tell anything about yourself?"

She stared at the dark fields moving past, and her voice was faint and husky.

"Almost three years—my grandfather and I have lived in America. It has been difficult."

"And before that—?"

"Ja . . . before that . . . Before that Switzerland, and before that Berlin and they said my father was an enemy of the state and men pounded on our door in the night and arrested him . . . and he died. Oh ja, ja . . . And my mother . . . fell . . . from a third-story window . . . She did not, you see, wish to be arrested. May I have a cigarette?"

She had smoked it and tossed it away before we talked again, and we were approaching town.

"It is no fun after all to fall in love," she said.

"No, Fraulein, it's no fun."

She touched my sleeve. "You are good . . . Perhaps it would have been better already if I had not wished to sing—in your orchestra. Perhaps to work in a restaurant would have been better, as my grandfather thinks I am doing now."

"You mean he doesn't know—?"

"No," she whispered emphatically. "Oh, no. He would be furious. He thinks I am a waitress on the night-shift."

"But—"

"My voice, you see, must be saved—for the future." A faint irony that was almost mockery edged her tone. "Perhaps once in a generation is there such a voice. Once in two generations. I must study and train like an athlete and not fall in love like other girls—because I am different, you see. Because I have a voice in my throat. Some day there will be the opera and a dozen curtain calls and people clapping like mad for the great Fraulein Krummer. Oh, ja . . . when the Principal heard it he offered me lessons free of all cost, because—"

"The Principal?"

"At the College, ja . . . Three mornings a week I study with him."

"Does he know you're singing with us?"

"He knows—but not my grandfather."

"Does the Principal think it will ruin your voice?"

"He says eighteen dollars a week is better than poverty."

We drove through the deserted midnight streets and halted at the corner where I always left her.

"Now perhaps you understand some things better? Why I could not let you come to my home—?"

"Yes, Fraulein."

"You have been good . . . Auf wiedersehen . . ."

"Happy landings, Fraulein."

I watched her hurrying along the echoing sidewalk.

THE NEXT AFTERNOON I was sitting in the studio of Dr. Harry Mays at the College. When I asked him about the

Fraulein he shot back, "Well, what about her? Don't you like her singing?"

"Of course. I'm just wondering how good you think she is."

"Good enough so that if I were a single young fellow of your age—"

"Let's skip that. I haven't skipped it, but let's skip it now. What I want to know—is her voice as good as I think?"

"It's better."

"Is she a genius?"

"Oh, rot, let's not talk genius. I've seen too many. I was a genius myself."

"All right—let's talk about her voice."

"You can't talk about her voice. All you can do is to listen to it. It's like Niagara Falls or Mount Robson or a geyser. It happened, that's all. It exists. Why talk about it? Why not just admire it?"

"Is she going to go places?"

"Oh, that's another question. Another question entirely. I can't make a prediction."

"Why not?"

"Because she's human, and you can't predict what a human being will do. She'll go places if she wants to. If she wants to work for ten years and half-starve and forget about pretty clothes and lock men out of her life and slap love in the face and think of music when she wakes up in the morning and when she goes to bed at night and work, work, work . . . Certainly, she'll go places if she does that. What's your prediction? What do you think?"

I thought of the way the Fraulein gazed at Todd McCord, and I remembered her saying, "It's no fun after all to fall in love."

I said, "I don't know."

"Neither do I."

At the door, I turned round. "You know, sir, I'm sorry I've got a streak of Scotch in me. I'm sorry I was born stingy."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It's a little joke between me and myself. Maybe some day I'll explain the point."

And I left.

DURING INTERMISSION that evening I led Todd McCord to my car. He was in a brooding mood, and his moroseness fitted the long ugliness of his face.

"I'm in love with the Fraulein," I said.

"That's no news."

"She isn't in love with me."

"Isn't she?"

"No. She loves you."

I watched his profile—tapering up from a heavy jaw over a cheerless mouth and flat nose to the narrow, wrinkled forehead; his expression never changed. Finally, he said:

"It's a bad situation."

"Do you love her?"

He scowled at the windshield.

"I'm an engaged man," he muttered.

"What kind of a heel do you think I am?"

"A pretty good heel. A pretty good old heel of a clarinet player. Listen: you've got to drive her to town tonight."

So low that I could hardly hear he said, "What's the game, fellow?"

"Ever have a boil?"

"Dozens of them. Dozens."

"Maybe love's like a boil. Maybe it's pretty painful till it comes to a head and goes bust. I'm not being generous," I said. "I'm gambling that when this boil comes to a head the Fraulein will discover it's all a mistake. And it'll never come to a head as long as you two sit around eyeing each other soulfully."

"It's pretty tough on me, isn't it?"

"You don't count."

"That's right—I don't count. It's the Fraulein who counts . . ." He inhaled deeply. "All right, I drive her to town."

So that night and for a week of nights Todd and the Fraulein left the park in his roadster, and I drove alone. Very alone.

What was happening? Were they more in love or less? How could I tell? Once I asked Todd and he gruffed:

"The fever's running its course."

"Still seeing Marjorie?"

"Every afternoon."

[Continued on page 36]

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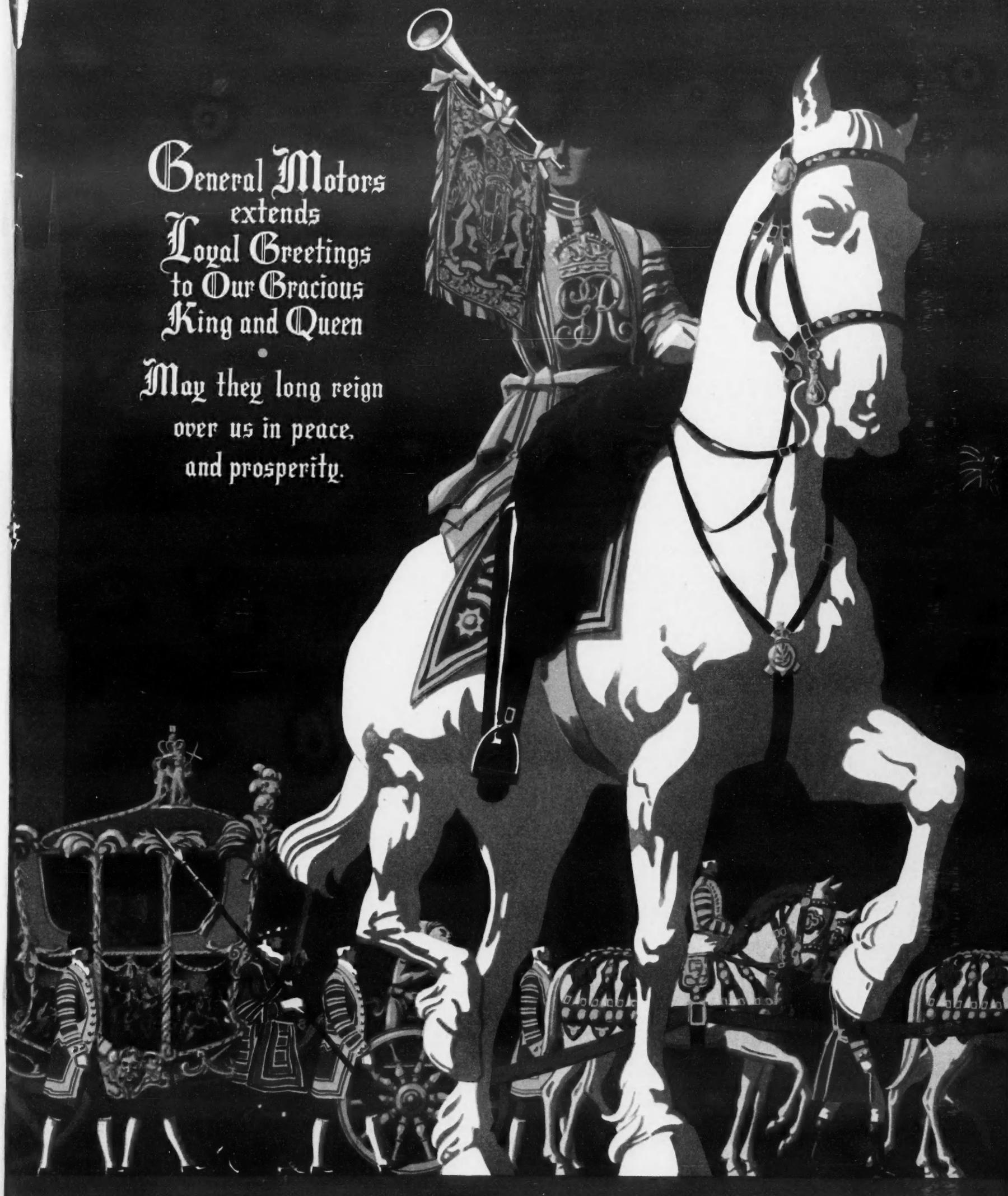
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The summer slipped along under our feet—that summer when everybody in Canada danced to "Bali Bali" and "Did I Remember?" At Riverside, the Fraulein sang those songs that were as bright and transient as butterflies and that, like them, died with the first frosts.

Then one evening Todd brought Marjorie to the park.

"Have you gone crazy?" I asked him.
"Almost. She made me bring her."

You can't fool a woman, can you? Not for very long. Yes, she made him bring her, and she made us put an extra chair on the platform by his side. She was fighting, now. She kept her eyes on him every minute, smiling at him, whispering to him between numbers, ignoring the Fraulein beautifully till intermission. Then we all went to the park lunchroom, and at the table the Fraulein began talking to Todd, mentioning things they had spoken of last night and the night before when they drove to town. She wove a silvery net of intimacy between them.

Suddenly, Marjorie stood up so abruptly that her chair went cracking back against the wall. She glared at the Fraulein and seemed about to speak. Instead, she twisted her petite self around and with her heels sharply striking the floor left us. Todd stood up, too.

"Sit down, dear," murmured the Fraulein. "Aren't you going to finish your sandwich?"

Todd swallowed and he half-sat; then, instead, he plowed away after Marjorie. I heard the motor start and his car leaving the grounds. The Fraulein heard it, too.

"Please," she said, "I do not want to sing again tonight."

I DROVE her home. The moon had died weeks before and the night was black except for distant lightning that flashed without thunder from a sullen bank of clouds in the northwest. The Fraulein sat huddled in the corner, sunk in staring silence. In town, when we reached the familiar corner, she moaned: "Oh, I do not want to walk . . . I do not care . . . I do not care—take me to my house . . ."

Maybe it was a house, but I'd call it a garage; a two-by-four little structure perched away back on a flat lot. A lamp—a kerosene lamp—was burning in the window.

She stirred in the shadows.

"Oh-h-h . . . I am so unhappy. So very unhappy . . ." And she added, "You have been good . . . You love me . . . perhaps the way I love him?"

"Perhaps, Fraulein . . . Perhaps."

"Then, if you wish, you may . . . kiss me . . ."

So nothing that ever happens can change that fact: once I put my arms about the Fraulein, and once I kissed her. Have you ever held in your arms a great bouquet of flowers?

She said, "That is all . . . No—no more please," and stepped from the car. "How—how is it you say? Happy landings . . ."

"That's right, Fraulein. Happy landings . . ."

I drove down the street, through that district of flat subdivisions where frogs were croaking at deserted streetlamps. There was a lump somewhere near my Adam's apple, and once something happened in my throat, and it wasn't a cough. I'm afraid it was a sob.

THE NEXT EVENING began as usual. Todd and the Fraulein arrived in his roadster and, on the surface at least, all was love and peace. Before we began playing, Bill Ferguson showed me the park's new ad. in the *Evening Beacon*. Prosperity had dictated a larger ad. than the old one, and in big letters that caught your eye were the words: Don Fuller's Orchestra with Fraulein Elizabeth Krummer.

"Bill, Bill—why did you do it?"

"Now listen. Professional jealousy—"

"Professional jealousy nothing! Don't you know that if the Fraulein's grandpa sees that she's through?"

Bill looked remorseful and promised to kill the ad. He didn't want to lose the Fraulein. None of us wanted to.

But the mischief had been done. About 10.30, the electrician made the pavilion a place of purple light and rose light, and she swung into "The Waltz I Saved For You," and "Three O'Clock In the Morning," and then "Star Dust," and from the platform you could watch people falling deeper in love: couples melting together, revolving slowly, girls dancing with their eyes closed, the best of love and of youth and perhaps of life crushed into a few minutes on a summer evening, and the Fraulein singing "Star Dust," and I standing to one side, watching her . . . Then something impelled me to glance out over the undulating heads, toward the entrance.

He must have been seventy, but he was tall and erect: a military carriage. He had a square white beard, like the ex-kaiser's, and on such a hot evening he wore a black suit of rusty broadcloth. The cane in his right hand went thump, thump, thump, as he marched among the dancers, brushing them aside like flies, and when he reached the platform his blue eyes were blazing and he lifted his cane and whacked the floor and thundered:

"Elizabeth!"

She stopped singing. We stopped playing. The dancers were like people stunned awake from a rosy dream.

Very low and fast she murmured: "Ich arbeite hier, mein—"

I thought he was going to have apoplexy. A stream of German poured from his mouth; the edge of his beard was quivering; he lifted his cane and flourished it at me and shouted, "Ach!—swine—swine—"

The deputy sheriff who is on duty at the park to keep it respectable was striding across the floor.

"No," the Fraulein called to him. "Do notting! He is right. I go. Ich gehe mit—"

And she jumped to the dancing floor and grabbed the old man's arm and piloted him toward the entrance.

I turned to Todd McCord. "The old boy probably walked," I said. "You'd better drive them—"

Todd left his clarinet—his hat—everything. That was the last I saw of them: the old man gesticulating, the Fraulein's bright German hair, golden as the sunlight in a dream, and ugly Todd McCord trotting to join them.

The next night we had no singer, and no clarinet player, either, and I wasn't much surprised two mornings later when my telephone rang early and the telegraph girl said:

"A wire from Winnipeg for Don Fuller. Signed Todd. And the message: 'Fraulein and I married last night. On way to sister's in Vancouver. Please send express collect my clarinet to . . .'"

YES, I SENT it, along with my best wishes. And that afternoon I called in at Dr. May's office.

"The best voice," I said, "in a generation . . . tossed at the feet of a fifth-rate clarinet player."

The Principal shook his head. "No—just the case of a girl who married the man she happened to love. That's the trouble with musicians. We lose perspective. We think music's everything. Well, it isn't."

"No," I said, "music isn't everything, and then I heard the Principal's voice, but I was staring so hard at the floor that I didn't understand his words, and I asked him to repeat.

"I say, what did you mean by that crack the other day about being stingy? I've wondered—"

"Oh, that. Well, sir, all I meant by that was this: the reason the Fraulein came to work for us, and the reason Marjorie Neal won't be married in October, and the reason there'll never be a Fraulein Krummer in opera is because our torch-gal, Susie, left us . . . And the reason Susie struck out for New York was because I wouldn't raise her salary from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a week."

BEAUTY CULTURE

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*A Face
in the
Sun —*



by ANNABELLE LEE

YOU CAN'T fool the spring sunlight. Maybe you've been muddling along all winter, pulling your comfortable felt well down over your forehead, and bunching the kindly furs close about your cheeks. But spring is honest. The May sunshine in all its brilliance will highlight your neglect. You've got to meet her with the confidence born of a well-cared-for complexion.

Goodness knows, every spring is a challenge. But this spring it's more so than ever. Kay Murphy says it's the prettiest hat season in years. Flowers are blossoming on most of the hats. And you simply can't don the perky daisies of the season, or nestle purple violets above your eyes, with a winter-weary face beneath.

So meet the honest demands of spring with an honest summary of yourself.

Take a good mirror to the window. Preferably on a sunny morning so that you'll know the worst. Much better to realize it yourself and so do battle against your problems rather than have your friends sighing over you—and, believe me, there's nothing the best of friends enjoy so much as sighing. "Poor dear Gertie is looking run-down, isn't she?"

So search for your complexion troubles. Maybe it will be a grim business. Watch for the fine lines that come raying round eyes and mouth, as a result of the dry, overheated rooms and wintry blasts outside. Are your pores enlarged? Is your skin sallow? Its texture roughened?

But don't be discouraged. There never was a more confident battle-cry than that of any beauty doctor—"You can have a good-looking skin if you'll only take the time and the trouble to look after it properly!"

Realize first of all, that your skin is like a fine mesh. The pores can be stretched by neglect. They can become full of foreign material unless they are kept scrupulously clean. And as it takes weeks to get your skin into a poor condition, so it will take weeks of steady care to bring back its beauty. You can't undo the damage in a few nights of spasmodic effort.

Let's consider some of the tactics wise women follow when they discover flaws in their skin which can be corrected.

The first all-important rule is—cleanliness and good circulation.
Both are free.

How does your complexion meet the demands of such a spring bonnet as this? A perfect daisy chain encircles the bumper brim of a Milgrim model in fine navy straw. The French Room, Simpson's.

Both are shamefully neglected.

Of course you wash your face, or cleanse it with cream. But do you do it properly? Do you take care that you never add make-up to the make-up that is already on your skin? Do you feel the need for a good skin stimulation every time you wash your face, and see that your skin gets it? For proper cleanliness means that your skin has had a firm treatment—and the pores "closed" afterward. Blackheads are a sure sign that in spite of what you think, you have not cleansed your skin sufficiently. So are those fine little white marks. So, very often, is a sluggish skin.

Your Health Rules

Of course, too, you realize the importance of internal cleanliness. Of lots of cold water—inside and out. Lots of fresh air, green vegetables, brisk walking and regular exercise. It's a reminder that must go in every article on a good complexion. It always has—and it always will. Because it's always necessary!

When you wash your face, use a good, mild soap. Enjoy the stimulation of the fragrant [Continued on next page]



Does your Nail Polish get Thick and Unusable?...In 14-day test, 8 Popular Brands of Polish Evaporated 35% to 60%

New Cutex Polish is usable to the last Drop



TRY THESE New Smoky Shades

Mauve A misty lavender pink. May be worn beautifully with all blues and grays, and with delicate evening pastels.

Rust A fascinating smoky pink with soft brown undertone. Perfect in town with green, deep brown, beige, orange and copper—ultra-smart in the sun and this summer with sun-tanned fingers.

Old Rose A soft, feminine dusky rose without any yellow in it. Very flattering to the wearer—delightful with pastels—and especially irresistible with the new wine shades!

Robin Red A new, deep red that's so soft even men like it. Everyone can wear it, and it goes with everything, daytime or evening. Very sophisticated with black and white.

**THE NEWEST SHADE
Burgundy** A brand-new, deep, enchanting with pastels, magnificently with black, white, cornelian or wine, and electrically smart with blue.

The New Cutex Evaporates less than Half as Much as Ordinary Polish

In an actual test—14 days of exposure to the air—8 popular brands of nail polish evaporated 35% to 60%. Became so thick and gummy as to be practically impossible to use.

Amazing Contrast... But the New Cutex Polish—both Crème and Clear—came through this same test with *less than half* as much evaporation. Standing for 14 days in uncorked bottles, it ended up as smooth flowing and easy to apply as ever!

A New Economy Feature... Unlike its 8 tested rival brands, Cutex—usable down to the last drop in the bottle—offers you a distinct and worth-while saving. There's practically no loss by evaporation or thickening!

And this new economy feature is just *one* of Cutex's many advantages. It's already famous for its finer lacquer, higher lustre, easier appli-

cation and longer wear—for its freedom from peeling and chipping—and for its 11 smart shades, including 5 new "smoky" tones. A grand value, any way you look at it!

The New Cutex is still only 35¢ a bottle—at your favorite shop. Stock up today!

Northam Warren, Montreal, New York, London, Paris

CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢.
MADE IN CANADA

Northam Warren Limited, Dept. 7T-5
980 St. Antoine St., Montreal, Canada

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked.

Mauve Rust Burgundy Robin Red Old Rose

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____

PRESENTING Windsor Rose

A Glamorous New "Costume" Shade
of Woodbury's Facial Powder
created by

MAGGY ROUFF OF PARIS

Distinguished Fashion Designer

MAGGY ROUFF designs some of the loveliest clothes that come out of Paris. And now she has created for Woodbury's an enchanting new "costume" shade of face powder, which she has named Windsor Rose.

Windsor Rose bursts into bloom just in time for Spring. For long twilight evenings, when you want to look your smartest, most alluring. When along with the bluebirds, Romance is in the air!

In creating the new Woodbury shade, Windsor Rose, Maggy Rouff made use of a basic fact concerning the skin's natural tints. Few women have complexions that are decidedly blonde or brunette. Most are a blend of the pink or creamy tones of the blonde and the ivory or ruddier tints of the brunette.

Hence most complexions look their best with a face powder that is also a blend of these tones. Windsor Rose is the perfect balance of the creamy-pink and the ivory-peach tones of the average skin . . . flattering to nearly every girl and woman.

Windsor Rose will give added smartness to every costume of your new Spring wardrobe. It will lend your complexion the look of vitality, the glow of youth!

Wear Windsor Rose and see how enchantingly this new powder shade becomes you! How clear and fresh it will make your complexion look. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢.

One of the loveliest
of the models in Maggy Rouff's
Spring collection

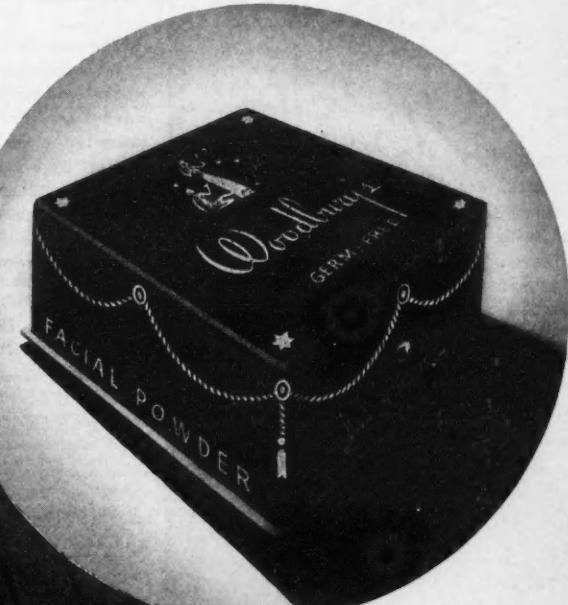
Windsor Rose is becoming both for daytime and evening wear. Like all seven smart Woodbury shades, it comes in the stunning new blue boudoir box. And like all Woodbury's Facial Powder, it helps guard your complexion from the blemishes so often caused by germs. Woodbury's is the only face powder, tested with nineteen other brands, which proved free from germ-growth both before and after use.



Says Madame Maggy Rouff

"In creating a new shade for Woodbury's Facial Powder, I tried many combinations of tints on the complexions of my mannequins. The one I finally selected and called

Windsor Rose proved by far the most becoming. Its effect is utterly feminine. It enhances the soft contours of the face. When my mannequins wear it, they display the models of my collection with much more élan, more *cachet*, more allure. I am sure Canadian women will find it *ravissant*. Mes amies Canadiennes, bonne chance with Windsor Rose!"



FREE! ALL SEVEN SMART WOODBURY SHADES

Generous packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one each of the seven smart style-approved shades, including the new Windsor Rose, will be sent you without cost. Just fill in this coupon and mail to:

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 542, Perth, Ontario.
MADE IN CANADA

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Province _____

Get "Sunshine" on your Wash Cloth and wash New Beauty into your skin!



"Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D now added to world-famous Woodbury formula to help fortify skin health

BEAUTY recipe for a lovely, radiant skin... a fine soap and an abundance of Sunshine Vitamin D! You get them both in Woodbury's Facial Soap.

This is the beauty soap first created by a skin specialist. And now "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D has been added to its formula—because this sunshine element is a vital factor in skin health.

Skin Needs Vitamin D

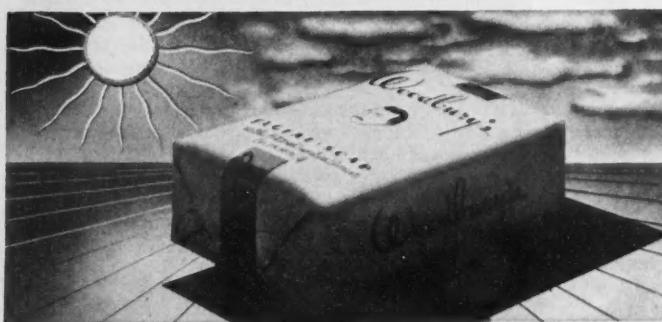
When the health of your skin is well fortified by Vitamin D, your complexion is less subject to blemish-infections,

coarse pores, sallow color, oiliness, aging dryness—faults that spoil beauty.

Now enriched by the "Filtered Sunshine" element... pure Vitamin D... Woodbury's Facial Soap is more effective than ever in preventing and correcting the skin faults you dread. From its creamy lather your skin *absorbs* the Vitamin D it needs so much. Long biological research by a leading university has proved this.

Use Woodbury's faithfully every time you wash and bathe. Quickly, within 30 days, you'll discover a thrilling improvement in your complexion—all your skin.

Now only 10c for the big, long-lasting cake. Get 3 cakes today at any drug, department, ten-cent store or grocery.



Contains
"Filtered
Sunshine"
Vitamin D

Woodbury's Facial Soap now 10¢

MADE IN CANADA

A Face in the Sun

(Continued from page 37)

suds. Use one of the popular complexion brushes—only make sure it is designed for that purpose. For if it's too harsh it will injure your skin. If it's too soft it won't do any good. Brush your skin in the circular motions. And rinse and rinse and rinse—ending up with cold water. Don't use water that is too hot. You wouldn't use it on your choice woolens. Then why do it on your very choice face? Splash the invigorating cold water on your face, neck and shoulders generously and insistently. It has an astringent quality in itself and will help to keep your pores fine and vigorous.

I don't advise using ice straight on the skin. It's too violent and has a tendency to break the tiny blood vessels under the skin and leave those fine blue marks. Wrap the ice in fine cheesecloth when you use it, and rub lightly over the skin.

Now, with your face tingling and clear of all the night's cream, use your astringent lotion, if you are thirtyish and over. This refines and tones your skin and keeps away the dreaded coarsening of the skin that tends to come with maturity.

For Dry and Oily Skins

If your skin is dry, be sure you use a very mild astringent. Otherwise you will only aggravate the dryness. For the reason your skin is dry is simply that the oil glands are not functioning enough. But if your skin is oily you should use a stronger astringent.

If your skin is dry, too, use a foundation cream with an oil base. You can find one by asking for it. Many women find the fragrant, creamy lotions ideal. Women with oily skin, of course, must use a feather-light foundation cream—their oil glands are too active, and they must not add to the amount of oil already there.

Women with dry skins find the cream rouge very satisfying. It is best put on over the foundation cream or lotion, before the powder is applied. Oily-skinned women generally prefer the cake rouge, which is dusted on lightly over the powder. Powder lightly, but firmly. Pat the powder into the skin with a firm pressure, and then brush it lightly with a powder brush, so that you have the smooth mat surface so important for good grooming. Dry-skinned women can buy a powder with a fine oil base which sticks better to the skin. Normal-skinned women can follow their own fancies. Oily skins must use a light powder.

Brush your eyebrows insistently. Leave them in their natural line and only pluck them sufficiently for grooming. Choose your lipsticks according to the color of your dress. And don't dismiss that as beyond your powers. If finances are limited, buy the smaller lipsticks but have at least three—with varying degrees of orange or bluish tints. In the long run it

is no more expensive and it makes a vast difference to your general appearance.

Once your face is made up—leave it alone. Don't be forever jabbing at it. If you go to business, it's a good idea to cleanse your skin thoroughly at noon. Keep a little jar of cleansing cream, foundation cream or lotion, with your make-up kit at the office. Don't be always adding powder or rouge. Do it properly at stated intervals. Then forget it.

If you're doing your regular housework, follow the same general rules. When you're going to do the washing, or any work that may bring the steam to your face, use a very light brushing of powder, and cleanse your face afterward, using a mild astringent. Remember that a hot stove or work with steam will open the pores of your skin, and they will need a little special attention afterward.

Do remember that your make-up by day and night is utterly different. Put your daytime make-up on in a day-lighted mirror. Make sure you have your rouge on smoothly, and placed in the proper position for your particular contours. It's very easy to learn how. Always press a piece of tissue over your lips when you have applied the lipstick—like an artist, I hope—and take off the excess.

At night cleanse your face thoroughly of the grime and dust of the day, as well as the soiled make-up. Use the creams that are designed especially for your type of skin. Massage the cream into your skin gently but firmly with rotating movements that will send the blood swinging up into your cheeks and forehead. Be very gentle about your eyes. If your skin is dry, leave on a certain amount of the cream. If it is oily, take it off completely and use an astringent the last thing.

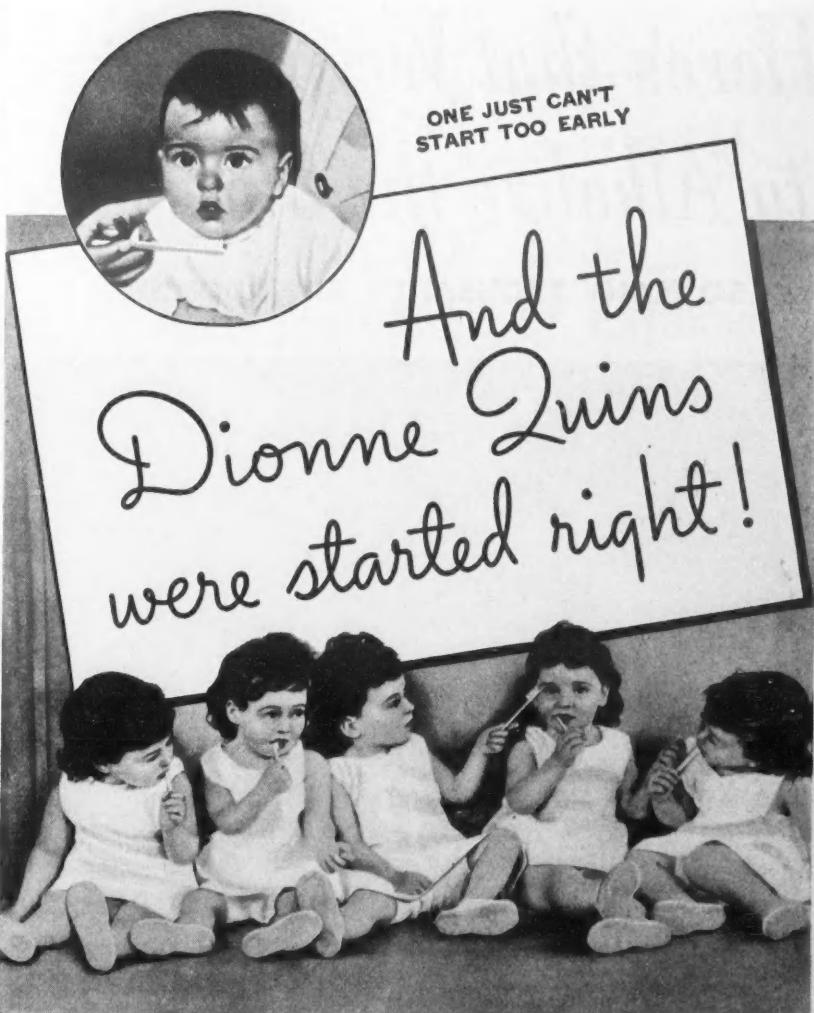
To combat the shallow skin, watch your diet carefully. Take more fresh, green vegetables. More exercise in the open air. Invigorate your skin by systematic massage with the proper creams for your particular type of skin. One of the scientifically designed "patters" is ideal to bring the blood coursing through your skin. Try one of the popular "masks" once a week. Of a creamlike consistency, they are smoothed over the face, left to harden, and then taken off with cold cream, leaving the skin invigorated and refreshed. Use a face powder with a deep rose tone. You may think it impossible—but try it and see the difference in your appearance. Learn to breathe more deeply. It will improve the color of your skin, and will also help you to relax. Very often bad nerves are one of the causes of a poor skin.

For blackheads. These seem to trouble the oily skin particularly, although dry skins, too, suffer from them. Poor digestion, sluggish elimination, insufficient protection from the weather, improper cleansing of the skin, may all cause blackheads. So watch each of these phases of your skin care as a preliminary. For stubborn cases, special pore preparations will do wonders. When cleansing your skin, use friction in the form of a coarse cloth or a complexion brush. Work a good lather of soap well into the skin. Use a good astringent and skin tonic to contract the pores and prevent the formation of blackheads. Keep the skin well stimulated.

TO A POET—by JOAN E. DAVID

Beauty is his hobby — little bits of sky,
Azure-blue, and sunset, and stars drifting by,
Little scraps of season, fragrance and hue,
Lazy sails upon the sea, and storm-ends, too,
Flagons sweet with perfume — white bramble sprays,
Sea-breeze, roses, and pine-scented ways.
Little songs he gathers — wave-songs, and rain,
Gypsy tunes, and love songs, and winds on the plain,
Laughter's flow, and tree-songs, and birds in the grass,
And fleet-footed dances of children that pass.
Here is all he gathered, where anyone may look —
Glowing like a rainbow through a treasured book.

Smart Woman's Notebook



Why Dr. Dafoe chose Colgate's Dental Cream

All you mothers who want your children to have sound, healthy teeth—read these important facts about early dental care

To the specialists in charge of the Dionne Quintuplets—and to Dr. Dafoe particularly—the daily care of their teeth is most important... And rightly so!

Because the second or permanent teeth are forming in the jaw even before infancy, defects in the first, or baby teeth are communicated to the permanent teeth... affecting their colour, shape, quality, and position in the mouth. Moreover, defects in the first teeth may even affect the general health of the child!

Why Dr. Dafoe Chose Colgate's

This is why the utmost care is taken of the Quins' baby teeth... why Dr. Dafoe chose Colgate's Dental Cream exclusively for these famous babies!

For Colgate's Dental Cream cleans teeth so thoroughly—yet so gently—with the slightest harm to delicate enamel, or irritation to tender gums. And the delightful peppermint flavour of Colgate's Dental Cream makes children like to brush their teeth—a most important point in teach-

ing correct early habits of oral hygiene.

Colgate's Dental Cream is the choice of dental authorities for adult teeth, too. Not only because its soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel to shining smoothness—but also because Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into those tiny crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... cleans every surface of every tooth... keeps your breath beyond reproach!



Happy little Quins! How carefully their good friend, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, has guarded them... watched over them!





You think soaps and creams are sufficient; they are not. You need Innoxa Complexion Milk, the only thorough way to remove dirt and old make-up absorbed beneath your skin; the only thorough way to prevent blackheads and a dull, drab complexion; the only thorough way to possess a clear, fresh, radiant skin for the rest of your life. Price: \$1.50 and \$3.00.

KEEP YOUR SKIN HEALTHY AND YOU'LL KEEP IT YOUNG



Your skin is rough and flaky, showing signs of age, tiny lines round eyes and mouth. You need Innoxa Skin Food to feed and strengthen those flabby muscles, to fill out those ugly lines, to soften and mould your face into a smooth, symmetric loveliness. Price: \$2.25 and \$3.75.

Innoxa Facial Cream Pack is a weekly refresher to clarify and whiten your skin. Price: \$2.25 and \$3.75.

Innoxa Skin Tonic soothes and stimulates tired nerves. Price: \$1.75 and \$3.25.

Innoxa Matine Day Cream is the perfect matt powder base. Innoxa Mousse Day Cream is ideal for dry skins. Price: \$1.00 and \$1.75.

Innoxa

Innoxa (England) Limited, 38, Old Bond St., London, W.1. Sole Agents for Canada: Ralph W. Barton & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

INNOXA PREPARATIONS ARE RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

"It's no Secret"



IN this modern world, we have many advantages to be thankful for. Let's not make a secret of the immeasurable advantage offered to women—in the knowledge of correct personal hygiene. The use of sensible "Lysol" Disinfectant for regular personal antisepsis gives that consciousness of perfect cleanliness which contributes so much to a woman's grace and attractiveness.

LYSOL HAS THESE SIX SPECIAL FEATURES

1. Safety . . . "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" kills germs under practical conditions—even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, pus, etc.) Some other preparations are not effective when they meet with these conditions.
3. Penetration . . . "Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy . . . "Lysol" because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for antiseptic feminine hygiene.
5. Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears promptly after use.
6. Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

LYSOL VS GERMS

Containing vital facts about feminine hygiene and other uses for "Lysol" will be sent you postpaid—just send your name and address to Lysol (Canada) Limited, Dept. B5, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8, Canada.

Lysol
Disinfectant

"Musts for May" from a



THE BEAUTY BOX—by Annabelle Lee

There's grand news this season for the girl who is "past five-feet-six," in the lower heels which are becoming increasingly popular. But every girl who goes in for the 1937 shoe, will realize the swift-growing importance of the pedicure as a fashion requisite. Tip-toe shoes, with the triangular top cut out at the front, and the sports and evening slippers made of twisted bands, should all reveal smartly lacquered toes. Polish is worn deeper than on the fingernails, with Burgundy, ruby-red and rust particularly popular.



A Coronation compact and perfume box.

a famous English firm in honor of the Coronation, and a new triple compact of gold, with a regal ermine pattern. It would make a very beautiful Coronation gift, or remembrance of the glorious cavalcade in London.

One of the well-known beauty houses presents a three-point make-up theory that is very practical and

interesting. This beauty specialist points out that your eyes are always the same. So is the color of your skin — except for seasonal changes. It is important therefore that you watch the color of your lips to make sure that it matches the variety of colors worn this glamorous Coronation year. It's no more expensive in the long run to have three or four lipsticks of varying shades, so that you may harmonize perfectly with your costume.



Garden perfumes in charming containers.

The price is very reasonable indeed, and the perfumes so concentrated that a drop or two will linger delightfully with you for many hours. You'll like them.

Want detailed information about these products? Write to Annabelle Lee and she'll gladly send it to you.

TIME TO TRANSPLANT

Give your blossoms a new setting and see what they do in the way of adding springtime zest to your wardrobe

Long-stemmed pale yellow roses on a navy day frock.



Different colored tulips for an evening hairdress



Hyacinths sticking straight up out of a sailor hat band. Below: For the not-so-slims; a great carnation on the shoe-string strap of an evening gown.



Spring crocus on an afternoon bag.



Flower clips on a short-sleeved daytime frock.



Twin African daisies in different colors on a suit lapel.

Carefree Always

because of the
3-way protection of Kotex



1 CAN'T CHAFF

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

2 CAN'T FAIL

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

3 CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX

ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE
Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

"They go together"

QUEST and **KOTEX**. Quest is the new positive deodorant powder for sanitary napkins... Buy it with Kotex.

KOTEX BELTS—to make Kotex comfort complete. Narrow, adjustable, pinless.

AND NOW KURB—New discovery that offers relief for regular pain and for other pains. Smart, handy container that can be carried in purse.

**WONDERSOFT
KOTEX**

Here's that Very Fast Way to "Alkalize" the Stomach

SO MANY THOUSANDS ARE ADOPTING



Almost Incredibly Quick Relief for Acid Indigestion this Remarkable Phillips Way

On all sides, people are learning that the way to gain almost incredibly quick relief, from stomach condition arising from overacidity, is to alkalize the stomach quickly with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

You take either two teaspoons of the liquid Phillips after meals; or two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Almost instantly "acid indigestion" goes, gas from hyperacidity, "acid-headaches" — from over-indulgence in food or smoking — and nausea are relieved. You feel made over; forget you have a stomach.

Try this Phillips way if you have any acid stomach upsets. And try it particularly, for quick relief, if you are using a less natural or less effective

Signs Which Often Indicate "Acid Stomach"

Pain After Eating	Feeling of Weakness
Indigestion	Sleeplessness
Nausea	Mouth Acidity
Loss of Appetite	Sour Stomach
Frequent Headaches	

tive alkalizer. You will be surprised at results. Get either the liquid "Phillips" or the remarkable, new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. They're delightful to take and you can carry them in your pocket or purse. Each tablet equals a teaspoon of the liquid form. Only 25¢ for a big box at drug stores.



"Forever Hold His Peace"

(Continued from page 18)

though she were concealing something, before she emerged and flung her arms about him, her cheeks bright with some excitement.

"Aren't you ever bored, Suzanne?" he asked her one evening, and she echoed, "Bored! You're crazy, Johnny! I'm thrilled all the time!"

Thrilled all the time! And all the time he was aware of something secret, something hidden going on, some preoccupation which she would not share with him.

They were so completely different, himself and Suzanne. Everyone had said so; everyone had disapproved of their marriage. "She's an exquisite girl, John," his mother had said, "but, dear, do you really think you can make her happy?" Which, of course, had not been what Mrs. Benson really meant. He had thought so, hoped so, anyway, but he remembered the strange, unbridgegroom-like thoughts which had chased through his head, even before the altar.

"Johnny, you're a most inquisitive man!" Suzanne told him one day, when he asked her what she had been doing. He flushed wretchedly, and she laughed and hugged him.

Inquisitive! He was tortured, wracked with doubt; if she were truly contented, what was this mystery which he felt growing daily stronger?

HE WAS ALMOST relieved, when the office sent him out of town for a few days. Suzanne's sweetness, her almost childish gaiety had become a mockery for him. And when he returned, she was not at home.

She came in, brisk and breathless, carrying a small suitcase . . .

"Johnny!" She flung herself into his arms. "How I've missed you! But I've been very busy." That same secretive look was back in her eyes. "Darling, have you suspected anything?" He was rigid, frozen with apprehension. "What a time I've had!" She swooped upon the suitcase, opened it. "I made every single stitch, myself. I ripped out and ripped out and the woman swore I'd never learn. There never was a Torrey that could knit! But we Bensons . . ." That same remembering, mysterious smile curved her mouth. "There are more stitches in it than dollars in the national debt! And love in every one! Stand up, Johnny!" She was pulling it over his head, tugging at his arms. Soft camel's hair wool obscured his vision. "Neck's a little tight," said Suzanne, yanking briskly, "but she says it'll stretch." She laughed. "Now, then, John Benson! Do you, John, take this sweater, for better or worse . . . for colder or warmer— Why, Johnny, you're crying!"

John Benson blinked. "It's—so beautiful, Suzanne. It's such a fine sweater." He was holding her close, so close that his arm hurt her, but she did not protest. Her eyes, like wet violets, looked up at him wonderingly.

"You really like it? One sleeve's a little longer, but—it is beautiful, isn't it?" She backed off, to admire him. "And you honestly didn't suspect?"

He shook his head. *Let him now speak . . . or else hereafter forever hold his peace . . .*

"No, I didn't suspect, Suzanne," he told her, and there was no longer any vision of doubting Torreys and Bensons before his eyes, as he pulled her back into his arms.

His heart is in your Hands...

are they soft and white enough to hold it?



Jergens Penetrates More Thoroughly...Keeps the busiest Hands smooth, white, young!

THE tender hands he loves so dearly, lose all their lure when water and countless tasks make them red, rough. Water, alone, takes from your hands their precious natural moisture. And think how often you have your hands in water! So give your hands the care they deserve, with Jergens Lotion!

First, Jergens swiftly sinks down into parched, dry skin cells. Jergens goes in more thoroughly than any other lotion tested.

Second, two famous ingredients in Jergens soothe and whiten the skin in a few applications.

For soft hands, thrilling to touch, use Jergens every time you've had your hands in water. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00 for the huge bottle—at any toilet goods counter.



**JERGENS
LOTION**

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the youth of your hands.

Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 842 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

MADE IN CANADA

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF
MAGNEZIA





FOR SHEER GOOD LOOKS . . . Naturally, we recommend sheers. If you shied away from them before because they required too much under-cover thoughtfulness, or were too, too dainty for your type, or seemed too revealing for your larger lines, take a look at this year's fresh crop. Widely spaced flowers, tricks of sleeve and bodice and sash, interesting patterns and gay jackets make the sheers a glad, becoming addition to your wardrobe.

There's a new conventional design in this rayon version of marquisette, 668, in a St. James's rose against a mist grey background, and the very slightest touches of blue. Or work it out in rose and lilac tones, for a really romantic summer symphony, or rose or lilac with Holyrood green. All the softest, mistiest shades imaginable.

Try a triple silk sheer for 669, in a golden beige shade, with touches of blue. Or do it in a golden amber with rich deep accents at sash; bag and hat of deep lilac. The yellow shades are all lovely with dark accents this year. Use gaily patterned dark print—open grey with Coronation blue, perhaps, for 793, in a percale or a silk and rayon mixed chiffon. (Or it would be nice in a printed linen.) Or try it in navy with Gauguin pink or deep blue violet with gold.

There's the most romantic loveliness in 791 if you do it in a black marquisette or soft batiste or lawn, with touches of blue. Or try it in that melting butter-pecan shade with carnelian red in a very small splash, or Wedgwood blue with navy.

ILLUSTRATION BY J. R. DUNLOP



Wherever you are, you'll feel the brilliance and glamor of the Coronation festivities come Maytime. And nowhere is the pageant of an Empire and a lifetime reflected more vividly than in the clothes of early summer.

Here, for instance, is a whole collection of the smartest new things worked out in a variety of shades and styles, with Coronation blue as a single theme. You'll find this color running, like a deep under-current, through the whole of the coming season's styles. Sometimes it's nothing more than a bow on a hat, or a fleck of flower in a pattern. Again, it may be a whole festive little jacket or a skirt. It's astoundingly versatile in its adaptations.

For instance, the quaintly cuffed and collared frock with the umbrella skirt, 794. It might be done in a sheer wool shepherd beige, white gloves and lingerie touches, nacre beige hose and Swiss chocolate for the shoes, hat and bag . . . and of course, blue bow and belt. There's a warm weather flippancy about 727—with the jacket patterned in blue and white birds, wings a-tip, and a skirt of one of the shiny white crease-resistant fabrics such as bengaline. Or do them both in cotton or linen.

Fresh and feminine is 755, a delicate printed silk crêpe in Iris blue and gold, with buttons, belt and flower in Coronation blue. Do 792 in black sheer jersey or rayon with blue posy and hatband. Or in a dark chromium grey with blue touches, or deep red with ivory (a Molyneux concoction.)

CORONATION BLUES



These are Chatelaine patterns and may be ordered from leading stores or direct from Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. When ordering, give the number, size and style desired. Price of patterns 15 cents. Patterns described on page 95.

*Frocks That
Are At Home
Abroad or
Anywhere*



The true Simplicity of Greatness in these English Complexion Aids

Crowds gather always to watch their entrance—these fair young women from England and Canada bidden to accept one of the world's most important international social distinctions.

And what a test for flawless complexions—for their cars often wait in the full glare of the setting sun for many hours. Yet almost never will you detect the slightest imperfection in their radiance—or in the scarcely less youthful complexions of their charming sponsors.

Perhaps because most of them share the same international code of beauty. For years, famous Yardley of

London has been making their exquisitely simple—but perfect—beauty aids.

You will now find them for yourself in every fine store in Canada. If you've an urge for crystal-clear, fine-textured beauty, use them this way:

First, an exquisite facial bath with a lather that's like a fragrant, gentle cloud of purity. Only YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP can make it.

Then, snowy ENGLISH COMPLEXION CREAM used once a day or oftener for recleansing, softening and refining. (You may also use YARDLEY SKINFOOD if

your skin is especially dry, Foundation Cream if you prefer a special powder base.)

And afterwards, a mist of Yardley's delicate ENGLISH LAVENDER POWDER. So fresh and full of vitality it adds a lovely bloom to your skin that lasts for hours. Extra touches, if you wish them or your climate makes them necessary—but there's your English complexion, in the most delightfully simple formula—so perfect that it has won admiration, everywhere! Find the ingredients wherever you look for fine cosmetics, with Yardley's luxurious things for bath and make-up also. And send for our new book, "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," to tell you more about them. Address Yardley & Co. (Canada) Ltd.—Yardley House—Toronto, Ont.

Yardley & Co. Ltd., 33, Old Bond Street, London; 620 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), New York City; or Paris; Sydney, Australia.



BY APPOINTMENT



YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER

FOR A RED LETTER MONTH



Getting into the spirit of the Coronation has ceased to be a matter of patriotism. It's a question, now, of smartness. And what woman can afford to let her banners droop when it comes to style?

We suggest, for instance, Coronation red. As a main course or a relish. You may not be in London when the King's horses go prancing by, but this vivid note in your costume will set your blood stirring and add vivid touches to your Maytime, anyway.

You'll notice that there's nary a dress in this quartet of fresh spring vitalizers with long sleeves. Just one of those things. And there's still a really provocative lift to the way the sleeve is fashioned. Short jackets, of course. Pockets, belts, buttons and prints. They're important in the style picture. Try linen for the first, 751 — use a flag blue background with your red. Or (barring red) try mahogany with thistle, or hyacinth with navy. One of the popular sheers would be effective for 785. Beside the red against, say, a mist grey, you might try black on white, or a flower cart mixture of gay colors on beige, or black on crocus yellow.

One of the sheer spring woollens would be effective for 795, and second choice to black with Coronation red, would be navy and white for dress and buttons, with Gauguin pink background and navy design on the jacket, or wine and white with turquoise. Do the last style, No. 783, in the palest honey beige with your red, in a pure silk with stiff little linen or taffeta jacket. Or St. James blue with pearly grey, or a dark red with ivory.



These styles are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from the Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Material requirements appear on page 98.



Striped chiffons give new afternoon glory . . . After movie-time slip on a zippered house coat.

Spring comes to New York in a riot of Coronation colors . . . Chatelaine's fashion guide charts the style picture for you, gaily, accurately . . .

by KAY MURPHY

blouse. For the initials are rustproof, ironing-proof . . . every kind of proof you may wish!

The "Ballerina" style continues to be beloved through all the fashions . . . coats go in strong for it — the waist is fitted, then the skirt sweeps out into gores and gores . . . 'tis nothing to find from a dozen to two dozen gores in the sweep of a smarter coat . . .

And we have plenty of Ballerina skirts, too — simply all gored — fitted to the waist, then flaring out.

I mustn't forget about marquisette! Now, there's a fabric that started out early in the season and still goes strong with those of you who can wear it. If you're planning a little dance dress this spring, get a marquisette! It will do nicely all summer long — and yet is the right evening fabric for the moment . . .

Are you going to be married this spring or summer? If so, one of the newest wedding gown ideas is the "Cassock" — so severely simple, with rows and rows of self buttons down the front . . . and a tailored collar. One of the bridal classics of the new season . . .

My! Where have all the boleros come from? They're popping out all over the place — and a very flattering style, too. If you want to revive last year's dress, top it up with one of those separate boleros that are all the rage . . . Makes an old dress look like an advance edition of next season's styles!

And redingotes have had more success than ever, so far this season. We're seeing them in afternoon and evening dresses, as well as in street frocks . . .

In fact, there are many new versions of the redingote style that take us even into nightgowns!

At last! We have pretty hats again — you know, I've found the very high crowns a trifle, well, let's say difficult to wear. Now that they are lowered considerably, and more grace given to the bonnet silhouette, I think we have about the prettiest hat season in three years — Plenty of veils and birdies and flowers trim them . . . The "Madame Bovary" hat is a darling, which most of us will be able to wear very successfully . . .

Have you a rusty taffeta petticoat? If not, get thee one! For, of course, with your new chiffon or marquisette dress you must have something very swishy under it! They're to be had in plenty of color, too, for wearing under your suit, and showing out excitingly at those side slits . . .

Four pockets are better than less, on coats and dresses — and if they're set slantwise they're even smarter . . .



A new bolero for an older dress.

THERE'S A CLOUD
ON JANE'S
HAPPINESS



...she's risking Cosmetic Skin

HAPPY NOW—but next month, next year . . . Many a woman, without realizing it, is gradually spoiling her own good looks. Day after day she is allowing stale make-up—not thoroughly removed—to choke her pores. She's risking unattractive Cosmetic Skin —enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, a dull, lifeless look.

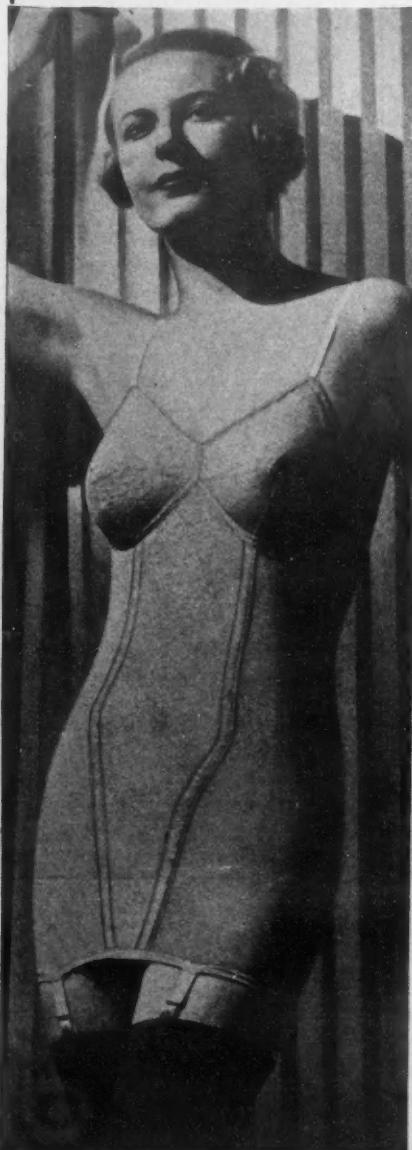
Lux Toilet Soap guards against this danger. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores. Use cosmetics all you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap. This regular care will keep your skin lovely.



LORETTA
YOUNG
20th Century-Fox Star



**The GOSSARD
Line of Beauty**



be Glorified
by GOSS-AMOUR

Gossamer as a cobweb . . . this silken elastic NET foundation . . . yet it's a miracle of control. Goss-Amour is as flexible as your skin . . . giving you the grace and slim beauty that spells glamour. Lace forms the uplift sections and front panel of Model 6065.

Sold by Department Stores and Leading Shops.

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THE
CANADIAN H. W. GOSSARD
CO. LIMITED
Toronto 2, Canada.

Chicago • New York • San Francisco • Dallas
Atlanta • Melbourne • Sydney • Buenos Aires



A Cassock bridal dress . . . The caped ensemble has "it" . . . "The topper" in tops in a 40" length . . .

FASHION SHORTS

Chiffon is one of the leading fabrics in the very new dresses for spring and early summer . . . and the more stripes and plaids you flaunt . . . the smarter will you be! Real tartan plaid designs . . . wide Roman stripes . . . you'll be seeing them every way you turn of an afternoon, when the gals are dressed up in their better best . . .

Swing still continues to sway in all fashions—swing dresses, swing coats, swing capes . . . shoulders continue to be high . . . ALL sleeves are short (or nearly all . . .)

Capes have come in on everything! Caped suits—caped dresses—capes instead of coats . . . all with wide shoulders giving you a military swagger that is most becoming . . .

What a riot of color we have! All the dashing Coronation colors—red, blue, gold and green . . . then we have the softer pinks like cyclamen, and harder tones like Gauguin pink. Lime-light is the new name for a delicious shade of chartreuse green which is so lovely by itself or combined with navy—the pinks, too, team up beautifully with both black or navy, and so many dresses use two colors instead of one for extra smartness . . .

The fitted princess lines on one side . . . the flared "peasant" styles on the other—what fun you can have. One minute very sophisticated in your princess robe . . . the next—a gypsy in a peasant dress!

Saw some beautiful knitted dresses for early sports wear—knitted from pure Irish linen—and so firm and trim that you can wear 'em, and wash 'em, without worrying about "sags."

Again—if you're going to be married! The lovelier nighties are more like evening dresses than ever . . . Such molding! Such splashes of color! Saw a lovely one in geranium shade with large flower prints . . .

While skirts are getting shorter and shorter—about sixteen inches from

the ground is the right length . . . you won't be surprised to hear that evening dresses are coming up and up. In the recent Paris collection there were several really short dance frocks . . . and the quaint Ballerina style, with huge skirt, was a lovable idea that is catching on . . .

It's a color season—thistle, carnelian, St. James blue, postman blue, gold, shrimp . . . all grand colors in that new "jigger" coat you either have, or will have, I hope! Those hip-length coats, whether they come alone or along with suits, are just sweeping everything off its feet, in the fashion world . . .

So "jig" up your wardrobe with a "jigger" . . .

What are you wearing on the lapel of your man-tailored suit? So many "crazy" little ideas . . . like Darky heads . . . dangling corals and the like . . . and the idea of two boutonnieres, matching on either lapel, is very, very smart . . .

When you go to buy a belt for that dress or suit, get two belts—and join 'em together. All the gals are doing it, for belt style. Take them of different color, fairly narrow, and fasten the hole end of one into the buckle of the other, and gird yourself in two colors . . .

Try it out!

Start in early on your Cotton Collection! There will be more and better cottons worn this summer than even last year. Linen will be very popular . . . and they've given it all sorts of treatment to take that annoying "crush" out of it . . .

Goodness! Where do all the blouses come from? Of course, with so many suits sprouting out we had to have blouses, too! And we have 'em . . . both tailored and frilly . . . and you'll be seeing many of those initialled ones . . . you know, the kind that have hollow-centred buttons that your initials slip into . . . and you don't have to remove 'em when you tub the



If not to thrill you when he admires?
—And your rouge is so important!

There's nothing beautiful about rouge that looks painted, artificial. But Princess Pat rouge—duo-tone—ah, there is beauty!

Let's discover the Princess Pat rouge duo-tone secret. In Princess Pat rouge there's an undertone that blends with an overtone, to change magically on your skin. It becomes warmly beautiful. Unbelievable as it may sound—the color actually seems to come from within the skin; just like a natural blush. You can be a more glamorous personality—try Princess Pat rouge today and see. All drug and department stores sell Princess Pat rouge. Why not get this new beauty today? Sample on request. Write to Gordon Gordon, Ltd., Dept. C-715, 489 King Street West, Toronto 2.

**PRINCESS PAT
ROUGE**

Look 10
Years Younger
**BRUSH
AWAY
GRAY HAIR**

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

**Can YOU
do this?**



Be the centre of attraction?

Good health wins, is, and always will be the star attraction. So do not neglect yours. An irregular system is the cause of fat-forming, skin blemishing, mind-dulling poisons. To banish ill-health keep your system regular—regular as the clock.

Remember your Beechams Pills—the Golden Rule of Health for ninety years.

**LESS THAN
A PENNY
A DOSE**
Regular and Family Size
Beechams
PILLS
THE GREAT REGULATOR

where it was bright and cheerful. They gathered with the others, in the only places to gather, the saloons or dance halls. They joined the party with the "first round," and then they drank to drown their woes.

As the first few years rolled by, they made pathetic efforts to set up homes. One man, after living with a girl for over twelve years, decided to marry her. He had struck it rich and they were going to do it in style. They sent to Madame Aubert, Paris, France, for a wedding gown, which came over the trail carefully packed in a zinc-lined box, the express alone amounting to one hundred and fifty dollars.

Another very wealthy man was tricked into lavishly financing a pretty but unscrupulous girl, who said she was with child by him, and wanted to go out to her home, where she would like their marriage to take place. He was so pleased, especially about the baby, and was cruelly disappointed when he discovered she had "double-crossed" him to get money to give to another man.

Wanting a homely cabin of his own, another miner paid a housekeeper her weight in gold—one hundred and twenty-three pounds—and when she left him she had a poke worth twenty thousand dollars.

Many of the dance hall girls had hearts of gold—as often discovered in frontier camps. They would give their last dollar to those who needed it. There was often a fine sportsmanship among them and a real mothering for a man who was down and out.

I have often wondered if we other women couldn't have been kinder to those so set apart from us. Too often, many of us have swanned by arrogantly, secure in our legitimacy. I was told, too, that the girls often laughed over this among themselves, for well they knew the double life of many of the leading men.

As for most of the girls, they paid in full, for the longest they could stand their fast pace of life was from ten to fifteen years. Is it any wonder that they "cashed in," for they were well aware that if they saved no personal stake they would die in the gutter.

AT THE TIME of our arrival in Dawson, the first week of August, 1898, it was estimated that there were twenty thousand people in and near the city. That fall they were leaving as fast as they could. A Mountie told me there were already less than fifteen thousand in the district, and that, before spring, another five thousand would leave.

The "Sand Bar" in front of the city had been laid off in two streets, and both were lined with outfits for sale. Some were auctioned off at ridiculously low prices and at that, there were few buyers.

As I watched the ever-departing stream, I could not help but think how strange are the ways of men. Only a few short months ago, those who had staked their all and strained every nerve to get into the country, were now making every sacrifice to get out. They had been so eager, so confident, that with so little effort they could make their fortunes. I, too, knew what a myth that was.

AFTER MY baby came, the days passed more quickly. There were times that I missed and longed for the comforts of civilization, but when I heard of the death of a young married woman, leaving a baby girl ten days old, I realized that I was fortunate. I was glad, too, that we had not built our cabin in Dawson City, where typhoid and malaria raged that winter.

In April many men who had been laid up all winter, became excitingly busy, outfitting themselves to work their claims. They cleared away the snow in the shafts, built huge fires, shovelled and picked the thawed ground and then rebuilt the fires. This was the last year of this old-fashioned and slow type of placer mining, for steam thawing machines were shipped in on the railway next year, and high prices were

paid for contracts—the faster the work, the higher the price.

I continued to have many visitors to see the baby. One day a man from Chicago called. In the conversation, when he mentioned such names as Charles Morse, I naturally said: "He's an uncle of mine," or Lyman J. Gage, "I've known him since I was a child." Next day one of the Mounties dropped in and we chatted informally. Later I learned that he had come at the instigation of my Chicago visitor, who had reported to the police that there was a crazy woman with a baby "all alone in a cabin on the hill;" who said she was related to, and knew, some of the big men in Chicago; that if this were true, she wouldn't be stranded up here; and that matter should be investigated.

One spring evening, April 26, 1899, I was looking toward Dawson, and saw many tongues of fire darting through clouds of smoke. It was the great fire that burned half the city. Like the Chicago fire, it was alleged, but never proved, to have been started by the upsetting of a lamp. There was a southwest wind blowing; the firemen lost considerable time in getting the new fire apparatus (shipped in after the fall fire), in working order, and in the meantime the fire leaped from building to building, the rough boards, oakum and moss-chinked logs, canvas roofs and factory cotton linings, burning like paper. The loss was estimated at half a million dollars, yet before the ashes were cold, they were being panned for gold, and rebuilding started.

THEN CAME that time in the North, "when the days begin to lengthen, and the sun begins to strengthen," when all eyes are constantly watching the streams and lakes of the Yukon River system, for signs of the annual breakup. It was then the cheechakos were turned into sourdoughs. Now my time had come, for had I not watched the river freeze in the fall, and was not I about to see the majestic Yukon begin its northern rush to the Arctic?

To this day the breakup is a momentous occasion. Looking backward on a succession of these events during my years of life in the Yukon, I remember that some came with startling and dramatic suddenness, flooding the banks of the river at Dawson for hundreds of feet, and, as the water subsided, depositing huge blocks of ice and small icebergs on the lowlands. In one day navigation opens. In other years the ice melted slowly, transforming the silent, sullen, brooding ugliness of months into a scene of ever-changing beauty—huge ice cakes coursing down the streams, swirling in swift eddies, or tumbling through frothing rapids. Sometimes there were ice jams, when the Yukon overflowed the streets of Dawson, doing considerable damage, and the people paddled up and down the streets in boats.

Everyone bets upon the breakup time, betting beginning just after the New Year and closing the middle of April, as any time after that the ice might go out. There is much studying of weather bulletins, and an early spring, which seldom occurs, is favorable to an early breakup.

Today, in Dawson, and even more so in Fairbanks, large betting pools are formed, these running from three thousand to seventy thousand dollars. Books of tickets are printed and sold for a dollar or more a throw, the guesser recording on his ticket the exact time when he thinks the ice will move in front of Dawson.

The clock pools are the favorites, the guesses being marked on the seconds, minutes or hours of a clock face, which is sketched on heavy cardboard, prices ranging from twenty-five cents to five dollars a guess. In the early days they ran from ten dollars to five hundred dollars, but I have known some who have won as much as three thousand dollars. (Once I won a hundred and fifty dollars.)

The greatest care is taken to determine the exact time, to the second, that the ice begins to move. In front of Dawson a

Do As Your Dentist Does— when he cleans your teeth

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER—just naturally cleans best. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dentists everywhere recommend Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used. Dr. Lyon's cleans off all stains and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is a

special dental powder developed for HOME USE by a distinguished practicing dentist. Free from all acids, grit or pumice, it cannot possibly injure or scratch the softest enamel. Even as a neutralizer in acid mouth conditions, Dr. Lyon's is just as effective as Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do to protect your teeth.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

**DR. LYON'S
TOOTH POWDER**
MADE IN CANADA

**SKIN DRY
AND "TIGHT"
POWDER "CATCHES"**

**SMOOTH RIGHT
AWAY WITH
POND'S VANISHING
CREAM**

**GRAND FOR
OVERNIGHT,
TOO**

AFTER a day in the open—your skin's all dry and "tight"—Your powder "catches"... looks uneven.

A special cream melts that harsh surface roughness into supple smoothness—in one application!

A distinguished dermatologist explains: "Exposure dries out the cells on the surface skin, causing the familiar dry and 'tight' feeling. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts off these dry, dead cells—reveals the soft, young cells beneath. Then skin feels soft and smooth instantly."

That is why Pond's Vanishing Cream is so marvelous for:—

Powder base—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths flakiness away. Make-up is perfect. Stays.

Overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. In the morning your skin is soft, fresh.

Mrs. F. Grover Cleveland

"Whenever my skin feels dry and tight, Pond's Vanishing Cream works like a charm—makes it soft and smooth."

8-PIECE PACKAGE Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. VE, 90 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Province _____ Made in Canada
All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.

My Seventy Years

(Continued from page 24)

The Mounties were ever on the alert for "rolling" and many a girl got her blue ticket for this. Several years later, after I had returned to the Yukon, my husband, George Black, a young lawyer, was awakened in the middle of the night by a man who had been rolled. He had come to Dawson with his "poke"—several thousand dollars of dust—and was en route home to his wife and children. He had planned to "blow in" a few hundred on an evening's fun, but he was feeling pretty sick at being cleaned out—"clean as a whistle." My husband called on the proprietor of the dance hall where the rolling occurred, and in good strong language told him if he didn't "come through" with the missing dust, he'd leave no stone unturned to "get him." The proprietor knew he would, too, and that he needed all the backing of the law, so he "came through." A grateful but a wiser man left the Yukon.

The dance-saloon-gambling-variety halls were built on the same order, the bars usually to the left side of the entrance. They were backed with plate glass mirrors on the upper wall, while the lower was lined with bottle-laden shelves. They had hardwood counters, on which rested several finely balanced gold scales for weighing the dust, as there was practically no currency in the country. An ounce of dust was worth fifteen dollars.

To the right were the gambling rooms, usually furnished with poker and crap tables and chairs, faro banks and roulette wheels. Although there was generally a house limit on the bets, sometimes they were wide open, as high as twenty thousand dollars being lost in a single play of the roulette wheel, five thousand at stud poker, and a thousand dollars a throw in a crap game.

Dance and variety halls, all lighted by oil hanging-lamps, also had fine floors, and there was good music, as some of the musicians had played in the best orchestras on the coast. The larger halls had stages and galleries, with curtained boxes, where patrons might have a certain privacy for entertaining their girl friends, or watch the shows and dances. Drinks served here cost double.

Dances were a dollar apiece and each was concluded with a "promenade all" to the bar, where the male dancer would buy two "dollar" drinks, ginger ale for the girl and generally hard liquor for himself. If he fancied champagne, it cost thirty dollars a pint.

THE NIGHT LIFE became subdued with the permanent settlement of Dawson. As the gold dust grew less plentiful, gamblers played for smaller stakes. No longer were there miners who thought nothing of a thousand dollars a night for champagne, who "set 'em up" round after round. Convivial celebrations still continued to be popular, until War time, and were particularly rampant over the New Year. Some of the early day party songs of old-timers are recalled almost in the light of tradition at present-day gatherings of sourdoughs. The man who had "never refused a drink since 1882," was only in good form when he had the urge to sing "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls." The Scotsman insisted on "Loch Lomond," the Irishman, "Killarney," and the Frenchman, "Alouette," while one nationally known sourdough claimed exclusive singing rights to "Annie Laurie."

As I look back to that winter of '98 and '99, I have an infinite pity for the men of those days—so many of superior breeding and education. They were so lonely, so disillusioned and so discouraged. There were so few homes, so few places to go

New Light on a Vital Subject

The makers of "Rendells" have prepared in "Personal Hygiene" a new booklet giving, clearly and concisely, information vitally important to the welfare and well-being of every married woman.



"PERSONAL HYGIENE"
Send for your copy of this booklet and read how "Rendells", at body heat, quickly melt to soothe a protective film over delicate membranes and tissues. Address: The Lyman Agencies Ltd., 286 St. Paul St. West, Montreal.

"Rendells" are simple, easy and ready-to-use, effecting complete antisepsis yet harmless as purest oils. Individually foil-wrapped in boxes of 12. Just ask your druggist for

RENDELLS.

Three STEPS to Natural LOVELINESS

- Accentuate your own natural coloring in your lips, cheeks, and skin tones; but avoid that "made-up" look. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, rouge, and powder brings out a liveliness and sparkle individually your own. Ends that painted look!



Try These Three Essentials

Tangee Lipstick: Your lips become the blushing rose natural to you.
Tangee Powder: Blends naturally with your own skin tones.
Tangee Rouge: Compact or Cream form. Your cheeks become a delicate color that is yours alone. All contain the magic Tangee Color Change Principle. Try Tangee today.

TANGEE
Ends that painted look

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT
Palmer's Ltd., 750 Vitre Street W., Montreal, Can. Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. Send 15c (stamps or coin). CH.5

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

main routes, and any attempt to blaze a new trail, especially in winter, invariably meant death. Besides, those were the days when the Mounted Police were building up that world-famed reputation—"They always get their man."

At the end of the portage we boarded a small river steamer and had a pleasant trip through the lakes to the head of Bennett, where we took the train over the new narrow-gauge railway to Skagway.

This road was just completed and had literally been blasted out of the face of the rocky wall of the gorge, on which it gradually wound down to the stony bottoms of the Skagway River.

As we went over the Pass in the train, we caught glimpses of the old trail. I recalled vividly the agony of the year before. Once again in my imagination I staggered up and up. Dead Horse Gulch brought back to me the screams of dying horses.

But now, exhilarated with deep breaths of bracing air, I could take time to give myself completely to the enjoyment of the constantly changing scenes of splendor before me: glorious snow-topped mountains glinting in the sun, bearing on their bosoms jewels of gleaming glaciers, or draped with countless waterfalls, whose lacelike folds fell to the dark tree greenery at their feet.

The small streams that fed the Skagway River were edged with gorgeous goldenrod, marsh marigolds, some with blossoms as large as yellow pond lilies. As we descended, we noted that the vegetation became more luxuriant; the old trail was fringed with wild raspberry and currant bushes, scarlet and yellow feathery columbines, sumach, lilies and sedges, while the chocolate or bronze lily grew in profusion on the outskirts of Skagway.

It took only two hours to make that downward trip from the summit to the town—in complete comfort and enjoyment, over a road on which, only a year ago, thousands had sweated blood for two days.

Skagway too had changed. The wild lawless town had become a well-ordered place of ten thousand people, with several first-class hotels, and a daily newspaper.

The homeward trip was wonderful—the baby was, as usual, good, and a general favorite with everybody. Father and I contributed songs and riddles to the programs that are always part of ship life. And what do you suppose I ordered for my first outside meal? Tenderloin steak, a double order of French-fried potatoes, olives and ice cream!

WE ARRIVED at Catalpa Knob safely. I have no adequate words to describe that homecoming—reunited with my little ones and my dear parents! The ranch was a gorgeous spectacle of beauty and plenty. The ranch house seemed huge, such a contrast to my Klondike cabin home. Father, always a good provider, had grown an abundance on his fertile acres—an abundance, not only for his family and friends, but even for wayfarers who might pass that way. How different from the North, I thought, where I had to count so carefully each potato, onion, egg or orange, where the struggle for existence had been such a battle, where nature's first law—the survival of the fittest—had demanded such a grueling day-by-day observance.

Father and mother were so good and kind to me. As always, they seemed to understand. There was no trace of long-suffering duty in their kindness. They were happy in having me and my children in their home. Time and time again mother said: "Daughter, it is good to have you and your children in your father's house again. I love to hear the children's happy voices as they laugh and play." And they just adored the baby.

In such a setting, I suppose I should have been content—yet, I wasn't. For a time I rested in the peace, safety and security of it. Then came the dark short days of November, when the Kansas winter sets in. Days and days of mournful winds and cyclonic dust storms—which later turned

into howling, blinding blizzards. The snow whirled and drifted. When the help left for the barns they had to tie long ropes as guide lines to the doors to enable them to find their way back.

Shut in for days time began to hang heavily. There were too many long hours—with nothing to do. I brooded upon my troubles. All my big personal ventures had been failures. Even my children seemingly had no urgent need of me—father and mother surrounded them with such care and kindness and they had everything. I was only thirty-three years of age. So many years stretched ahead of me—interminable—uninteresting. Somehow the mainspring of my life had snapped, my zest for life, for adventure, was no more. I even lost interest in my clothes, which to a woman of my temperament, who loves pretty things, is one of the last props. I pulled my hair back from my face and wound it in a tight little knob at the back of my head. My weight went down to ninety pounds. Silently, moodily, I went around—not even arising to the emotional relief of tears.

THEN ONE DAY I overheard father and mother talking—in subdued tones—and about me. Mother was saying, "George, what can we do for Martha? We have lost our beautiful daughter. Can you think of anything to arouse her interests?"

I listened no longer. I hurried to my room—flooded with misgivings of my ingratitude to my parents. No girl ever had a better father or mother. How infinitely kind they'd been to me. How patient! How self-centred I had been—grieving these dear ones. I looked into my mirror. I saw a prematurely old-looking, pinched face—corners of my mouth turned down—hair drawn tightly back like an old woman.

I dashed to my clothes cupboard. I picked out my prettiest dress—old-fashioned and all as it was. I fluffed my hair and dressed for dinner. I remembered one of mother's slogans of my childhood, "Daughter, always keep the corners of your mouth turned up."

During dinner I turned to father saying: "Will you buy me some new clothes?"

"Anything you want, daughter," was his quick reply.

The following week he took me to Chicago on a shopping tour.

I began to get a new perspective of life—a new ideal. I persuaded myself I had much to live for. I had three sons. I became eager to live, to accomplish something worth while, something of which my boys would be proud. This is still the dominant motive of my life.

I tried so hard to fall in with father's and mother's scheme of life for me—tried to repay their kindness in this way. Always my restlessness triumphed, leaving me with the feeling that I was marking time instead of marching on. Once again my eyes turned North. Once again I felt its mysterious drawing power.

The recurring "wanderlust!" I suppose if one is born with a restless urge for travel and adventure, although it may be quieted for a time by a form of living or force of circumstances, it is seldom suppressed.

If I should tell you some quests that are beckoning me now, and which I hope to pursue before I die, I think you might say: "Oh, be your age!" And I should answer: "You know, specialists tell us that age is not a matter of years—but glands."

I COULD NOT shake off the lure of the Yukon. My thoughts were continually of that great, new, rugged country, its stark and splendid mountains, its lordly Yukon River with all its streams and deep blue lakes, its midnight sun, its gold and green of summer, its never-ending dark of winter, illuminated by golden stars and flaming northern lights. What I wanted was not shelter and safety, but liberty and opportunity.

As the days went on, with the straining impatience of a prisoner, I waited for the letter telling me of my investments. It came in the spring. The Yukon had not

DO YOU USE THE RIGHT SHADE OF FACE POWDER?



**Beige
Face
Powder
Made Her
Look Like
This!**

**Rachel
Made Her
Look Like
This!**

By *Lady Esther*

It's amazing the number of women who use the wrong shade of face powder.

It's still more amazing what it does to them!

As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, the wrong shade of face powder will change your appearance altogether. It will make you look years older than you really are.

A Common Mistake

The great trouble is that women choose their face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try to match "type." This is a mistake because you are not a "type," but an individual. You may be a blonde and still have a very light skin or any one of a number of different tones between light and dark. The same holds true if you are a blonde or redhead.

There is only one way to choose your shade of face powder and that is by trying on all ten basic shades. Maybe the shade you think least suited to you is your most becoming and flattering. Thousands of women have been surprised.

The Test That Tells!

I want you to see if you are using the right shade of face powder or whether you should be using some other shade. So, I offer you all ten



shades of Lady Esther Face Powder to try on, free of charge.

Try on each of the ten shades as if you had never used face powder before. Maybe you'll make a great discovery for yourself. Maybe you'll find a shade that will completely "youthify" your appearance.

Mail the coupon today for the ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which will settle once and for all whether you are using the right shade or not.

FREE

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto—12, Ont.
(2-21)

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____

Weather: CLOUDY Pains: INTENSE

**but now Absorbine Jr.
helps relieve aches
and pains**



"**E**VERY cloudy day used to start up my muscular rheumatic aches and pain," writes C. D.* "But I discovered that by applying Absorbine Jr. once or twice at the first sign of mugginess in the air, much of my sharp pain is relieved."

Let Absorbine Jr. stand guard in your medicine cabinet as a quick relief for sprains and strains—muscular rheumatic aches and muscle soreness—as a quick destroyer of the fungus of Athlete's Foot. Many doctors, nurses, hospitals recommend it. You'll find it thrifty to use; a little goes so far. All druggists, \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 242 Lyman Building, Montreal.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

(MADE IN CANADA)

Relieves sore muscles, bruises,
muscular aches, sprains,
Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

flag pole is set firmly in the midway of the river. A stout cord is connected from the pole to the whistle of the Northern Commercial Company's shops, and then to a clock. The instant the ice moves the pole, the cord pulls the whistle, the clock stops.

The entire town turns out, rushing to the banks to see the river discard its winter blanket. In a few minutes, with many loud crackings, huge cakes of ice are crunching and grinding against each other, moving slowly at first, but gradually quickening as the river becomes clearer.

BUT I HAVE digressed. I was telling you of the first breakup I ever saw, one which occurred May 23, 1899, the day that I became a sourdough. What a beautiful May day it was! I was sitting in front of my cabin, the baby asleep in a swing made from a packing box. Above was a perfect blue sky, the sun shining with such brilliance that the glare dazzled my eyes as I looked into the distance. Below, the Yukon was heaving, crackling and groaning, for the ice and snow were melting fast. The hillside was ablaze with crocuses, while a warm, gentle breeze was scattering the yellow pollen of the willow buds.

Suddenly hearing an unusual rustling, I looked up and saw a movement in the bushes on the hillside above me. Thinking it was a bear, I hastily seized the baby and rushed into the cabin. I made him comfortable on my bunk, put up the shutters on the one small window, gathered up all the firearms—two revolvers, two shot-guns, a rifle and the ammunition, and took them outside. With nervous fingers I rapidly loaded them.

I was still on the lookout for my first bear and was thinking what glory would be mine, if I should kill one, while alone in camp. I'd show the men of our party that I could use a gun as well as any of them. What if she had cubs? Absorbed in these thoughts, still conscious of the rustling, grinding noises, I hadn't looked toward the hill. When I did, to my horror, I saw the whole side slowly moving toward the cabin, and gaining momentum. It was a landslide! The quick thaw had loosened the upper strata of earth and made it into a river of mud that was carrying everything before it.

I dashed into the cabin again, grabbed the baby, wrapped him in shawls, put on my own coat and paralyzed with fright, took up my position at the corner of the cabin, wondering desperately what move to make, if any. I knew I was in terrible danger, and, standing still, with a silent prayer I commanded myself and my child to the care of my Maker.

God answered my prayer. The onrushing avalanche was halted by a clump of trees, seventy feet above the cabin. The mud, rocks, snow and small trees piled up against them. Deeply rooted, they held firmly. In a few moments the roaring river of mud started to move again, but the trees had divided the avalanche. The heavier right part cleared my cabin, uprooted a tree and swept with it two cabins below us, depositing the debris on the bosom of the Yukon. The left passed more closely, carried with it our outhouses, and finally lost itself in the more securely frozen ground below us.

Realizing our narrow escape from a horrible death, and, trembling from head to foot, I tottered into the cabin. I must have fainted for when I came to, several hours later, I was lying on my bunk with my little one beside me. We were both unharmed. Subconsciously I must have taken care not to fall upon him. Looking out, I knew that it was not a bad dream, for the hillside was cleared of its surface-covering and gleamed like the dirt of a new rough road.

Hearing the terrific barking of dogs, I went to the door. Hurting by, in mid-stream, was a huge ice cake on which sat a bob cat, greatly disturbing a pack of huskies that, barking madly, dashed up and down the bank. The ice was moving fast.

I had become a sourdough.

ONE DAY toward the end of the month, quite unexpectedly, father walked in. He had received my letter, telling of the baby's birth, also the ringlet of hair. He told me that he had been thunderstruck and immediately sought out mother.

"Look, Susan. See what Martha has sent us (holding up the ringlet). What do you think it is?"

"Oh, probably the hair of some little animal."

Then he told her. The next day he left Catalpa Knob to catch the first boat to the Yukon.

He had come to take me back to civilization. In my first joy of seeing father I did not tell him of my own ideas that were daily becoming stronger. I was learning to love this great wonderful North, and was thinking of making it my home—at least staying long enough to see the outcome of my claims.

He had been in the cabin only a few moments when, as his eyes travelled over the wall behind the stove, he exclaimed:

"George, are you crazy?" He pointed to our many skin-covered cartons. "Dynamite over a stove!"

We soon assured him that the dangerous-looking packages contained nothing more deadly than our "desiccated vegetables" and powdered soups. We had grown to hate their taste, too, "desecrated" we called them now.

We decided to celebrate father's coming by a good meal. A scow of foodstuffs had come in that very day. George was elected to do the marketing, and he returned with a half pound of moose liver, to be combined with bacon, one medium-sized onion, and one huge potato. These vegetables cost a dollar apiece. No more could be purchased, and one of each to a family was considered a fair allotment to the many eager buyers.

The cooking of the vegetables was a matter of grave discussion. It was agreed finally to fry the onion and bake the potato, because the latter could then be eaten "skin and all." I had a few bad moments when the thought occurred to me that the potato might have a bad heart! Large potatoes sometimes do. But it didn't, and never was a meal enjoyed more thoroughly—even our dessert, which was brown bread without butter, tea without sugar, rice and molasses.

Father was eager for me to leave as soon as possible. He was now ripe in years and blessed with prosperity. Catalpa Knob was a place of peace and plenty, he argued, healthy for the older boys, perfect for the baby, much better than this crude cabin. "And now that you have lost your husband there's not a reason in the world why you should not come to live in your father's home."

I told him of the new life I intended to make for myself, in this new country—of the claims I'd staked. We finally agreed that we should leave these in George's care, and if they did not bring in at least ten thousand dollars before the next year, I would never mention "Klondike" again.

We booked our passage on the *Canadian*, which, like the *Utopia* that brought us in, was crowded to the "gunnels" with people, baggage, and many boxes of gold dust, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. We had an uneventful journey until we came to Five Fingers. Going downstream was easy compared to upstream. Now the swift, seething waters, forced between the narrow rocks, piled high, and our steamer had to mount her way. As she entered one of the whirlpools, she lurched toward one Finger and smashed part of her upper deck to kindling. For a second her wreck seemed inevitable, but skilful navigating saved her. Once again we were on our way, breathing freely.

At Whitehorse we left the steamer and this time went around the portage in a tram, accompanied by an armed escort of Mounted Police, because of our gold dust. I never knew of any gold-stealing holdups on the trail in the early days. This was probably due to the impossibility of getting the "loot" out of the country by the

PAINS ALL OVER HIS BODY

Kruschen Made Him Feel a New Man

Read the experience of this man who had rheumatism so badly that at times he was prevented from working:

"About 10 months ago," he writes, "I suffered terribly with rheumatism and neuritis. The pains were all over my body and some days I could not even get up from bed to go to work. A friend visited me and suggested that I should try Kruschen Salts. I did so, the result being that the pains seemed to gradually disappear. I have been going to work ever since without a break, thanks to Kruschen Salts, and I feel a new man." —A. R.

Rheumatic conditions are frequently the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts are notable for their work in dissolving uric acid. Other ingredients assist Nature to expel the dissolved acid from the system.

How to WORM YOUR DOG Safely

Don't gamble with your dog's life. Use these safe, tested treatments:

Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules for Roundworms and Hookworms in grown dogs and large puppies. For most puppies and toy breeds use Sergeant's Puppy Capsules. For Tapeworms, use Sergeant's Tapeworm Medicine. Sold by Drug and Pet Stores. Ask them for a FREE copy of Sergeant's Dog Book, or write: SERGEANT'S DOG MEDICINES, Ltd. 169 Dufferin St. • Toronto, Ontario

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

OUT COMES THE CORN!



No Waiting—Pain Instantly Relieved
Get rid of corns by using this famous triple-action, scientific treatment—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—and then keep rid of them. It's easy, safe, sure. Just these soothing, healing, cushioning pads *alone* on corns, sore toes, callouses or bunions give you the most grateful relief imaginable—instantly. Put them on tender toes caused by friction or pressure of new or tight shoes and you'll stop corns before they can develop!

Used with the separate Medicated Discs, included in every box, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly remove hard corns, soft corns between toes or callouses.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, velvety-soft, waterproof. Don't stick to stocking or come off in the bath. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

That Double Bill

(Continued from page 23)

interest to hold the public when handed out singly. But until they can get enough first-rate features, steadily, many of them will continue to show double bills.

On the face of it, you might well ask . . . why don't theatres return, then, to single bills? Under the existing system, however, the answer isn't as easy as that.

Leading theatre chains would like nothing better than to play pictures singly. In most situations, though, chain-theatres are forced to double bills because the independent houses refuse to follow any other policy.

What if the chain theatres stood by their guns? Take, as an example, the Majestic Theatre. From a dual-feature house, the Majestic turns to single pictures.

Down the street, or several blocks away, another theatre, the Ritz, still is showing two pictures, with all the accompanying short subjects.

Which would people choose? The answer is obvious. They'd line up in front of the Ritz, of course, while the Majestic would be practically empty. Regardless of what the public indicates on a questionnaire, the two-for-one shopping instinct has been so highly developed during these past lean years that people naturally would be motivated to patronize the theatre where they'd get the most for their money.

Due to this "shopping" habit, theatres and chains cannot afford to return to single-picture programs, unless competitors are willing to follow suit and outlaw doubling. And on this score there can be no hope of compromise, for theatres are notoriously poor hands at co-operating. The feeling is that the double-feature policy will have to run its course until worn to the point where no one can make any money with it and something else is tried . . . which could be a return to single pictures with shorts, stage shows, bands and novelties to dress up the feature.

It all started with the suburban and second run theatres, the managers of the larger houses say. To attract greater business, the neighborhood theatres began running two features. Usually they were ones that had already been shown "downtown." People didn't care so much about what picture they saw. If they wanted to see a special picture, they went downtown. If they just wanted to "kill time" for an evening, they went over to the neighborhood movie. Consequently, if one of the pictures wasn't up to the highest standard, they didn't feel particularly bad about it. Then people began to get accustomed to getting two main features on one bill. They commenced asking the managers of

the larger theatres why they couldn't get them there, when they could at the smaller ones. Thus the double feature bill came into wider use. Today it's to be found almost everywhere.

"The public takes its entertainment . . . like its sport, books, radio programs . . . in cycles," says one theatre manager. "At the moment they want double bills. Maybe next year it'll be hamburgers with their Garbo and symphonies with the Marx Brothers. We give them what they want."

When double bills first appeared generally—and the transition was a gradual one, rather than all theatres adopting the plan at once—Hollywood was bitterly opposed to them. It was unthinkable, the industry pointed out, that a small, inconsequential film should be tied to a big picture. It would be an insult to the larger production. Getting down to actual cases, however, doubles meant that film rentals would be cut, smaller revenues accruing than formerly when only one picture was shown in a theatre.

Among the chief protagonists in opposing the change were the late Irving Thalberg and Samuel Goldwyn. Both these producers regularly turned out class pictures, productions of the most superior calibre, which they believed should be run as single attractions on a theatre program. Not alone did they consider the decrease in financial returns—although this may have inspired their principal objections . . . to them, coupling fine and important pictures with those of lesser worth honestly represented something like a betrayal of the public trust. They argued that the pleasure of seeing a good picture would be marred by an inferior one, which would wipe out the memories of the first.

With the passing of Thalberg, Goldwyn remained the leading foe of the double bill. Other Hollywood producers may feel as strongly as he on the subject, but now the majority—Hollywood almost as a whole—have come to regard the situation not as a necessary evil, as formerly, but as an accepted boon, beneficial to Hollywood as a whole.

For one thing, double bills demand more Hollywood product, and additional pictures mean added employment for men and women in every craft pertaining to the screen. Small independent producing companies by the score have sprung up and the search for talent never has been so intensive. Opportunities awaiting all in every field never have been so apparent, either, and in the history of Hollywood there has been no time when activity ran on so high a plane.

The top-notch players and stars, of course, have never favored double-billing. For that matter, many actors oppose it, but the fact remains that those less prominent would rather work in a B-picture than not work at all.

Stars, as is their right, perhaps, insist that they be cast only in their respective company's A-pictures—the class produc-

DO YOU LIKE DOUBLE BILLS?

Chatelaine has offered several points of view. Now we'd like to get the opinions of Canadian women. Will you please mark your preference with an X in the allotted space?

Yes

Please mail this ballot to

The Movie Editor,
Chatelaine,
481 University Ave.,
Toronto.

No

Occasionally

Your comment



Titled British Beauties

**GUARD THEIR LOVELINESS
THE POND'S WAY**

WHEN Britain's great Coronation takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will hold the attention of the world.

Could you ask these titled beauties how they care for their delicate skins, an impressive number would simply answer—"Pond's."

Here is the famous method so many distinguished beauties use:

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning—(and always before make-up) repeat this invigorating treatment with Pond's Cold Cream . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See your skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.

**Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids**

Pond's Extract Company of Canada, Ltd., Dept: CE,
90 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ontario.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Province _____
Made in Canada All rights reserved by
Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.

MACDONALD'S

A cigarette
for every taste!



British Consols give you those qualities you enjoy in a cigarette—“costlier, milder, refreshing mildness.” PLAIN or CORK TIP.

British Consols
COSTLIER MILD TOBACCO



Here is the perfect cigarette—“Filter Tip” protection and famous “Export” quality. If you prefer plain ends ask for “Export” made with moistureproof paper.

MACDONALD'S EXPORTA
FILTER TIP



Macdonald's Menthol is the “all weather” cigarette for those who enjoy cool, fragrant smoking. Made from mild Virginia tobacco, “Menthol-treated” to soothe and protect your throat. PLAIN or CORK TIP

MACDONALD'S
MILD VIRGINIA

ESTABLISHED 1858
Canada's Largest Independent
Cigarette and Tobacco Manufacturers

failed me. As soon as I could, accompanied by my eldest son, Warren, a boy of twelve years of age, I was speeding to the North. Father not only sent me with his backing and blessing, but made plans to follow with mother and my other children the next year, to bring in machinery for a saw and quartz mill.

In the interim I formed a claim-working partnership with two men, and established myself at Gold Hill, a mining camp near Dawson. We built a cabin, storehouse and bunkhouse for a crew of sixteen men, who worked for us. It wasn't a life of leisure for me, as I did the cooking for the entire party. Most of our provisions were still in the dried or desiccated form and I racked my brains to make the meals tasty and

nourishing. I did my own washing and that of my son, as well as the cleaning. I am the type of housekeeper who likes to get most of the housework done in the morning, so I arose at five o'clock. We had the “big meal” in the middle of the day, after which I took a short nap, arranged a simple supper and had the evening free to read, talk business, or write in my journal, which I have kept for thirty-seven years.

(Next month, Mrs. Black tells of her thrilling experiences in running a sawmill—of her marriage to George Black—her adventures in the early Yukon politics, and her reign as Chatelaine of Government House, Dawson.)

The Marina

(Continued from page 26)

from * 3 times; K25, K2tog; * K26, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times. (294 sts. on needle). Work evenly for 1 1/4 inches.

6th Decrease Round—* K24, K2tog, repeat from * once; K25, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times; K24, K2tog; * K25, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times. (283 sts. on needle). Work evenly for 1 inch.

7th Decrease Round—* K23, K2tog, repeat from * once; * K24, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times; K23, K2tog; * K24, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times. (272 sts. on needle). Work evenly for 1 inch.

8th Decrease Round—* K22, K2tog, repeat from * once; * K23, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times; K22, K2tog; * K23, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times. (261 sts. on needle). Work evenly for 1 inch.

9th Decrease Round—* K21, K2tog, repeat from * once; * K22, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times; K21, K2tog; * K22, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times. (250 sts. on needle). Work evenly for 1 inch.

10th Decrease Round—* K20, K2tog, repeat from * once; * K21, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times; K20, K2tog; * K21, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times. (239 sts. on needle). Work evenly for 1 inch.

11th Decrease Round—* K19, K2tog, repeat from * once; * K20, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times; K19, K2tog; * K20, K2tog, repeat from * 3 times. (228 sts. on needle). Work evenly for 1 1/2 inches. Cast off.

Work a heading around the top of the skirt:

1st Round—Single crochet.

2nd Round—* One double crochet, chain 2, 1 double crochet in 4th st., repeat from * around.

Finish the bottom of the skirt with 3 rounds of single crochet:

1st Round—Work on right side.

2nd Round—On wrong side.

3rd Round—On right side.

Blouse

BACK—Starting at the bottom, with No. 9 needles, cast on 134 sts. Work in stocking stitch (knit 1 row, purl 1 row) until the work measures 13 1/2 inches from the beginning.

Shape Armholes by casting off 7 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

Then decrease 1 stitch at each end of the needle every second row in the following manner:

K1, S1, K1, PSSO, knit to within 3 stitches, K2tog, K1, until there are 106 stitches on the needle. Work evenly for 11 rows.

When a wife looks back to her carefree beau-ing days and decides they were green pastures . . . anything may happen. Particularly if, as in Hannah Lees' amusing story of young marrieds, her husband and his friends believe . . .

"WIVES ARE SACRED"

There's a germ of delightful wisdom in it, too. Don't miss this story in JUNE Chatelaine.

Work in ribbing (K1, P1) for 4 1/4 inches. Shape Shoulders by casting off 8 stitches at the beginning of each of the next 6 rows, and casting off 10 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Cast off the remaining stitches for the neck.

FRONT—Starting at the bottom, with No. 9 needles, cast on 67 stitches. Work in stocking stitch for 5 inches. Place stitches on a stitch holder.

Make another piece same. Place both pieces on one needle and continue to work in stocking stitch until the work measures 13 1/2 inches from the beginning.

Shape Armholes by casting off 7 stitches at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows. Then decrease 1 stitch at each end of the needle every second row same as back until there are 110 stitches on the needle.

Place 55 stitches on a stitch holder. Work on the remaining 55 stitches.

Continue decreasing at the armhole edge until there are 53 stitches on the needle. Then work evenly for 11 rows.

Work in ribbing (K1, P1) for 3 1/8 inches. Shape Neck by casting off 9 stitches at the neck edge. Then K2tog twice every second row—neck edge—twice. Then K2tog every 2nd row 3 times.

Shape Shoulders by casting off 8 stitches at the armhole edge. Work to neck edge.

Next Row—Decrease 1 stitch at the neck edge, work to armhole edge. Repeat last 2 rows twice. Cast off remaining 10 stitches. Take stitches from stitch holder and work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES—Starting at the bottom, using No. 9 needles, cast on 49 stitches. Work in ribbing: (1st Row—K1, P1, to within 1 stitch, K1. 2nd Row—P1, *K1 P1, repeat from * to end) for 3 inches.

Now work in stocking stitch, increasing one stitch at each end of the needle every 6th row until there are 81 sts. on the needle. Continue to work evenly until the work measures 18 1/8 inches from the beginning.

Shape Sleeve Cap by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows. Then decrease 1 stitch at each end of the needle every second row 5 times. Decrease 1 st. at each end of the needle every 3rd row—4 times. Decrease 1 st. at each end of the needle every 2nd row 6 times. Decrease 1 st. at each end of the needle every row until 21 stitches remain. Cast off.

COLLAR—Using No. 9 needles, pick up and knit 95 stitches around the neck.

Work in ribbing:

1st Row—K1, P1, to within 1 st., K1.

2nd Row—P1, *K1, P1, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat these 2 rows twice. Cast off.

BELT—Using No. 9 needles, cast on 10 stitches. Work in garter stitch—all knit—for 32 1/2 inches. Cast off.

Work a row of single crochet around the bottom of the blouse and neck opening. Make 3 loops for buttonholes along right front opening.

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229

Claire. Her eyes were dark in a white face. "She doesn't care," she whispered to Peter, "she doesn't care at all. Oh, it's awful. I didn't dream—"

But Peter held her shoulders back in forceful hands.

"Remember no Roman holiday. You asked for it. You've got to see it through."

EVERYTHING MOVES eternally in time — Peter remembered that from college—but every hour was eternity. The walk through the garden, Mrs. Belmore commenting on the success the gardener had had with the Japanese chrysanthemums; the stroll along the beach, Mrs. Belmore walking briskly and stopping occasionally to pick up shell and turn it in her hand before she dropped it; luncheon, a strained horror of small talk of theatres and people and cities. Claire's eyes darker and her cheeks paler every moment. Peter's face harder and harder until it seemed to be sculptured from stone. This was it then—the hardest thing of all to bear—she did not care. None of it had meant anything to her . . . not the long years, not the secret tears, not the motherless child.

"Claire and I are going out to shoot at a target this afternoon," Peter said to his mother. "Would you like to come?"

"Yes," she said, "that would be fun." They walked down the same path to the woods that Peter and Claire took every day. Peter was making Claire see it through. They stopped at the log where he had kissed her and the youngster had laughed at them. He lifted his gun and shot at the target and missed. Claire shot then and she missed, too. Mrs. Belmore shot and hit it dead centre. They shot again and again and always she was the best shot.

"I've done a lot of shooting," she murmured and added, "Scotland."

Peter had his gun to his shoulder. Something moved slightly in the underbrush. He aimed at it. The season wasn't open but he didn't care—he had to kill something. He wanted something to suffer. He shot and after the split instant of silence a scream, a child's scream pierced the air.

"Peter," Claire cried. "What have you done?"

Peter dropped his gun. But Mrs. Belmore was ahead of them. She was running for the spot the sound had come from, pushing underbrush aside, crawling on her hands and knees. She had the child in her arms when Peter and Claire came up to her. She was unbuttoning his sweater, she was holding him against her, she was sobbing as though it was she who had been hurt not he. And hurt mortally.

"What shall I do?" asked Peter.

"Get the car," said Claire. "Bring it to the edge of the woods. We can carry him that far." She was on her knees beside the child, too. "It barely scraped his shoulder," she said.

PETER WANTED to go but he could not. He could not take his eyes from the woman holding the sobbing child. His mother was holding the boy as he had dreamed when he was a tiny chap she would hold him. And her face was set in what were old old lines of pain.

"Peter," she said.

"Peter," she said again and looked down at the child sobbing against her shoulder. Often, oh often she had whispered his name, at first bending tear-blinded over a baby-cab. "May I look, nurse?" "Yes, ma'am, 'ave you one of your own ma'am? I'm sorry, ma'am, you lost it, I guess." Then "Peter" to a little lad learning to walk in the park, half frightened at the hunger in her eyes. She had asked to come back home once—that was after she had seen a newsboy run over on the corner of a crowded street. But the cold angry man in Canada had written it would be better for Peter if she stayed away. When she knew her boy was in school, she wrote him and waited and waited for an answer that never came. [Continued on page 98]

IF I HADN'T MADE THAT "ARMHOLE-ODOR" TEST, I WOULDN'T BE HERE

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" just when you want to be most alluring!

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If you stop to think, you will realize that just deodorizing is not enough. Creams that are not made to stop perspiration cannot give the complete protection you need. Unless your underarm is kept absolutely dry, some moisture is bound to collect on your dress. You may make yourself sweet again, but your dress will betray you every time you put it on.

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the dress! When you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric under the armhole. You may learn why many people who seemed to like you became cool and distant without any explanation. You will be shocked at first, but you will understand why so many careful, well-groomed women take the extra time and trouble to use Liquid Odorono.

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To double your charm, send today for sample vials of the two Odorones and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

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65¢ EACH

MARVELOUS
The Eye-Matched Makeup
by RICHARD HUDDUT
OF CANADA

tions, as they are known in the trade—and refuse to appear in the B's. They claim, and also justifiably, that their worth to a company will be reduced if the public begins to see them in films of lesser import.

This undoubtedly is true, based upon sound logic. A star is no more than a valuable commodity to his or her studio, and for this property to depreciate in value—through falling popularity—represents a financial loss. Therefore, it's to the advantage of the studio to cast its stars only in their A, or class, productions.

What is the difference between an A-and-a-B-picture? Briefly, it lies in quality. A's are the top-grade productions, while B's are second-grade. Less money by far is spent on the B's, and this takes in all departments . . . story, talent, direction, script, settings and the like. Naturally, then, no actor, director or writer particularly wants to be associated with the lower-grade product.

There's a point to be said in favor of the B-films, however, in so far as the new and unknown player is concerned. "Finds" sometimes are discovered in the ranks of these smaller pictures. Such a one was Frances Farmer, among the brightest new personalities of the year.

This young actress appeared briefly in "Too Many Parents," one of Paramount's B-pictures. The important producers on the various lots seldom look at these B's, but word of Miss Farmer's outstanding performance spread and every producer at Paramount viewed the film. Norman Taurog, the director, was so impressed with her work that he immediately cast her opposite Bing Crosby in "Rhythm on the Range." It was only a step, then, to her great role in "Come and Get It." Many of the present-day favorites were given their first chances in these B-films.

While B-pictures—the second film in the double-bill plan—are produced less expensively than the A's, very often they stack up in entertainment value with the other. Many a time they are as good or even better than the film which cost considerably more money. Consider "Call It a Day," for instance, one of the most charming and delightful films of the year. Warners turned this out with a few box-office names and scheduled it as one of their less pretentious outputs. It is as fine entertainment as any picture on their program.

Hollywood constantly is being besieged with letters of protest from the public regarding double bills, but in all truth the studios can do little to remedy this situation. Women's organizations in particular frankly oppose the two-picture plan and back up their movement with staunch arguments.

Many arguments are presented by the public, but the effect upon children seems to interest the majority. In all fairness to Hollywood, it must be explained that the

situation lies beyond the studios' power to control. Their hands are tied nearly as much as the independent theatre exhibitor to change the system of double bills.

Managers agree that the double bill makes the show pretty long. Too long for many patrons. The ideal length of entertainment—the time limit of absorption—is about two hours and fifteen minutes. The average double feature bill runs to three hours. Sam Harris, star producer of hits on the legitimate stage a few years ago, said that every minute you held an audience after eleven p.m. you were hurting the show.

Many movie managers agree with him, and think the double feature bill will do more harm than good, in the long run. But like the big stores, they have to put on occasional sales . . . particularly with "seconds." And by making pictures that require less talent and less money, the movie companies balance their budgets and therefore are able to give their tremendous million-dollar productions at popular prices.

The question of time enters into the matter in another way. Some managers find the double bill bothersome because people have become accustomed to arriving at their favorite theatre at a certain hour to see the feature picture . . . perhaps 7:30. The double bill makes the program so much less flexible and predictable that the time schedule is thrown out. The main feature may start at 6:30. The patron arrives in the middle of it, and feels dissatisfied. Through such things as this the double bill may eventually stir the audiences up to such a point that they will refuse to patronize it. Down will go the box office, and following as the night the day, the two feature program will be thrown into the discard.

"Why the public want to undergo the emotional strain of trying to follow through two complete, and usually utterly different, themes in one evening, is beyond me," says one of the best known theatre managers in Canada. "It's like reading two novels at one sitting."

One of the reasons many managers dislike running double features, is that it's so difficult to get two feature pictures that will please the same audience. Those who really try to build their programs with some consistency, find that if they run a "high class" picture with a "low class" one, they will displease fifty per cent of the audience.

"I'd rather please 80 per cent of the audience 50 per cent of the time, than 50 per cent of them 80 per cent of the time. And you're doing the latter with a double bill," one manager admits.

So nobody really likes the double bill. And when the public puts its foot down and refuses to "take it" it will fold its tents like the Arabs, and as quietly steal away.

lips. She hadn't meant to let anything surprise her.

"Claire will be my wife," he said. "She's staying down here with father and me through hunting season."

"How do you do, Claire?" Mrs. Belmore smiled, and held out her hand quite casually as she had to Peter.

Peter thought angrily, she's doing this too well, she'll win Claire over, and he determined to embarrass his mother some way, reveal her to his young wife-to-be so there would never be the shadow of a question. But his mother forestalled him.

"May I go to my room?" she asked, not hesitantly but as though she were a welcome guest. "I left town so early this morning and there's something about the country in the fall makes me feel untidy."

Smile, now, smile, that's what you're supposed to do. But Peter merely rang for Hodges and asked him to show Mrs. Belmore her room. In the room were bronze asters Claire had put there out of the pity in her young heart—pity for a remorseful woman returning.

When the door closed Peter looked at



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If they do, find out why. You may need some of these foot-easing, poise-giving exercises. Or a tip or two in buying shoes.

by JUSTINE JOYCE

IT USED to be one of the things women bore in silence. Or maybe with an occasional dainty fainting spell. But today it's just plain silly to go around complaining about your feet. Barring actual deformity or disease, nobody needs to suffer pedal troubles. The shoemakers are building shoes that fit. Wider toes and narrower backs. Lower heels. The physical culture teachers and the beauty salons are paying attention to the way you walk . . . and why.

After all, your feet set the pace. It depends on how you put them down and what you do with them when it's time to lift them up again, whether you look like a tugboat in heavy seas or a Fifth Avenue mannequin. Your feet are the keynote to your disposition, too. Ever see a footsore woman who was angelic? It's a rarity.

Thirty years ago the average Canadian woman bought a size five shoe. Twenty years ago it was a six. Today she walks in and orders a seven and a half. Without blinking an eyelash. The shoemakers decided it was because the newer generations were more athletic. Romantic novelists notwithstanding, women are larger, brawnier, longer-boned. And they insist on shoe comfort. No more delicate exhaustion caused by Victorian foot-binding . . . as evil, in its way, as that of the Orientals. No more aching arches and cramped toes from spiked heels and tapering lines. Women put it up to the designers. So they began to make more comfortable shoes.

It all started with the breaking down of class standards of an earlier generation, in this emancipated, rushing, catch-as-catch-can world. Once there was a feeling that to admit to big feet was to lean to peasantry. But today Canadian women want to sell goods in stores. To be executives in offices. To lecture and drive cars and play games.

You can't do any of those things with cramped feet. So they struck for the sandal. Designed for cool summer and beach wear, it has influenced all shoes of the present day. What were once known as "hygienic" or "orthopedic" shoes are now standard as to style. The present fashionable last has a broad tread, a rounded toe. It's narrower in the rear, so that it doesn't

slide up and down on the foot. In other words, it allows the foot to take its normal position.

So the shoemakers had done right by us. Of course they go on making high-heeled pumps. But we're supposed to be wise enough to wear them for short periods only. To afternoon teas or evening parties. Just because they're the prettiest shoes on women's feet, they're not to be worn from morning to night.

"Why," asks the Englishwoman, striding along in her sensible Oxfords, "does the Canadian girl so often go to the office with her feet in evening dress?"

You won't be smart in spiked pumps for daytime now anyway. Little-girl fashions, which followed up so successfully little-boy fashions of a few years ago, have taken the naive, round-toed shoes to their bosom.

But to get to the business of feet themselves . . . quite unshod. It's recognized by stylists that feet are the centre of poise. Properly, easily shod, they set off the clothes. And no good, expensive creams or massages can erase the lines that will continue to set themselves in a woman's face if her feet are unhappy.

For aching feet. It's a simple exercise to lie down with your feet elevated two feet above the body, for two hours. You can do it while you're reading or resting. It takes the blood from the feet, stimulates circulation, and often eases trouble in the pelvic region, the back or shoulders (much of which is caused by the feet). Swinging the feet over the head, and massaging are two other excellent treatments.

To rest the feet after a hard day. Soak them in a warm Epsom salt bath, then cold water. It is essential for men, women and children to change socks and stockings daily for real foot comfort. Perforated shoes ease discomfort in summer.

To strengthen the arches. Walk on the outside of your foot, literally holding your arches up, when you are barefooted in your bedroom. Or try it on the nice soft sand of the beach this summer. Stretch up and down on your toes, balancing ten times at a time, then rest. Reach as far upward as you can while doing it.

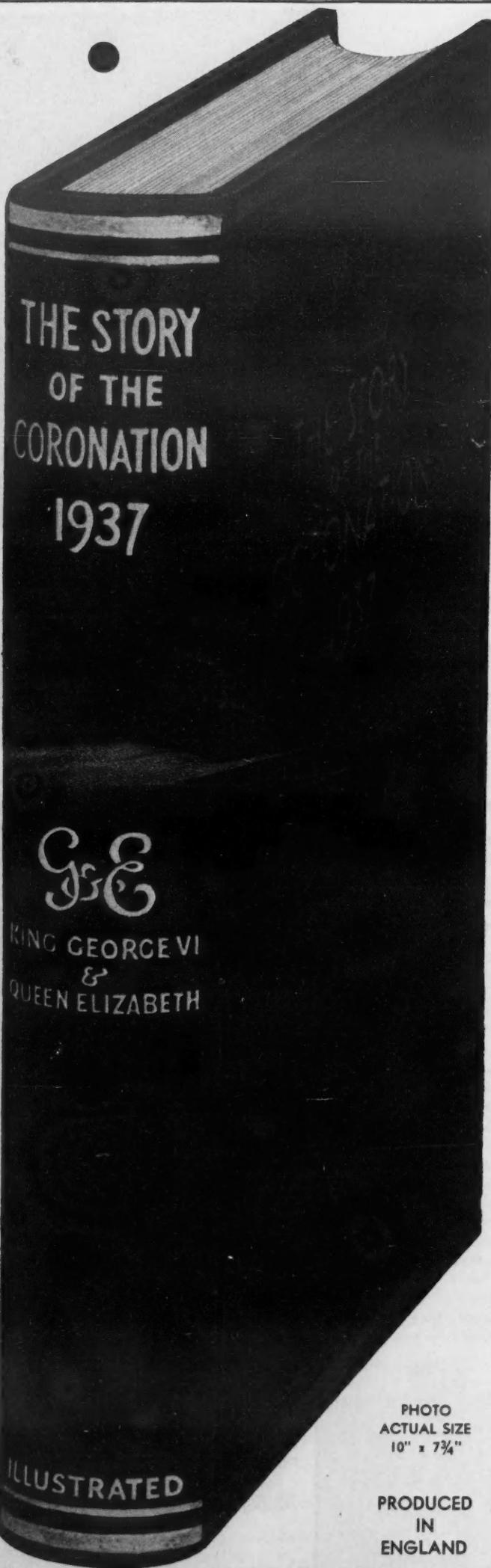
[Continued on page 98]

The right and the wrong way to walk downstairs. A famous model demonstrates, left, the placing of the feet, one ahead of the other, to make for a gracious, dignified carriage. Right, how NOT to do it. Wide apart steps appear ungainly and awkward.



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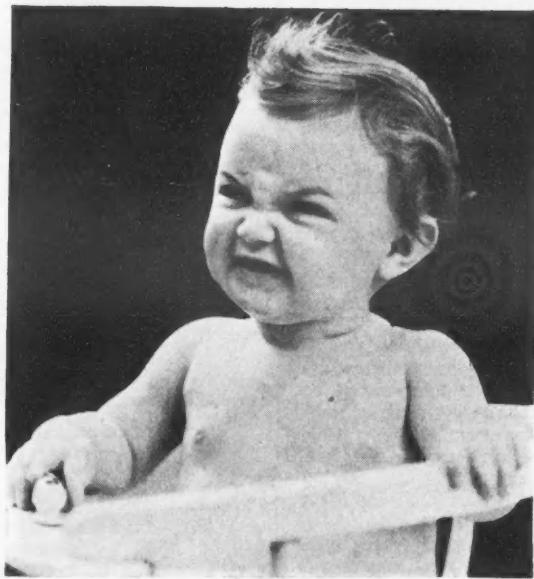
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THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by John W. S. McCullough, M.D.

IS YOUR CHILD NORMAL?

THE AVERAGE BABY weighs 7 lb. at birth and is 20 inches in height. At 1 year the corresponding figures are respectively 21 and 29. At 3 years it is easy to remember that the weight should be 33 pounds and at 7, 7 x 7, or 49 lb.

The front opening in the skull (anterior fontanelle) closes normally at 18 months and the first tooth, usually a lower central incisor, appears at 6 months. In the second dentition the first tooth is the first molar which appears at between 5 and 6 years and is called "the six-year-old molar." The largest circumference of the head is 13 inches at birth, 16 at 6 months and 18 at the end of the first year.

Infants from birth have quite a powerful grasp. At 3 months the infant should be able to raise its head and by 6 months should be able to balance the head steadily while the body is supported. At 9 months the average baby will sit up unsupported and between 12 and 18 months should be able to stand alone and perhaps walk a few steps.

Some children are able to use a few words at 12 months, while others do not talk until 2 years old. Failure to talk by 2½ years implies backwardness but this may be due to deafness or lack of the power of speech.

Mental defect may show nothing calculated to raise one's suspicions of such a condition. A too placid attitude is suggestive. The normal baby should at times have a good lusty cry, while mentally-defective infants may lie quietly all day. Such cases may have shown difficulty in sucking. Again, spells of monotonous crying may be due to some mental defect. The six-months-old baby who lies motionless and apathetic in his mother's arms, staring vacantly and taking no notice of his surroundings, may be mentally defective. Troublesome constipation and a series of convulsions should arouse interest in estimating the child's alertness.

YOUR QUESTION BOX

Question—My baby boy of 11 months passes a drop of blood after he urinates. It has not occurred very often. He is otherwise well. Please advise.—(Mrs.) W. G., Portage la Prairie, Man.

Answer—Though you do not say so, I presume the blood comes from the urin-

ary passage. This is unusual and is probably of no great consequence unless it continues with increasing frequency. A drop or two of blood sometimes comes from the bowel after movement. This is usually due to a crack or fissure and is generally caused by constipation.

Question—Please send formula for a three-months-old baby who does not seem satisfied after his feedings. Are there any additional foods I can give at this age? Please give some information about sugar of milk.—(Mrs.) H. D., Lancaster, Ont.

Answer—The formula for 3 to 4 months is:

Milk, 20 oz.; water, 15 oz.; (and 3 level tablespoonsfuls granulated sugar or the same of corn syrup or 4 of lactose (sugar of milk). This in seven feedings in the 24 hours at 3-hour intervals. Cod-liver oil, 1 teaspoonful at the beginning of each of 4 feedings. Orange juice ½ oz. diluted with equal water at 11 a.m. or 5 p.m. Nothing else is needed until the sixth month. Lactose or milk sugar is the most laxative of all the sugars. There is no need of using it unless the baby is constipated.

Question—My husband and I both had diphtheria and smallpox before marriage. Will this make our children immune to these diseases?—(Mrs.) L. A. H., Wayne, Alta.

Answer—No; the only things that will confer immunity against diphtheria and smallpox are respectively, diphtheria toxoid and smallpox vaccination. The latter had best be repeated at intervals of seven years and also tried if there is smallpox about. Childhood vaccination served to keep the writer immune from smallpox for 40 years. Then it had to be repeated.

FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Mothers desiring to receive the leaflets for expectant mothers and advice about a layette should write to Superintendent, Victorian Order of Nurses, 281 Sherbourne St., Toronto. The Victorian Order have very kindly offered to supply this information to expectant mothers.



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An enchanting, delicate, ivory-toned beauty which quickly smooths away that dull ordinary appearance. Renders a fascinating attractiveness to the skin and complexion and gives the shoulders, neck and arms a pearly charm that is so becoming when wearing low-cut dresses.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream will not "rub off," or show the effects of perspiration. It retains its beauty all day or evening without "touching up." The active oxygen and delicate odor make it an ideal deodorant. Made in White, Flesh, Rachel and Oriental-Tan.

Send 5c for Purse Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Montreal.



"Strangers stop in
the street to admire
our baby!"

"He is the picture of health—
and I think St. Charles Milk*
deserves the credit."

PURE FRESH MILK evaporated a few hours after milking time, and irradiated for Sunshine Vitamin D by the finest method known to science . . . that's St. Charles.

No wonder babies thrive on it. St. Charles is so easy to digest and promotes sturdy growth.

Let the whole family enjoy the extra goodness and freshness of St. Charles. It's not only better for babies, but for cooking and table use.

Ask your doctor about St. Charles for your baby.

*Made in Canada since 1899



Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK

THE BETTER IRRADIATED EVAPORATED MILK



• "Good grief, Mr. Giraffe, what a perfectly terrific rash you've got! You're broken out all over, even on your tail. And your neck's a sight! When a person has so much neck, it must be awful!"



• "I can remember when I used to have rashes... Boy, did I itch! In those days before we had Johnson's Baby Powder, there were times when I felt like jumping right out of my skin!"



• "But take a look at me now! Not a rash or a chafe anywhere since we've been using that soft, downy Johnson's. You try it—and see if it doesn't knock the spots off you, too!"



• "Feel a pinch of my Johnson's—isn't it smooth and slick? Not a bit gritty like some powders. It keeps my skin as fine as silk!" . . . That's the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc and mildly borated. Keep Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil in the bath-basket, too! Send 10c to Dept. C for a generous sample box of Baby Products.

Johnson & Johnson Limited
MONTREAL CANADA



Successful Bridge Parties

Price 15 cents — No. 101

Are your bridge parties always really successful? What about setting up the tables? Arranging players? Serving refreshments during the game? Prizes? What will you serve to eat after the morning, afternoon or evening party? All the important details in making your bridge parties successful from every point of view are given in this Institute Bulletin. 15 cents. Write

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS
481 University Ave., Toronto

FOR VERY YOUNG PARTIES



Full directions on page 93.

Chatelaine Patterns
Price 15c.



784

797

Who Wants to Give This Little Girl a Home?

Her name is Angela. Isn't it pretty? And her pussy is called Patter-Paws, because he is everywhere at once . . . his soft little footsteps just sounding on the floors. If you'd like Angela to come and live with you, cut her out and paste her on strong paper or thin cardboard. Do the same with all her pretty clothes. And don't forget the little tabs—they are the buttons that keep her dresses on. Will you please take Patter-Paws, too? He promises to be very, very good.



A Service of Love

EVERY mother dreams of her baby's future. What her baby becomes depends very largely upon that service of love which is even more important than the tiny garments so carefully chosen. So do all you can to be sure before your baby arrives that you will be able to feed the precious little one yourself.



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TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Enables Mothers to Breast-feed their Babies

Manufactured by A. Wander Limited, Peterborough, Canada. 170M



'? Since the days of coppertoes
the name **HURLBUT**
has stood for the finest in
children's shoes"

Coppertoes, in Grandma's days, were the knockabout shoes—protected at the toes by a band of copper which was built into them.

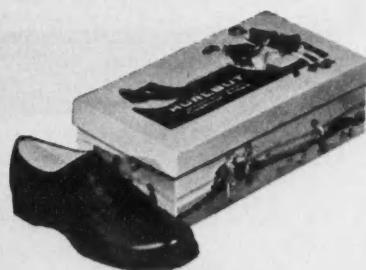
Even in those days Hurlbut Shoes were made so much better that they were one of the few shoes that merited identification. And it's the same today.

Hurlbut Shoes are still Hurlbuts—in the front rank of quality—with an unbeaten value in wear. They give your boy and girl that well-set-up air that comes only of shoes as they should be.

Their welcome never wears out

Hurlbut Shoes are culture Shoes. They are more than footwear—they cultivate the charm of perfect posture.

HURLBUT
SHOES for ALL GROWING AGES
THE SAVAGE SHOE COMPANY LIMITED, PRESTON, ONT.



Nine Diet Essentials

Essentials of Child Care in the
Pre-School Period

by Marjory Bradford
of the Canadian Welfare Council

THEY'RE CALLING the pre-school child the "forgotten child," he's so often neglected in his health routine. King Baby gets all the attention these days. Is that why school medical officers are reporting the child who enters school as being undernourished—even though well fed. There are nine essentials of diet listed below, with the first four and the last, especially important.

Milk: "A great bone, muscle and nerve builder." It is in itself a complete food and almost indispensable. At least three glasses a day or more should be taken if well digested and if it does not interfere with the appetite for other foods. It should be drunk slowly and toward the end of the meal. Custard, junket and cheese are other forms in which it may be given, with additional amounts on cereal or as a drink in mid-afternoon.

Cereals: Each morning for breakfast, well cooked, preferably the whole grain cereals. Certain ready-to-serve varieties are nourishing. Frequent changes are advisable. They should be served with milk and sugar, brown or white, or cream and sugar. The sugar should be used in moderation. The amount served should depend on the appetite of the child. For those few children who cannot or will not take cereal, two large slices of whole wheat bread, toasted, served with jam, honey or marmalade, are a very nourishing substitute.

Vegetables: At least one, better two, besides potato (baked or boiled in the skin) each day. A green leafy vegetable three or four times per week. The most nourishing common vegetables are carrots, spinach and peas. The size of the helpings must depend on the age and the appetite of the child. Raw vegetables should be given if there is a persistent dislike for cooked ones.

Fruit: Each day, at least one orange, one ripe tomato or a cupful of raw tomato juice. Other ripe fruits may be taken as well.

Meat: Not absolutely necessary, but chicken, liver, fish, beef, lamb, mutton (veal and pork for older children), three or four times per week or even daily in moderate helpings are very desirable.

Eggs: Daily or three or four times per week, poached, boiled or coddled for the younger children, cooked in various ways for the older children, may be given for breakfast or supper.

Butter: Or some other animal fat each day.

A wholesome dessert at dinner—milk puddings, stewed fruit, baked bananas, or combination of these.

Cod-liver Oil or Halibut-liver Oil (fortified): Three times a day, for its vitamin value, is strongly indicated during the fall, winter and spring months.

Other important articles such as bread and toast, jam and marmalade, bacon and soups, will be selected by the child according to his individual tastes and demands, and will help to round out satisfying meals. The energetic child will probably crave more jam, preserves and sweets than the less energetic child, or ask for second helpings at the table. Individual variations in tastes, unless patently unhealthy or abnormal, should be tolerated. Parents should, however, guard against the following unsuitable foods and bad eating habits:

Tea or coffee in lieu of milk or a milk drink.

Filling up with milk before the meal is well under way.

Eating candy and sweets excessively between meals. [Continued on page 99]



Now...WAX FLOORS
WITHOUT RUBBING
Just spread Old English No Rubbing Liquid Wax on floors, linoleum—it DRIES to a lovely, lasting shine. Waterproof. Greaseproof. At all dealers.

Old English
NO RUBBING LIQUID WAX

BABY NEED NOT GET YOU UP

YOU and your baby both need sleep. There is a sure and easy way to get it. Let Mrs. B—, Jr., of Winona, Ontario, tell you in her own words. "Night after night, as soon as we would get settled in bed, 'baby' would start crying. . . . Baby's Own Tablets changed all this. What a blessed relief."

In no sense are these "sleeping" tablets. But they promote healthful sleep by promptly making the ill baby well. The well baby always sleeps soundly.

They are perfectly safe for even the most delicate baby. Absolutely harmless, too. Contain no opiates or stupefying drugs. As easy to take as candy. Sweet-tasting and quick in their action. Each package gives an analyst's report.

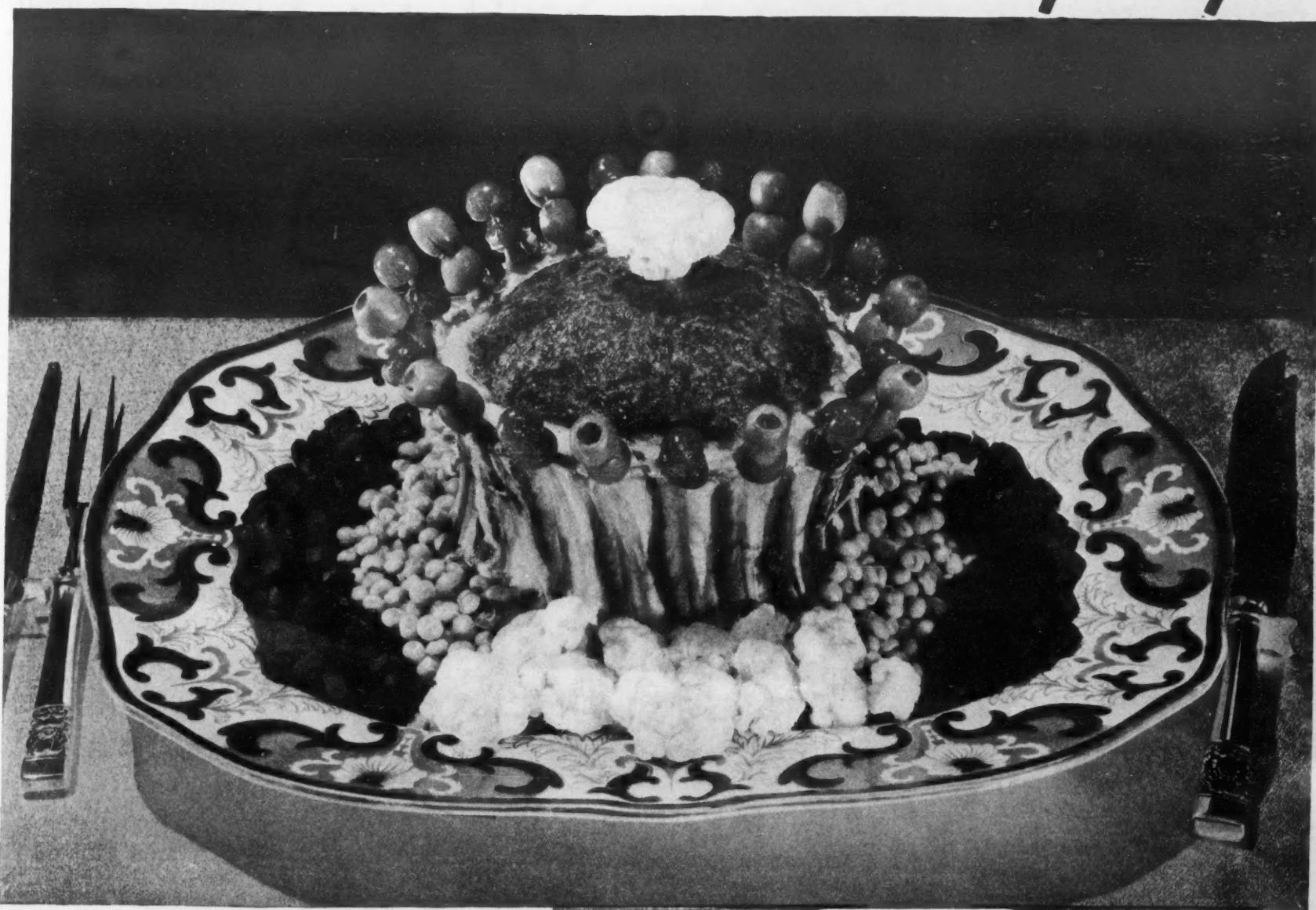
Baby's Own Tablets bring quick relief from most of "babies' ills. Teething troubles, constipation, simple fever, diarrhoea, upset stomach, colic, simple croup and colds all disappear when Baby's Own Tablets are given. 25 cents a box. If they are not effective, your druggist will refund your money.

"Last Resource" makes ugly itchy **PIMPLES** **DISAPPEAR** **QUICKLY**

"My face and back were covered with pimples. They were a sight. The pimples burned and itched so that I had many nights of sleeplessness. I tried many remedies, but to no avail. After two months of torment I got a sample of Cuticura and in two days the irritation was relieved. I then bought some, and after a few weeks my skin was cleared." (Signed) Miss J. Proctor, Rouleau, Sask. Splendid relief for pimples, rashes, itching and burning of eczema and other skin and scalp irritations of external origin when you use Cuticura. Buy today! FREE samples by writing "Cuticura," Dept. 33D, 286 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT

Housekeeping



JEWELS in a CORONATION MENU

By Helen G. Campbell

Queen's Cup. — A Royal punch indeed.

Lobster à la King. — And a tasty morsel for His Majesty, the husband.

Duchess Soup.—A rich and elegant opener to any dinner.

Princess Pudding. — Delicately pink and daintily molded.

Emperor Salad.—A palatial collection of crisp greens.

Crown Roast of Lamb

Regally does the crown roast rule the dinner menu. With becoming deference do the lesser dishes complement the pièce de résistance. The jewels in this crown are ruby cherries and emerald olives, the setting is a magnificent Royal Crown Derby platter and massed around it are more jewel tones — the deep red of beets, the green of peas and the pearly white of flowerets from cauliflower.

Have the butcher prepare the crown of lamb, trimming off most of the fat. Wipe it carefully and rub over with flour to which salt and pepper have been added. Put cubes of salt pork on the ends of the bones to keep them from burning. Place in a roasting pan in a hot oven for 15 or 20 minutes. Reduce the temperature to 350 deg. Fahr. and cook for 1½ to 1¾ hours. The centre of the crown may be filled with chopped seasoned meat or with bread dressing before baking, or with cooked seasoned vegetables just before serving. For serving, remove the fat from the ends of the bones and arrange cherries and olives alternately on them. Or, if preferred, place a paper cutlet frill on each one, garnish with cooked and seasoned diced beets, green peas and cauliflower flowerets. (Con. on page 80)

NEW "SUPER-DUTY" FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE METER-MISER

Cuts Current Cost to the Bone!

PERFORMS ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES YOU NEED FOR COMPLETE HOME REFRIGERATION, and Proves it!



PROOF 1

GREATER ICE-ABILITY

Ends "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"! At last, the refrigerator that instantly releases all ice trays—and all cubes from every tray, with the New INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE! Also freezes more pounds of ice—faster . . . and stores 100% more ice-cubes ready for use!



PROOF 2

GREATER STORAGE-ABILITY

New 9-Way Adjustable Interior! Goodbye to old-fashioned crowding and dish-juggling. Now you get maximum shelf space up in front. And Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Cold-Storage Tray, new Super-Duty Hydrators, ALL adjust like magic to suit any size or shape of food!



PROOF 3

GREATER PROTECT-ABILITY

Keeps Food Safer, Fresher, Longer! SAFETY-ZONE Cold in food compartment—proved by new Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door, always in sight. Plus MOIST Cold for vegetables . . . EXTRA Cold for meats . . . FREEZING COLD for ice cream and frozen desserts.



PROOF 4

GREATER DEPEND-ABILITY

Five-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors, on Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit. You get this protection plus Frigidaire's Sealed Steel Cabinet, Special Sealed Insulation and Lifetime Porcelain or Durable Dulux exterior.



PROOF 5

GREATER SAVE-ABILITY

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE

Meter-Miser

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE

Meet the Meter-Miser! See its lower operating cost proved before you buy! Meter-Miser does Super-Duty at amazing saving because it's the simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built . . . Only 3 moving parts, including the motor . . . permanently oiled, sealed against moisture and dirt. Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser saves enough on food and operating cost to pay for itself, and pay you a profit besides!

- This year women want *Completeness* in the refrigerator they buy.

They're not satisfied with merely one or two features that seem attractive. They demand *Proof* of All Five Basic Services needed in every kitchen. This year smart buyers want a *complete* Ice Service . . . a *complete* Storage Service . . . *complete* Food Protection . . . *complete* Dependability . . . and miserly operating cost . . . all in one refrigerator!

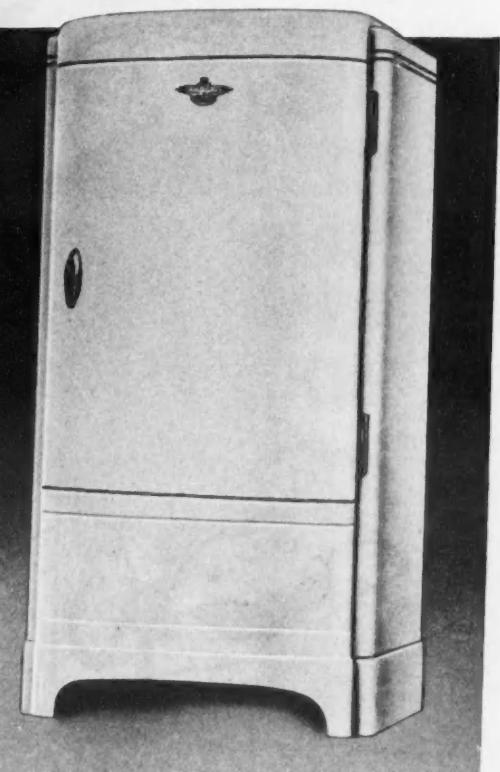
That's why the new "Super-Duty" Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser is the sensational leader today. It offers completeness never before known in home refrigeration! Now you can see Proof of amazing ability to serve you—Proof that lifts Frigidaire above all others.

Thousands Buy on Proof!

See for yourself at your Frigidaire dealer's the Proof of *every one* of the Five Basic Services. Observe how Frigidaire excels in ice-making, ice-storing and ice-removing. Test the marvelous flexibility of its 9-Way Adjustable Interior that makes magic roominess for bulky packages without crowding or jamming. And Frigidaire's miserly use of current, together with safe food protection even in the hottest weather, will be a source of kitchen-happiness for years to come!

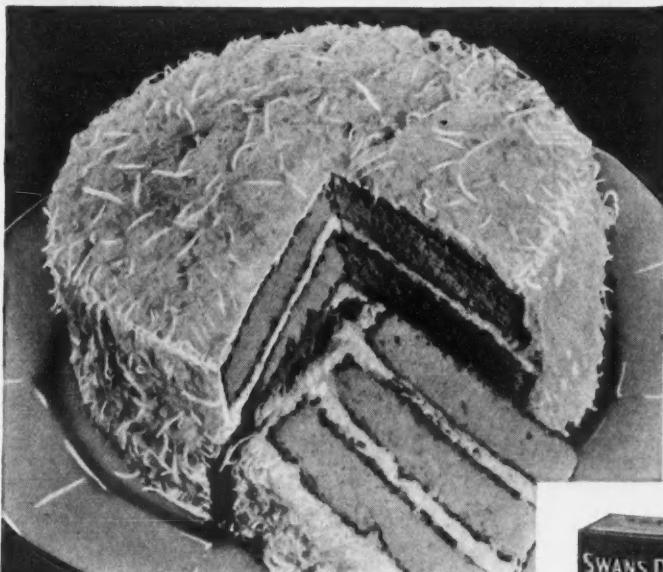
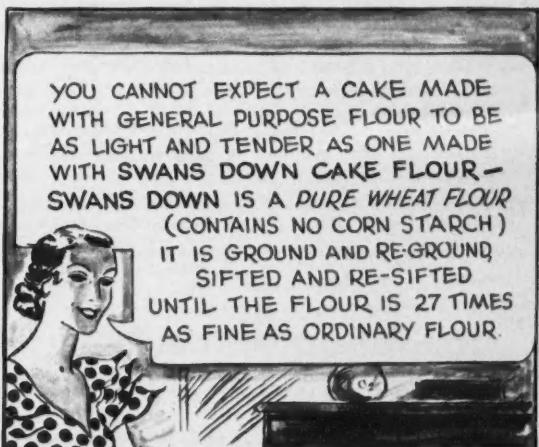
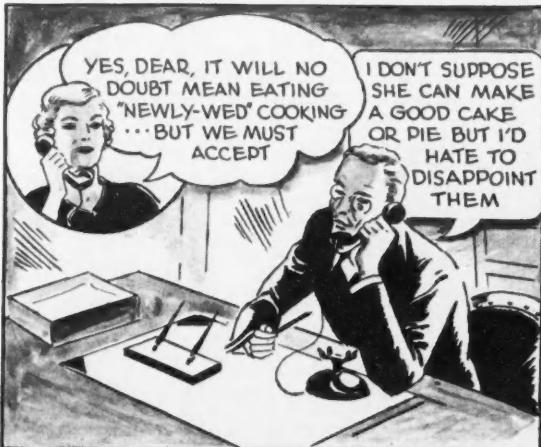
See the Proof! Check up on the things you want *before you buy*. Don't be fooled by mere claims, or a few superficial "talking points". Your nearest Frigidaire Dealer is ready now to demonstrate the handsome *Super-Duty* Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser. The Proof awaits you—today!

*Buy only on Proof
of Super-Duty*



FRIGIDAIRE . . . MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

The Boss GETS A BIG Surprise



LIGHTNING LAYER CAKE (2 eggs)

3½ cups sifted Swans Down Soft shortening as needed
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, unbeaten

1 cup milk
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Break eggs in cup and add enough shortening to fill cup. Put all ingredients into mixing bowl and beat vigorously 2 minutes. Bake in three greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes. Spread Seven Minute Frosting between layers, on top and sides of cake, sprinkling thickly with Baker's Coconut, Southern Style.

SEVEN MINUTE FROSTING

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
5 tablespoons cold water

1½ teaspoons light corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla

Put egg whites, sugar, water, and corn syrup in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire, add vanilla, and beat until thick enough to spread.

(All measurements are level.)

SWANS DOWN
BRAND
CAKE FLOUR
Made in Canada



FREE for 2c Stamp
—41 popular Swans Down recipes in a brand-new booklet—"Bake Like a Champion!"

ONLY 10c —"Latest Cake Secrets." A complete cake-making book that every beginner or expert will prize. Tells reasons and remedies for cake difficulties. How to mix and bake perfectly. 64 illustrated pages. 102 delicious recipes for cakes, frostings and quick breads.

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What Electric Ranges Offer . . . by Helen G. Campbell

by Helen G. Campbell

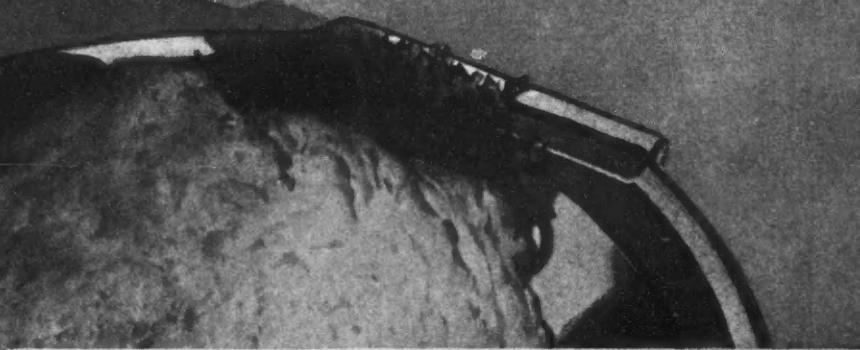
Cleanliness, Economy, Convenience Good Cooking Results



"My daughter can't get enough of my SALMON ROLL!"

says the mother of MYRTLE A. COOK,

WORLD'S FAMOUS SWIMMING AUTHORITY and former Olympic Champion



Mrs. Cook's recipe for SALMON ROLL

2 cups flour	1 tin salmon (1½ cups)
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	4 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons lemon juice
4 tablespoons shortening	2 teaspoons scraped onion
1 egg	1½ tablespoons chopped parsley
½ cup milk	½ teaspoon salt

Sift together first 3 ingredients. Add shortening; mix in well with fork. Beat egg slightly in measuring cup; add milk to make $\frac{1}{4}$ cup; add to first mixture. Roll out on floured board in sheet 8 inches long and about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Mix remaining ingredients; spread evenly on dough. Roll up like Jelly Roll; bake on baking sheet in hot oven (425° F.) about 30 minutes. Serve in slices with hot Egg Sauce. Serves 8.

EGG SAUCE: To 2 cups medium White Sauce, add 2 hard-cooked eggs (chopped) and, if desired, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley.

**"She likes its wholesome goodness.
And I make sure it's always fluffy
by using Magic for the crust."**

MYRTLE A. COOK'S active, varied life has given her a healthy, but fastidious, appetite that's quick to appreciate her mother's delicious cooking.

Mrs. Cook gives her family substantial meals, cooked as only she knows how. Her tempting Salmon Roll is a great favorite with her daughter—salmon tastily seasoned . . . folded in a light, tender crust that flakes at the touch of a fork. She serves it with peas, a salad of mixed greens, and fresh fruit and cookies for dessert. It's a delicious, well-balanced and thrifty meal.

"REMEMBER—USE MAGIC," warns Mrs. Cook

"Salmon Roll is easy to make, but you must use Magic Baking Powder if you want the crust to be light and flaky. I've been using Magic for years. It's the only brand I've found that's dependable. I feel safer using it, too . . . it's guaranteed free from harmful ingredients. And it cuts down on expenses . . . there's no risk of wasting good ingredients through failure."

For over 50 years, women have found Magic Baking Powder reliable. Today, 3 out of 4 Canadian housewives use Magic, and leading Canadian cookery experts use and recommend it. They know they can always depend on it for fine texture and lightness in everything they bake.

Yet this superior baking powder is very economical. Enough for an average baking costs less than 1¢. Buy a tin of Magic today.

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BAKING
POWDER,
Fraser Avenue,
Toronto 2, Ontario
Dept. C-5

Please send me—free—the famous Magic Cook Book.

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FREE! MAGIC COOK BOOK—

Savory meat dishes, delicious new cakes, cookies, puddings, pies! 307 tested recipes. Valuable cooking helps. Mail coupon.

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MAGIC
BAKING
POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM
MADE IN CANADA

MEALS OF THE MONTH



Chatelaine's Delightful Solutions to Your Spring Menu Problems

1	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
	Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Toast Coffee	Savory Corn Custard Prune, Pineapple and Cheese Salad Sweet Biscuits Cocoa	Grilled Smoked Ham Creamed Potatoes Spinach Molds Banana Shortcake Tea
2	(Sunday) Pineapple Juice French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee	Baked Stuffed Eggs Brown Rolls or Bran Muffins Rhubarb Molds Plain Iced Cake Cocoa	Cream of Mushroom Soup Jellied Tongue Potato and Celery Salad Tomatoes Stuffed with Grated Raw Vegetables Butterscotch Pie Tea
3	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Rolls or Muffins Jelly Coffee	Creamed Salmon on Toast Canned Plums Cake Tea	Veal Fricassee Boiled Potatoes Buttered Carrots Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding with Cocnut Tea
4	Stewed Prunes with Lemon Bacon Toast Coffee	Chicken Soup Vegetable Jelly Molds with Mayonnaise Cup Cakes Fruit Sauce Tea	Roast Lamb Roll Caper Gravy Browned Potatoes String Beans Baked Rhubarb Sponge Cake Tea
5	Tomato Juice Cereal Hot Biscuits Coffee	Small Sausages Mustard Pickles Panfried Potatoes Junket with Oranges Icebox Cookies Tea	Julienned Soup Cold Sliced Lamb Roll Mint Jelly Potato Cakes Creamed Cauliflower Raisin Bread Pudding Tea
6	Half Grapefruit Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Cheese Toast and Bacon Radishes Raspberry Jelly Whip Tea	Broiled Wing Steaks Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Pineapple Trifle Tea
7	Lemon and Orange Juice Cereal Corn Muffins with Dates Jelly Coffee	Cream of Celery Soup Crackers Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Sliced Bananas with Cream Tea	Baked Mackerel Drawn Butter Sauce French-fried Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Maple Tapioca with Nuts Tea
8	Stewed Apricots Creamed Leftover Fish on Toast Coffee	Pork and Beans Brown Bread Head Lettuce Apple Sauce Tea	Liver and Onions Parley Potatoes Chilled Lemon Pudding Tea
9	(Sunday) Chilled Grape Juice Cereal Plain Omelet Coffee	Chicken (canned), Pineapple and Almond Salad Hot Rolls Mocha Layer Cake Tea	Roast of Pork Pork Rinds Browned Potatoes Cauliflower Apricot Bavarian Cream Tea
10	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Baked Eggs in Potatoes Fresh Fruit Cup Cake (from Sunday) Tea	Tomato Soup Cold Roast Pork Scalloped Potatoes Harvard Beets Ice Cream Pineapple Sauce Tea
11	Rhubarb Pancakes and Syrup Coffee	Pepperpot Soup Casserole of Pork and Spaghetti Canned Peaches Cookies Tea	Potato Croquettes Cheese Sauce Spinach Buttered Carrots Green Peas Chocolate Cottage Pudding Marshmallow Sauce Tea
12	(Coronation Day) Grapefruit Juice Grilled Kidneys Toast Coffee	Welsh Rarebit Celery Strawberries and Cream Cake Tea	Barley Broth Roast Beef Brown Gravy Yorkshire Pudding Boiled Potatoes Creamed Onions Rhubarb Tart Tea
13	Orange Halves Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Cold Roast Beef Horseradish Panfried Potatoes Fruit Jelly Whipped Cream Tea	Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Tea
14	Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee	Pea Soup Mixed Vegetable Salad Brown Bread Individual Cup Custards Tea	Steamed Salmon Egg Sauce Riced Potatoes New Cabbage Cherry Roll with Sauce made from Cherry Juice Tea
15	Sliced Bananas Bacon Toast Coffee	Salmon Croquettes Parsley Sauce Potato Chips Small Berry Tarts Cocoa	Veal Stew Boiled Potatoes Buttered Beets Orange Tapioca Tea
16	(Sunday) Fresh Pineapple Broiled Sausages Toast Coffee	Devilled Egg and Watercress Salad Scones Chocolate Eclairs Tea	Vegetable Soup Sirloin Steak with Mushroom Mashed Potatoes Asparagus Chilled Rice Mold Butterscotch Sauce Tea
17	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
	Oranges Cereal Toasted Scones Conserve Tea	Cream of Onion Soup Crackers Fruit Salad Sweet Rolls Cocoa	Meat Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Carrots Peach Shortcake Tea
18	Stewed Prunes Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Cold Meat Loaf Mustard Pickles Potato Salad Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Tea	Pork Chops Creamed Potatoes Green Beans Lime Jelly with Diced Fruit and Marshmallows Wafers
19	Rhubarb Bread and Milk Corn Muffins Tea	Grilled Sardines on Toast with Lemon Caramel Junket with Shaved Almonds Tea	Boiled Corned Beef New Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Prune Soufflé Tea
20	Cereal with Chopped Dates Bacon Toast Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Head Lettuce with Dressing Canned Pears Cookies Cocoa	Noodle Soup Cold Sliced Corned Beef Pan-fried Potatoes Steamed Cup Cakes Raisin Spice Sauce Tea
21	Half Grapefruit Pancakes and Syrup Tea	Savory Omelet Brown Toast Apple, Celery and Nut Salad Tea	Fried Trout with Lemon Parsley Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Rhubarb Crisp Tea
22	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Bean Soup Crackers Baked Bananas Lemon Sauce Sponge Drops Tea	Grilled Fresh Ham Mashed Potatoes Blanmange with Tart Jelly Tea
23	(Sunday) Grapefruit Juice Cereal Fried Small Fish Toast Coffee	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Stuffed Celery Berries and Cream Tea	Roast of Lamb Browned Potatoes Buttered Broccoli Fresh Pineapple Ice Cream Macaroons Tea
24	(Victoria Day) Cereal with Fresh or Stewed Fruit Poached Eggs on Toast Tea	Rice Ring with Curried Lamb Fruit Jelly Whip Icebox Cookies Tea	Fruit Cup Ramekins of Scalloped Sea Food Hot Cheese Biscuits Grated Raw Vegetable Salad Cocoanut Cream Pie Tea
25	Tomato Juice Cereal Date Muffins Tea	Oxtail Soup Frankfurters in Split Rolls Chopped Relish Pickle Grapefruit Cup Tea	Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Buttered Onions Apricot Upside-down Cake Tea
26	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee	Corn and Cheese Custard Green Onions Jam Turnovers Tea	Dressed Pork Tenderloin Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Lemon Sponge Small Cakes Tea
27	Rhubarb French Toast Syrup Tea	Hamburger in Gravy on Toast Sweet Pickles Canned Fruit Chelsea Buns Cocoa	Chicken Soup Cold Sliced Tenderloin Potato Cakes Baked Marshmallow Custard Tea
28	Sliced Bananas Scrambled Eggs Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Cabbage, Carrot and Nut Salad Bran Muffins Honey Tea	Breaded Fillets of Haddock Tartare Sauce Savory Rice with Tomatoes Baked Grape Juice Pudding Tea
29	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toasted Muffins Tea	Italian Spaghetti Brown Rolls Sliced Oranges and Cocoanut Tea	Bacon Creamed Potatoes Beet Greens Maple Cottage Pudding Tea
30	(Sunday) Chilled Tomato Juice Grilled Ham Toast Coffee	Diced Beet and Celery Salad Horseradish Dressing Toasted Cheese Fingers Chocolate Cornstarch Molds with Nuts and Plain Cream Tea	Mushroom Soup Chicken Fricassee Boiled New Potatoes Asparagus Strawberry Shortcake Tea
31	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee	Spinach and Poached Egg Brown Bread Cup Cakes Butterscotch Sauce Tea	Veal Steak Panfried Potatoes Baked Rhubarb Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks
are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month

Suit your overdrapes to your setting . . . Style, fabric, pattern and length will depend on whether you want a formal or a cozy room, an ultra modern effect or a period look; a masculine or a feminine setting. Here are some helpful guideposts when you re-dress your windows this spring.

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Make Drapes to Match Your Room . . .

WHILE ADMITTEDLY a window's chief function is to shed light in otherwise dark places, smart dressing transforms it into one of the most attractive features of a room. We discussed previously what it will wear by way of glass curtains, and now we come to the even more decoratively important question of over-draperies.

Again the room itself—its architecture, purpose and general character—is your first consideration in styling its windows. Particular attention should be paid to the proportions of the openings in order that their dress may be designed becomingly.

As appropriateness is the first rule of a successful costume, the setting determines to a large extent not only the "hang" of the over-draperies but the texture, color and pattern of the material used. Or conversely, the window treatment may suggest the key for the decorative scheme. In either case, the draperies are part of the furnishings of the room, not mere accessories, and for a happy effect there should be a feeling of harmony between them.

Taken for granted that the stage is set—a formal stylized pattern is the best choice for a formal room, while a naturalized floral or some other unpretentious design would be the thing for a simple background. In a man's room or study, stripes, squares and geometric forms seem particularly suitable. Period furniture calls for traditional designs of that time and modern interiors put the emphasis on texture. Light dainty shades and gay effects appeal to a young girl's taste for her boudoir, while a boy might prefer decided colors and dramatic motifs at his window. Quaint, naive patterns are suitable for the nursery or a child's room.

Of course, there is more than one way of interpreting these suggestions which are given merely in the interest of suiting the fabric to its setting and avoiding discords. And as each season's showing of drapery materials is diverse and charming, you can always find the very piece which will give unity to the room's ensemble. Decide the purpose, decoratively speaking, that you want the over-draperies to serve. A room which is cramped or crowded can be given a more spacious appearance by simple straight-line hangings of plain fabric in a tone which blends with the walls. Contrariwise, if the room seems rather bare, roughish textures and bold colorful patterns will help to give it a more furnished look. Low ceilings take on extra height, apparently, when long straight curtains are used, and a too-tall window is improved by adding a valance to break the perpendicular line.



Length—Floor-length draperies give a room dignity and a certain stateliness. For luxurious effects, they are often made to rest on the floor in a graceful sweep. This arrangement is good for living rooms done in period style, in powder rooms, guest bedrooms, music rooms and other formal settings. Short curtains should reach to the apron, not merely to the sill. Use these on high short windows and groups of windows where the emphasis is naturally horizontal. This length is also appropriate for a man's den, boy's room, and such others as kitchen and bath. But have your curtains either long or short, not a compromise somewhere between the apron and floor.

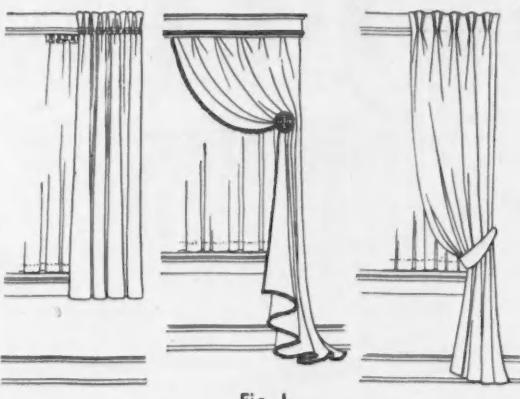


Fig. I

Straight or tied back? When straight lines predominate in the room, the draperies usually follow; modern interiors are a good example. But where curves are frequent—as with Queen Anne furniture, for instance—the hangings are looped back to repeat the flowing forms. Curved lines are supposed to be more feminine and decorative in effect, but straight lines give a tailored appearance.

If a radiator, built-in bookcase or bench presents a problem, it can be met in either of two ways. Let the hangings end just above it or have the rods extra width to extend beyond the window and tie back the hangings to clear the obstruction. Similarity of drapery treatment between windows facing the street is not so important as in the case of glass curtains, for they are not hung so close to the pane and are not as visible to passers-by.

Fabrics—Materials range from the comparatively light weight to rich and heavy, from simplest informal weaves to elaborate effects, from dull to lustrous finish, from plain textures and colors to those of much design and pattern and from inexpensive to costly fabrics. They include cottons, linens, rayons, silks, satins, mohairs, velvets, wool weaves and different mixtures of threads to add to the variety. Keep in mind the size and decoration of the room as well as the quantity and quality of light when making your choice. Consider the effect when hung rather than appearance in the piece; there may be considerable difference, depending on the mass, the light and the character of other furnishings.

Chintzes and printed linens are popular and appropriate in many settings. Damask, satin, corded silk, glazed chintz, and so on, suit an atmosphere of elegance, while denim, crash and cretonnes [Continued on page 87]

This is my cereal!

Star of "WEE WILLIE WINKIE" 20th Century-Fox Picture.

SHIRLEY LOVES to play like any little girl. Bicycling, croquet, tennis, horseback riding, dolls . . . Shirley's appetite for fun (and Quaker Puffed Wheat) is just about bottomless!

SAYS
**SHIRLEY
TEMPLE**



SCENE: Shirley Temple's home. *Time*. Eight o'clock, most any morning. For this is the way every day starts for Shirley . . . with a heaping big bowlful of crisp, crunchy Quaker Puffed Wheat.

"**JUST A WORKING GIRL!**" When Shirley is "working" (if you could call the fun she has that) recesses are long and frequent and one of them at least includes a big bowl of Quaker Puffed Wheat and cream!

NO BETS ARE overlooked when it comes to taking care of Shirley! Dozens of cereals were tested before Quaker Puffed Wheat was picked for her diet. And how Shirley loves the crisp toasty grains!



SHIRLEY HAS just finished telling her favorite doll all about how Quaker Puffed Wheat is made of whole wheat—full of nutrition, and yet light and easy to digest! (You'd be startled at the amount she tucks away every morning.)



3 WRAPPINGS GUARD ITS CRISPNESS



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Full information on the Home Improvement Plan and what it covers may be obtained from your local committee, your Provincial Chairman, your bank or the National Employment Commission, Ottawa.

people who will do the work and see how many of them will fit into your budget.

SIMPLIFIED FINANCING

Any contractor, supply firm or architect can help you arrange a Home Improvement Plan loan if you need it to finance the work for you, or you can apply direct to your banker. No security or endorsement needed: you simply show that you can repay in monthly instalments and the loan is made, the work proceeds, your home is made brighter and more livable and men get needed jobs.



(The cost of this series of advertisements sponsored by the National Employment Commission, has been defrayed entirely by public-spirited concerns and individuals as a contribution towards that "Nation-wide co-operative effort" envisaged by the Parliament of Canada in the National Employment Commission Act.)

National Employment Commission

UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT



There isn't just One way to do over the front of an old house—as these three distinctive treatments show. They would be effective on any house of similar style.

Give Your House a New Face

By RICHARD A. FISHER, B.Arch., M.R.A.I.C.

Illustrations by E. D. Harris from designs by Mr. Fisher.

THREE more ways than one of killing a cat—and there are more ways than one in which your old house can be given a thrillingly new and modern exterior! Many people, perhaps basing their judgment on one or two examples which they may have seen, think that one set of inflexible rules must be followed: the verandah *must* be removed, the walls *must* be covered with brick veneer and painted, or perhaps stuccoed if they are already of brick. Nothing could be farther from the truth—any alteration may have a dozen different solutions, all equally [Continued on page 76]



In the drawing above a veneer of red brick, respaced upper windows, and delicate wood doorway have given the old house the ever-fresh charm of English eighteenth-century Georgian.

TOP LEFT: A freer Georgian treatment, with exterior of snowy-white stucco. A generous bay window has brought the sunshine into the living room. The red front door would add a cheerful note of color.

LEFT: A gable of wide white clapboards with semicircular "spiderweb" window, olive green shutters, and delicate wood lattice verandah contrast with the red brick veneer to recapture the delightful spirit of Early Ontario Colonial

Coronation Preview . . .

(Continued from page 13)

monarch. As it is an expensive business they now are first asked if they want to be summoned. The Premiers of the Dominions with representatives of their governments, the Indian princes who hold their own inauguration of the King Emperor at their Durbar later, are invited to attend. A few lucky press men from different parts of the Empire will sit with the boys of Westminster School who greet the King as he passes under the organ screen with a shouted, "Vivat Rex Georgius" (May King George Live), as has been their privilege at Coronations for centuries.

What Will Those Attending the Ceremonies Wear?

Regulations order the costumes of the peers and peeresses, though some will wear old robes, some new, some borrowed and some even rented. The peers must wear a robe or mantle of crimson velvet edged with miniver and a cape of the same white fur with two rows of black ermine tails for a baron, two and a half for a viscount, three for an earl, three and a half for a marquis and four rows for a duke. They wear these over full, gold braided court dress with silk stockings, uniforms or regiments and carry their coronets or have them carried by pages if they are in the entrance procession—until the King is crowned. Peeresses wear "kirtles" or loose coats of velvet with robes (trains) over evening dress—and have the same fur trimmings as their husbands. The coronets are like crowns and are in different designs for different ranks but have no jewels or cross bands.

How Will the Peeresses Put on Their Coronets Without Mirrors?

That is a problem. Many of the peeresses intend to use their coronets as lunch boxes or vanity cases until the time comes to put them on. Then they have left it up to the London hairdressers who have been busy for months working out cushion coiffures for the rather odd-looking crowns. Most of them are mounted on veiling which will be hairpinned on; many will have an elastic band.

How Will Everyone Find Their Seats?

There are to be many rehearsals beforehand. The King and Queen will not take part but have "stand-ins" and a private look around later. On the day itself 400 Gold Staff Officers will rise from their downy couches, breakfast at the House of Lords, and be on duty at the Abbey by 5.30 a.m. to act as ushers. They will not be through until the afternoon but this marvellous opportunity to see the ceremony is a greatly coveted privilege. The British Prime Minister's son, Mr. Windham Baldwin, is to be a "Goldstick" as they are called from the three-foot gold and crimson rods they carry. These with the armlets they wear are to be their only reward for a hard day's work.

How Will the Abbey Be Decorated?

It is not decorated, it is "formally dressed." Blue and silver hangings will be used in front of the Royal boxes and elsewhere. The chairs for the peers will be covered with blue velours with gold braid and the seamless carpet down the centre will be of blue chenille. Other sections of the floor near the altar will be carpeted in gold color and the curtains will resemble cloth of gold. The chairs and thrones for royalty are upholstered in crimson with embroidered coats of arms.

Where Will Queen Mary Sit?

Either in the Royal box with her sons and daughter or in the Queen's box. She is anxious to avoid the limelight and it is believed she will not wear the rich robe from her own Coronation nor wear a crown.

What Will the Little Princesses Wear and Do?

They are to wear long frilly dresses and white gloves, purple velvet trains made like peeresses' but no kirtles as they are of Royal blood. They will probably be under the care of a Royal relative. Princess Elizabeth will have her own Lady-in-Waiting for the first time.

Does the Archbishop of Canterbury Always Officiate at Coronations?

It is his right as Primate of the Church of England, but there have been archbishops who did not like new kings—one refused to crown William the Conqueror. There have been kings who did not like the archbishops, and there have been unexpected events. At King Edward VII's Coronation the very elderly archbishop knelt to his king and could not get up until the king assisted him. So the Archbishop of York crowned Queen Alexandra.

Will There Be Any Special Coronation Music?

Yes, from a brand-new organ, a choir numbering 400 and a special orchestra. At the last Coronation a musician was the hero of the day—he filled in an awkward pause with a lovely extemporaneous composition.

Who Will Get the Best View?

Probably a musician and a Gold Staff Officer who are to be placed on top of the organ screen to direct proceedings.

Are There Many Changes This Time?

No previous Coronation has brought so many changes. Motor cars and telephones will be used in connection with the event for the first time. Room had to be found for the Air Force officials. The prayers and procedure have been altered slightly to include the Dominions. A Queen Mother will attend and create a precedent in history. A princess who is the heir recognized to the throne will take part.

Where Does the Coronation Procession Begin?

The King and Queen drive in the gilded coach of state—which has just been done over—from Buckingham Palace. The coach is lovely to look at, but very rocky to ride in, or at least so the rumor goes which insists several queens have felt quite seasick. Before Their Majesties leave the palace, various smaller processions precede them in cars with letters on the windshields appertaining to parking, but which denote to the crowd whether the occupants are diplomats, ministers or visiting dignitaries. The Prime Ministers of the Dominions drive in open carriages as do also close relatives of the Royal Family.

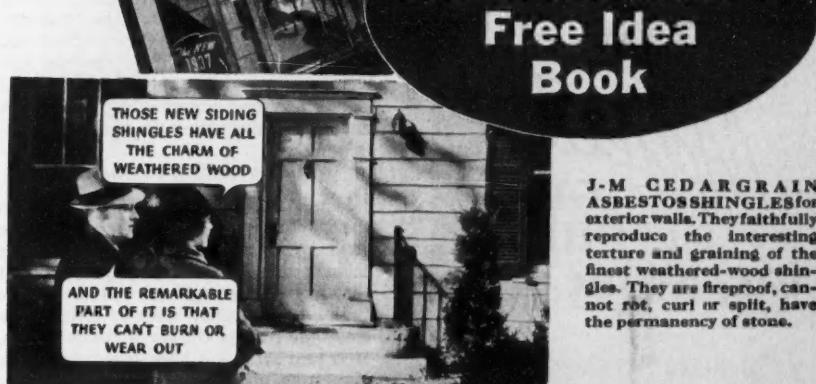
What Do the King and Queen Wear?

The King wears "The Cap of Maintenance or State"—a velvet and jewelled headdress, until he is anointed. He arrives at the Abbey in crimson velvet, leaving it in royal purple and will wear the gorgeous robes made for King Edward VII. The Queen will wear her new crown—made to her express wishes of platinum—an innovation—with only diamonds as jewels. Among the stones will be the Koh-i-noor from Queen Mary's crown and the great Indian diamond from Queen Victoria's. Her robe—or train—will be of purple velvet specially woven in England of home-grown silk. It is six yards long, 56 inches wide, narrowing to the shoulders and embroidered with the flower emblems of the Empire with her Royal crown and cipher of entwined E's in the centre. The

101 ways to fix up your home inexpensively



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This book tells you—and shows you, too, in dozens of fascinating pictures (some in beautiful full color)—just how to transform an old-fashioned living room, put an extra room

in the attic, make over a bathroom or kitchen, put on a new roof or siding or waterproof asbestos shingles, insulate your house against heat and cold.

Dozens of practical ideas for low-cost remodeling. Also includes full information on financing home improvements with convenient monthly payments under the terms of the government-sponsored Home Improvement Plan. The book is FREE, mail the coupon.

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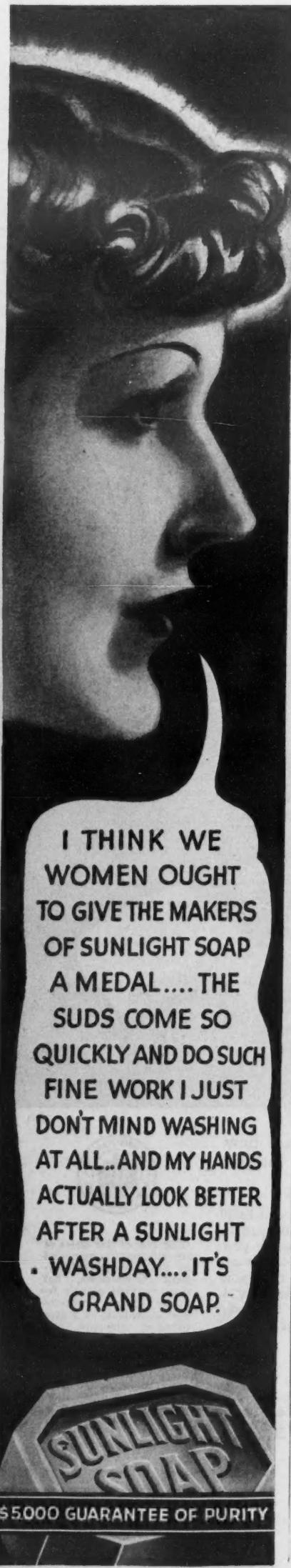
I am planning to remodel my home. Send me the new 1937 "101 Book," FREE I am especially interested in Home Insulation Insulating Board for building extra rooms An Asbestos Shingle roof Cedar-grain Asbestos Siding Shingles

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Give Your House a New Face

(Continued from page 74)

successful. That is why three quite different schemes of renovation have been suggested for the old house illustrated. Each one presents a satisfying solution—yet how differently the effect has been achieved! And many more could be shown, if space permitted. The main things to consider, in any alteration, are your own specific requirements and preferences, not any arbitrary list of "musts." The experienced designer can weld almost any set of mandatory requirements into an expression of dignity and charm.

Do you prefer the dignity of a simple Georgian treatment, reminiscent of the small town houses of eighteenth-century England? The illustration beside the photograph shows our old house, with verandah and second-story bay removed, upper windows respaced, a veneer of red brick, and a simple wooden doorway with wrought iron railing. These simple and inexpensive changes have sufficed to recall memories of this great cultural period. The flat arches over the windows will look better if you select bricks of a lighter red than the main wall for them. And paint the woodwork a good honest white—it will be much more satisfying with the red brick than the "cream" and "off-white" that are used so often.

The upper illustration shows a freer treatment of the Georgian style, with the front wall of stucco. The most economical, and quite satisfactory, way to achieve this would be to patch the present stucco and paint it white, with any good brick paint. A simple molded ornament has been substituted for the attic ventilator. And a wide curved bay floods the living room with sunlight. The shutters could be painted the conventional green—but a deep blue-black would give the house a more tailored appearance. The front door could either match the shutters or, better still, be painted an ox-blood red. A certain gaiety

of color in the front door is quite in keeping with this treatment.

The lower drawing shows a completely different treatment, one which has perhaps a more intimate charm than the other two. It draws its inspiration from the staunch old Loyalist houses of Eastern Canada, and shows how a front verandah, if it is desired, can become a graceful and decorative adjunct to the modern home. The wide clapboard gable and simple sheet-metal verandah roof would be easy to install. Again the front would be veneered in red brick.

If you are contemplating any renovation similar to the ones illustrated, your roof should be examined carefully to see if it needs replacing. A shabby roof would completely ruin the effect of the new front, however carefully it might be finished.

A roofing material which is increasing in popularity for re-roofing is the asphalt shingle, finished with slate chips. These shingles can be obtained in many delightful colors, and even in the heavier grades can compete favorably in cost with wood shingles. It is best to avoid the lightest weight asphalt shingles for re-roofing purposes, and select those weighing about 200 pounds per 100 square feet. Also, be sure your roofer removes or nails down any of the old shingles which are badly warped or curled, otherwise the new shingles will not lie flat.

Western red cedar shingles of course retain their popularity, and can be laid without difficulty over old shingles. They can be left unstained, and will weather to a pleasant silver grey. If you desire color on your roof, the cedar shingles may be dipped in stain before laying.

In each scheme of renovation illustrated the heavy overhanging eave at the front gable has been cut back. This is not a difficult or expensive operation—a few hours work with a saw by an experienced carpenter, a new wood molding at the shingle line, and you will have the trim, snug gable demanded by the best modern work. And don't forget to see if the gutters and rainwater pipes need replacing. Galvanized iron is the cheapest material but will require frequent repainting. Copper, though more expensive in first cost, needs no finishing, and will last the lifetime of even this completely rejuvenated house.

Chatelaine's HOME IMPROVEMENT CONTEST

Chatelaine will pay \$25.00 for the best example of home improvements submitted each month.

Each month Chatelaine pays \$25.00 for the best before-and-after photographs showing actual renovations undertaken by readers. In addition, interesting photographs that may not win the monthly prize will be bought by Chatelaine at usual space rates.

The amount of money you spend is not important. It's ideas we want—and actual photographs or sketches illustrating those ideas. Attach with your photographs a brief outline of the cost and details of the plans involved.

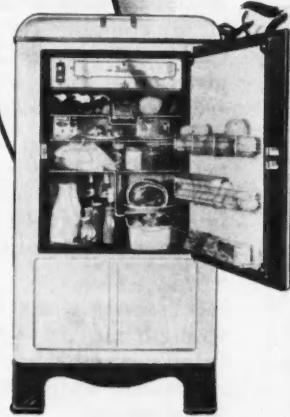
The contest is for readers of Chatelaine anywhere in Canada, except employees of The MacLean Publishing Company and their immediate families.

Photograph your renovations, and submit them in our new Home Improvement Contest. There's a prize every month.

Send your entries to
HOME IMPROVEMENT DEPARTMENT
CHATELAINE INSTITUTE
481 University Ave., Toronto.



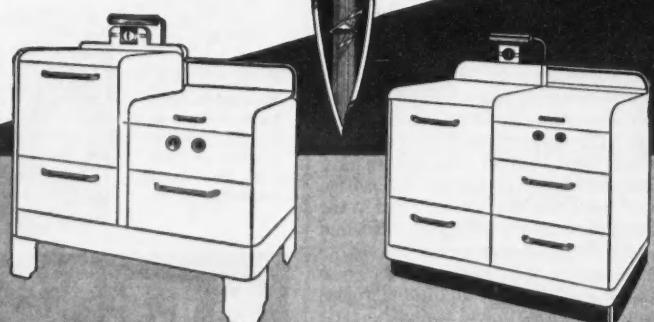
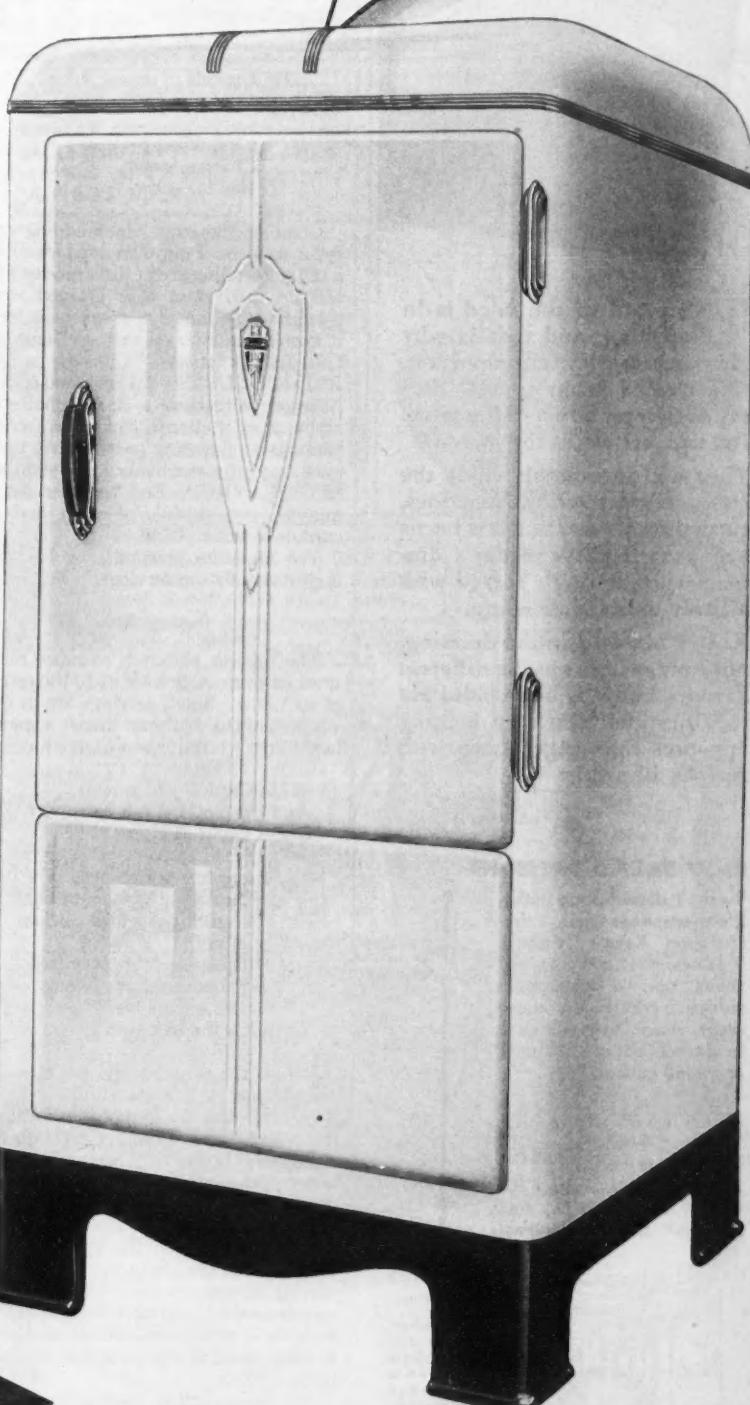
DESIGNED FOR CLEVER WOMEN WHO DEMAND VALUE



The 1937 Beach Electric Refrigerators have been designed and built to meet a need. Women have been frank in telling their requirements—simplicity—dependability—convenience—ease of cleaning—assured trouble-free service.

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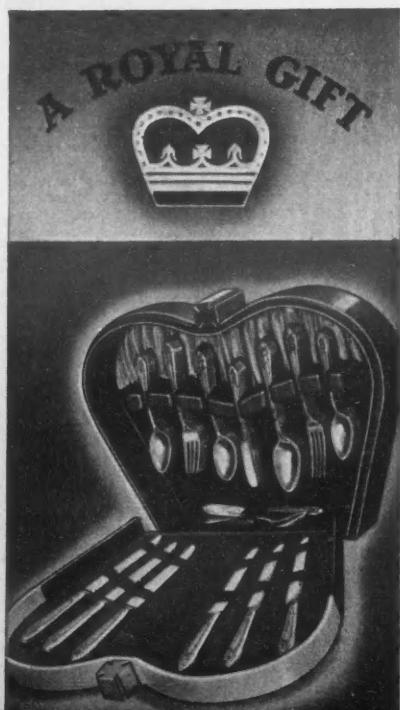
See the new BEACH—the Electric Refrigerator that was designed and built for clever women who demand value.



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train will be lined throughout and have a five-inch border of ermine with a short ermine cape. The Queen's Coronation gown is of white satin with gold and pearl embroidery.

What Happens After Their Majesties Arrive at the Abbey?

They go to their robing rooms in a new structure specially built outside the great west door, and various members of the entrance procession assemble. One group carry standards of the various Dominions. Last time the Earl of Aberdeen, a former Governor-General, carried the standard of Canada. This time it will most likely be held by High Commissioner Hon. Vincent Massey. The princes of Blood Royal, Royal guests and the sovereigns with attending bishops, chamberlains and personal attendants take part in this procession.

Do the King and Queen Walk Together?

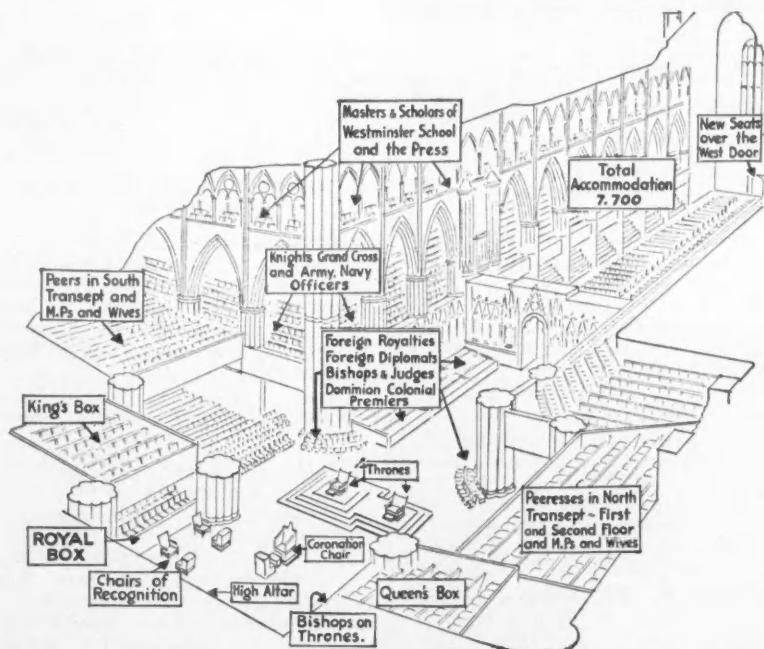
No. The Queen's regalia is carried ahead of her, first the ivory rod and the sceptre and cross borne by peers whose coronets are in turn, carried by pages behind them. The Queen's crown is carried ahead of her and she wears a gold circlet in her hair. A bishop walks by her at each side. Her Mistress of the Robes with a page carrying her coronet, walks directly behind the Queen whose train is carried by six maids of honor dressed exactly alike. They are followed by Ladies of the Bedchamber, Women of the Bedchamber, the Treasurer to the Queen, her Vice-Chamberlain and Private Secretary and three heralds. The King, preceded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and supported by two Bishops and a cortege carrying his regalia, follows.

Where Do the King and Queen Sit?

When the King and Queen first arrive in the sanctuary they are seated on "the chairs of recognition"—or "of election" as they used to be known—signifying that they are the recognized rulers. These chairs are covered with crimson satin embroidered with the Royal coats of arms. It is said satin was used this time as the King was afraid his velvet cape might catch on a velvet chair and he might not be able to get up.

How Does the Ceremony Start?

The King goes at once to "the theatre" or wooden platform erected before the altar. At each of its four corners he is presented, facing the people, by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the assembly. Four times his question rings out, "Are you willing to do your homage?" And four times this answer is given, "God Save King George." Then the trumpets sound. This is followed by the beginning of the ritual of the communion service and a sermon delivered by the primate.



Westminster Abbey with the placing of those who will take part in, and witness, the Coronation

What is the Main Part of the Service?

That which comes after the sermon, when the King, preceded by the sword of state, goes with head uncovered, to the steps of the altar, and laying his hand upon the Bible "makes his solemn oath in the presence of all the people." Three questions are put to him by the Archbishop. In general, they ask if he will govern according to the statutes of Parliament, if he will cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all his judgments, and if he will do his utmost to maintain the status of the established church. To each of the questions the King replies that he will, and then says: "The things which I have here promised I will perform and keep. So help me God." He then kisses the book and signs the oath. This ceremony is of much older date than either the anointing or crowning which follow, as the sensible English have always required their monarchs to promise to reign justly and rightly.

Does the King Disrobe?

Following the oath, the King is relieved of his crimson robe and cap of state and seated in "King Edward's" or the "Coronation Chair" under a gold canopy held by four Knights of the Garter. He is anointed with holy oil by the archbishop on the form of a cross on his head, breast and the palms of both hands. Then kneeling he is blessed. "King Edward's Chair," often called "St. Edward's," is an ancient oak chair, made by one Adam in 1300 for Edward I. It was first used for Edward

II on Feb. 25, 1308, and used on such occasion ever since, though vandalous Westminster schoolboys have carved their names on the historic wood. Among them was a Master Abbot who made note with his penknife that he "slept in this chair in 1800." Under the seat is "The Stone of Destiny" used in the Coronation of Scottish kings until Edward I brought it away in 1296. By legend it is supposed to have been Jacob's pillow when he saw his heavenly vision.

How Are the Various Pieces of Regalia Used and Why?

After the anointing, the golden spurs are presented to the King as emblems of knightly chivalry and are touched to his heels by the Lord Great Chamberlain. A sword in a scabbard is laid for a moment on the altar, then girded on the King by the archbishop, who exhorts him to "do justice." It is "redeemed" by an offering of one hundred shillings and taken from the altar to be "borne naked before His Majesty for the rest of the service." The dean now vests the King with the Armill or Royal Bracelet and the Royal Robe, which resembles an ecclesiastical cape and is ornamented with golden eagles. The English took eagles from ancient Rome as a symbol of imperial authority. At the same time the golden orb, surmounted by a cross, is placed in the King's right hand and he is bidden "to remember the whole world is subject to the powers and empire of Christ the Redeemer." Poor little Queen Victoria asked the archbishop what she was to do with the orb. When told to hold it, she complained, "It is very heavy." A ring is next placed on the Royal Fourth finger of the right hand (the wedding-ring finger until 1549). It is a token of the covenant made between the sovereign and people. There is a superstition that if the ring fits tightly the reign will be a long one. Queen Victoria's ring was made by mistake for the wrong finger and forced on by the archbishop to be taken off later in ice water.

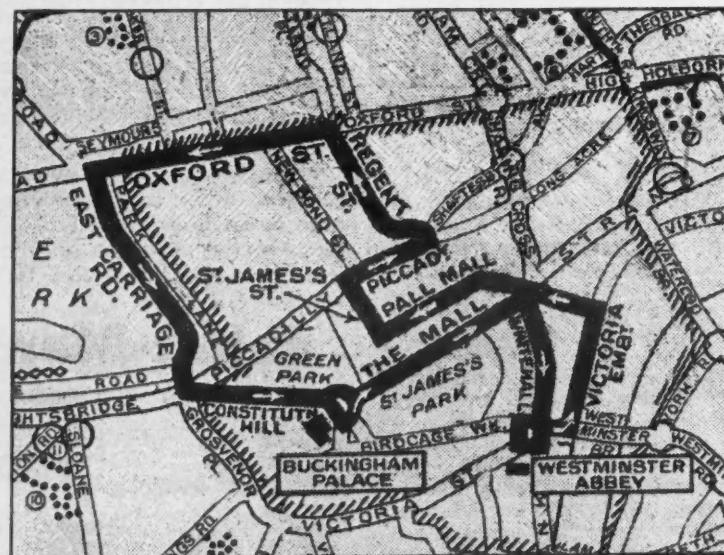
Why Does the King Carry Sceptres?

These are next given to him—one, "the royal sceptre," surmounted by a cross, is the ensign of kingly power and justice, the other surmounted by the dove is described as "the rod of equity and mercy."

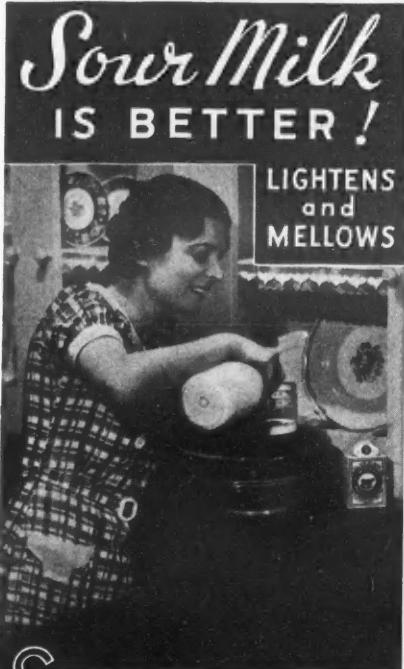
When is the King Actually Crowned?

After presenting His Majesty with his regalia, the archbishop takes the crown into his hands at the altar and prays over it. Then a procession of archbishops and other bishops with the dean bearing the crown moves to King Edward's Chair

[Continued on page 93]



Map showing the Coronation Royal Route, area closed to general traffic, also arrangements in services and illuminations



Sour milk and Cow Brand Baking Soda mellow as well as leavens—brings out the delicious, tasty flavor of many baked goodies. The mild lactic acid in sour milk, together with Cow Brand Baking Soda, is the ideal mixture to make baked goods light and delicate.

Sweet milk may be substituted by adding to each scant cupful of milk $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice (or $1\frac{1}{3}$ tablespoons vinegar).

SOUR MILK CHOCOLATE CAKE

Delicate flavor . . . silky texture . . . light, delicious crumb. A cake that's coaxing to look at and a treat to the taste. So simple to make with this kitchen-tested recipe, using Grandmother's combination—sour milk and Cow Brand Baking Soda.

2 cups sifted pastry flour 2 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon Cow Brand Baking Soda 2 squares (2 ounces) unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt 1 cup sour milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, or other shortening 1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sugar

Sift flour once, measure, add baking soda and salt and sift together three times. Work butter with spoon until creamy. Add sugar gradually, beating after each addition until light and fluffy. Add eggs and chocolate. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Add vanilla. Turn into greased loaf pan ($6\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$). Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) 60 minutes. Frost with Soft Chocolate Frosting. (Other kitchen-tested recipes in our cook book.)

RELIEVES INDIGESTION

For indigestion, heartburn and stomach acidity, take a half teaspoonful of Cow Brand Baking Soda in half a glass of cool water. May be repeated in half an hour, if necessary.

Whenever Bicarbonate of Soda is needed for medicinal purposes Cow Brand Baking Soda may be used with perfect confidence. There is no pure or better Bicarbonate of Soda than Cow Brand—obtainable everywhere, in sealed packages, for just a few cents.

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of the cake family. Fineness of texture and flavor and excellent keeping qualities are two well-deserved commendations. It will be found especially acceptable when served with ices and simple sweets.

1 Cupful of butter
1 Cupful of fine granulated sugar
5 Egg yolks
5 Egg whites
Grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
2 Teaspoonfuls of lemon juice
1 Cupful of sultana raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of broken walnut meats
2 Cupfuls of cake or pastry flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of baking soda

Cream the butter thoroughly, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming until the mixture is light and fluffy. Add the egg yolks which have been beaten until thick and light colored and fold in the egg whites, beaten until stiff. Add the grated lemon rind and the lemon juice. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking soda. Dredge the raisins with a little of the flour and add the remainder to the first mixture. Beat vigorously for five minutes, add the dredged raisins and the broken walnuts, combine thoroughly and turn the mixture into a deep, greased cake tin. Bake in a slow oven—325 deg. Fahr.—for about one and one-quarter hours.

Royal Fans

A favorite shortbread type, these confections are distinguished by their debonair shapes. Their richness undoubtedly accounts for the regal adjective which qualifies their name.

2 Cupfuls of flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sweet butter

Measure the sifted flour and sift two or three times with the brown sugar. Work the butter into the mixture until thoroughly combined, and roll to one-third inch thickness on a lightly floured board. Cut with a round, fluted cutter about five inches in diameter, then cut each round in quarters. Mark each piece with the dull edge of a knife to represent the folds of a fan and brush the surfaces with beaten egg yolk mixed with about three-quarters of a teaspoonful of water. Bake on a flat baking sheet in a slow oven—325 deg. Fahr.—until lightly browned.

Commonwealth Sandwiches

The materials used in these distinctive sandwiches are blended with such harmony that they are deserving of a name which signifies a friendly unity. At afternoon tea or the late snack after the theatre, these appetizing, toasted sandwiches will hold their own with the best.

Cut thin slices of bread, put together in pairs, spreading one slice with creamed butter and orange marmalade and the other slice with cream cheese which has been softened with cream. Remove the crusts, cut in halves, diagonally, place on a baking pan and bake in a moderate oven until delicately browned, turning once during the browning.

Grow Your Own LILIES

The idea that lilies won't flourish outside a hothouse in Canada is entirely incorrect. In June Chatelaine Nancy Rankin tells you exactly what to do in order to make a luxuriant display of these gracious and stately flowers. It's simply a matter of preparing beds, soil and plants correctly. You'll find all instructions clearly given. Don't miss this important gardening article in June Chatelaine.



Here's Molly Magic's Miracle Recipe MAGIC LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1 can Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)
Blend together Eagle Brand Magic Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind or

lemon extract and egg yolks. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 10 minutes or until brown. Chill before serving.

CAUTION! Evaporated Milk won't succeed in this recipe. Use Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk—the Magic Milk.



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THE proof of the salad is in the eating, and that is why the dressing is all-important. "That salad looks good!" they say as they sit down to the table. But the real test is the flavour!

They will thoroughly enjoy the fresh, crisp lettuce, the tomatoes, cucumber . . . maybe a few beans and peas from yesterday's dinner,—all temptingly served with a lively mustard dressing.

Keen's Mustard in the dressing, not only brings out the different flavours but it is a splendid aid to digestion. You turn lagging appetites into eager ones with recipes like this:

EASY SALAD DRESSING

1 egg, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon Keen's Mustard, 7 tablespoons milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons vinegar. Mix in the above order, vinegar last, and cook in double boiler until thick as boiled custard.

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"IT'S ALL PURE MUSTARD"
Clip recipes for your kitchen library

Jewels in a Coronation Menu

(Continued from page 67)

Queen's Cup

TALL CRYSTAL glasses display the royal red and gold of this frosty fruit punch, which, very fittingly, might be sipped through red and gold Cellophane drinking "straws." If you would add a real ruby to the ensemble, slip the gold "straw" through a maraschino cherry.

3 Cupfuls of grapefruit juice
1½ Cupfuls of orange juice
1 Cupful of lemon juice
2 Cupfuls of sugar syrup
(approx.)
Charged water
Red ice cubes

Combine the fruit juices, adding sugar syrup to taste. Pour over a red ice cube in a tall glass, filling about three quarters full. Fill up each glass with charged water, garnish with a thin slice of orange or lemon if desired and serve with red and gold Cellophane "straws."

RED ICE CUBES—Add red food coloring to water to produce a clear, definite red, add a dash of cherry, clove, cinnamon or wintergreen flavoring and freeze in the ice cube tray of a mechanical refrigerator. SUGAR SYRUP—Boil together for ten minutes two cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water. Chill.

The amounts given above will make approximately ten servings.

Duchess Soup

The quality and rich elegance of this unusual soup quite lives up to the promise of its name. Small servings are in order when it opens a dinner menu, somewhat larger ones when it is served at a luncheon.

1½ Cupfuls of almonds
A pinch of salt
5 or 6 Stalks of celery
1 Small onion
2 Cupfuls of rich milk
3 Cupfuls of chicken or veal stock or canned chicken broth
3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
6 Tablespoonfuls of flour
Salt and pepper
½ Cupful of cream

Blanch the almonds and put through a nut chopper or a meat grinder using the fine knife. Cut the celery in small pieces and chop the onion. Combine these ingredients in the top part of a double boiler add the salt and the milk and cook over hot water for one hour. Press through a strainer and return to the heat. Heat the stock or broth, melt the butter, blend in the flour and gradually add the hot stock, stirring constantly and cooking until the mixture is thick and smooth. Combine this with the first mixture, add salt and pepper to taste, bring to a boil and add the cream. Serve at once.

Emperor Salad

A collection of crisp greens, arranged in a majestic bowl is the Salad of the Day. This particular one brings with it a breath of the East in the pungent Curry Dressing suggested as an accompaniment. The merest suggestion of Oriental spiciness which it gives is enough to turn the thought to the home of the curry—India, the great Empire beyond the seas.

Separate the leaves of lettuce and chicory or curly endive, wash thoroughly and crisp in the refrigerator. Arrange the chicory leaves in the salad bowl, shred the lettuce, combine with thinly sliced pickled

onions and arrange on the chicory leaves. Garnish with diced pickled beets and strips of hard-cooked egg white and serve with Curry Dressing—

½ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Teaspoonful of sugar
½ Teaspoonful of paprika
½ Teaspoonful of curry powder
¼ Cupful of vinegar
½ Cupful of salad oil
2 Hard-cooked egg yolks

Combine the salt, sugar, paprika and curry powder, add the vinegar and salad oil and beat or shake thoroughly. Add the hard-cooked egg yolks which have been pressed through a sieve, mix thoroughly and serve.

Lobster à la King

A Coronation luncheon menu catches the spirit of the occasion and takes advantage of Lobster à la King as a main dish. This same, savory mixture, served in puff pastry cases, in bouchées or on shell-servers is excellent if your dinner menu includes a fish course

2 Cupfuls of cooked or canned lobster
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
4 Tablespoonfuls of butter
2 Tablespoonfuls of minced green pepper
1 Tablespoonful of pimiento
½ Cupful of sliced mushrooms
2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
2 Cupfuls of rich milk
3 Hard-cooked eggs
Salt and pepper to taste

Flake the lobster, sprinkle with lemon juice and allow to stand until the hot mixture is ready. Melt the butter, add the minced green pepper, the chopped pimiento and the sliced mushrooms and cook for 5 minutes. Stir in the flour, blending until there are no lumps, then add very gradually the rich milk (half milk and half cream may be used if desired). Stir constantly until the mixture thickens and reaches boiling point. Add the flaked lobster and the minced yolks of the hard-cooked eggs. Reheat, season to taste with salt and pepper and serve very hot in shell servers, patty cases, croutades or on toast. Over the top, sprinkle the finely chopped hard-cooked egg whites.

Princess Pudding

Delicately pink and daintily molded, this strawberry-flavored dessert seems perfectly fit to set before a little princess. It's made from fresh fruit, thick cream and lacy cocoanut—princess fare, if there ever was any.

1 Package of strawberry-flavored jelly powder
1 Cupful of boiling water
1 Cupful of strawberry juice and water
1 Cupful of whipping cream
1½ Cupfuls of moist shredded cocoanut

Add the boiling water to the jelly powder and stir until dissolved. Add the strawberry juice obtained by crushing fresh strawberries and allowing them to stand with a sprinkling of sugar. Drain and add enough water to make one cupful of liquid. Cool the mixture until it begins to stiffen. Beat with a rotary beater until light and fold in the cream which has been whipped until it is fairly stiff. Fold in the cocoanut, turn into a cold wet mold and chill until firm. Serve unmolded with a sauce made from the crushed berries which have been cooked with additional sugar, forced through a sieve and chilled.

Imperial Cake

Dependable as the pound cake after which it is patterned, enriched with plump sultana raisins and fresh broken walnuts, Imperial cake is one of the real aristocrats



A clever housewife is entitled to all the compliments paid to her cooking. She makes it a point to give welcome variety to her meal—especially the meat dishes.

She puts tempting appetite appeal into the less expensive cuts of meats, and serves something interesting. She plans meals that are extra tasty—and saves money too!

Her secret is the use of full strength mustard—Keen's—to bring out and enhance the natural flavor, adding zest and aiding digestion.

HUNGARIAN STEW

2½ lbs. beef removed from bone, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 onion minced, 4 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons Keen's mustard, 4 cups bouillon or water. Cut meat in cubes, fry in pan until brown, add chopped onion, seasoning and flour, continue frying 10 minutes, pour stock over and cook until tender; then add tomato juice and a little cream.

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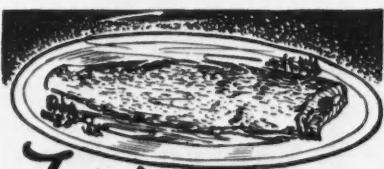
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**H.P.
SAUCE**

THE EMPIRE'S
APPETIZER . . . FROM
OLD ENGLAND

"Go home? What on earth do you mean?" Tod said angrily. "You do make mountains out of molehills, don't you? Because my friends don't fall on my neck and weep with joy when they see me? It's not a habit of ours to kiss when we meet."

What with the hammering of her heart, and the constriction of her throat she had little breath, and this attack took it away. She was strangling, staring at him dumbly.

"Beverly, for heaven's sake," his voice was low and vicious. "If you're going to look like that! Haven't you any control at all?" He lunged away, and she did not dare look after him. But after a minute the wild pounding of her heart ceased, and she smiled, a stupid, small pathetic smile.

"He's doing it again, he's doing it again." The words danced about in front of Beverly and she looked at them, her silly smile on her face. "I've got to fight for myself, and I can't. I can't fight them. I can't, I can't . . ."

Annette came up and said, "Tod's the worst kind of cavalier. He always thinks one knows people. Jane's busy. Come and I'll introduce you round."

Keeping that smile on her face, moving her limbs, was all the effort she could make. She had no strength to resist Annette and run out of the room. Only her mind did that.

Annette's hand was on her arm. "Like a warder," she thought. Gently on your arm, while the judge pronounces sentence. Gently, but it would be strong as steel, if you tried to get away.

" . . . Miss St. Vincent, Captain Fleming, Miss Mackay . . ."

They did not move away, did not disturb their firmly-planted or lounging limbs; the girl, Moira St. Vincent, did not interrupt the idle swing of her foot; nothing so crude as moving away was needed to isolate Beverly, to leave her, sitting rigid and a little pale now in a corner of the wide lounge, in outer darkness. No one spoke to her. During the next ten minutes people came and went. Annette had gone off, after a glance around, a little smile, which had transfixed Beverly to her seat. "There you are," the smile had said, and she was pinned inescapably.

Some man brought her a drink, but the men did as their women indicated they should do. Anyway, they were all "decent fellows" and that day, in that place, decency's fashion was to feel hot under the collar because of Firth's jilting of Annette for this little outsider whose father had been to jail or something hadn't he? Poor old Annette. It was a shame. She was a good sport, taking it like this. Wouldn't hear a word against Firth. All the same, if a chap let's himself in for that sort of thing he has to pay the penalty. You can't go around letting down ripping girls like Annette . . .

Now and again the man, Captain George Fleming, who had given her a drink, looked at Beverly and smiled. It might have been at her; at about this stage the vague and whirling world which Porgy Fleming inhabited, cohered, if he was fortunate in his circumstances, into a woman's face. Nobody was violently attached to Porgy, but nobody minded him. He always had been there, he probably always would be there, this old-young man of forty whose harmless blue eyes were matched by his weak good-humored mouth.

Time passed. Captain Fleming, except for occasional sorties, was faithful to her, and once when she saw him returning she realized dully that she should be grateful even for him. But perhaps she was entertaining him. Then for a time he disappeared, and she knew that she was grateful to him, because alone, the little panics began their shattering explosions in her breast. She tried to think of things outside that room, outside that world: Paris, Robinson Crusoe on his island . . .

She sat very still. Most of the people in the room were genuinely forgetful of her now. The earlier ignoring had been deliberate enough, but this was the haphazard ignoring of the stranger at a party. The people who knew about her left her

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Marriage Made on Earth

(Continued from page 17)

unproductive during his years at the university. Copeland might be induced to take him as a clerk.

"There was nothing savage about Annette when I saw her," Beverly said. "She was simply marvellous. She wasn't resentful or . . . or beastly. Not as I would have been if she'd done what she thinks I did to her. She only seems to be thinking of you and your happiness."

Tod gave a short bark of laughter. "Get away! I know Annette. She's seething with rage. I'll admit she has some cause. All that 'I love him better than my own happiness' . . . that's eyewash for mother and dad. I don't blame her if that's the line she wants to take. She has a right to consider her own comfort and that's the most comfortable pose. If she flamed out right and left, the way she feels, she'd have, to be consistent, to clear out and take her injured pride with her. And half a loaf is better than no bread. If she can't get Fairholme as she wanted, and all that goes with it, she can as good as get it by pretending she's resigned."

"I think you're horrible! Horrible!"

Tod was mildly astonished. "I'm not horrible. I see her point of view and I don't dislike her for it. It's sensible. Annette and I understand each other. We've been helping each other ever since she first came here. Her father was a friend of dad's, an old rip if ever there was one. He didn't leave her a penny. She came here when she was about fifteen—she's a few months older than I am—and from the day she came she's got on the right side of everyone, but she's managed to have a pretty good time on the quiet. We've used each other as cover, and we've been good friends I suppose. But we weren't in love."

"Well she doesn't seem a bit like that."

The next day when it was proposed that they should go to a party given by some neighbors, she did not demur though her heart sank. She was not ready yet to meet all these new people. Her old eagerness was dead. She was shrinking now. The rebuff from the family had made her unsure of everyone.

It was Annette's suggestion. She had joined them on the lawn before luncheon, friendly, matter-of-fact, perfect after two days schooling in the attitude she had adopted.

"Tod Hugo's home on leave and he and Jane are having a party tonight. Invitations came out a week ago and they didn't include you because everyone knew you were away. But I saw Jane at the Maitlands' yesterday and she said for you to come along. Beverly, too, of course."

Tod looked at her suspiciously. "Well, how do you feel about it?"

"Please yourself. It won't make the slightest difference to my enjoyment. The news has gone from Lands End to John o' Groats by now. The only people who don't seem to know are the newspapers."

"Which was a bit of luck," Tod said. He was chewing at a blade of grass. "What's mother doing about things? Anything or nothing?"

"She's just told me she's giving a formal dinner-party to the aunts and personages on the 25th, but she says you can break your own ice with the younger crowd."

Tod said, "Jane's an especial pal of yours. It's odd that she should be the first to make overtures to us."

Annette regarded him obliquely. "I don't think it's odd. It's natural, isn't it?"

"Well," Tod said after a while, "it's decent of her. And you," he added. "I suppose it's your doing really."

"Don't mention it," Annette said, flicking dried grass from her skirt as she got up. With the smallest of smiles in

Beverly's direction she went off, and Tod said:

"Perhaps she finds it hard to break the habit of being on my side."

"She's being far nicer to us than we deserve. Tod, do you want to go to this place tonight?"

"We may as well. We can't stay caged up here forever, doing nothing and seeing nobody. A few more evenings of undiluted family atmosphere and I'll be a crazy man. Either we start mixing with people, or we buzz right off somewhere . . . and the state of the bank balance makes the last inadvisable. I'm waiting for dad to produce a wedding present." He rolled over on his face and seemed inclined to go to sleep.

"Well it will be a bit of an ordeal for me," Beverly said. "I'd like to have waited a while before we started meeting strangers."

"Oh they won't be strangers for long. They're an easygoing crowd around here."

She said no more on the subject, but all through the afternoon her nervousness increased until it was with very much the sensation of a person who cannot swim, jumping into deep water that she went with Tod and Annette into the Seymours' big living room which was already full and noisy with guests. During the ten-mile drive which separated the two houses, she had left the conversation wholly to the other two. They had talked across her, scrappily sharing interests and information to which she had nothing to contribute. The only remark Annette had addressed to her was as they were getting out of the car. "You'll like Jane," she said.

AND BEVERLY FELT, as soon as she saw her, that she would like very much this not particularly pretty but attractive girl, who was straight as a young tree, and had widely-spaced eyes, green as seawater. But that instinctive liking sprang in the minute before she was introduced to her young hostess; while she stood a little behind the several people who had joined them in entering, and listened to Jane's careless, happy greeting of her friends. In the next minute she knew that liking Jane would depend on her liking one in return. Otherwise you would never get near her, not within miles of her. She would flee away, her sea-green eyes would be frozen, her wide generous mouth would say meaningless things, or nothing at all, if she did not like one.

"Tod's wife," Annette said. And Jane said:

"How do you do? I'm glad you were able to come." It was so polite, it was the worst kind of snub, falling as it did, so smooth and carefully placed, in what had been a hail of happy welcomes. It made a moment's awful silence, in which Beverly stood, as in a magic circle; black, dark magic. Then the little group was noisy again, but Jane had drawn Annette away, far to the other corner of the room, but not so far that Beverly, watching, could not see how angry she was. She was speaking quickly and angrily, then suddenly she bent and kissed Annette's cheek, and turned her about and led her over to some people near the buffet. She was still angry, though not with Annette.

Tod and Beverly stood alone, the other newcomers had been absorbed in the crowd, and Beverly said tensely:

"We shouldn't have come. We shouldn't have come, Tod."

"Why shouldn't we? It looks like a good party." But Tod was frowning slightly, not understanding yet. "Hello, Barney, how are things?" he said to a man who drew near them. Barney said, "Hello, Firth," and passed on. He had not smiled, or looked at them; and the next man whom Tod accosted went even further than that; he did not speak, merely nodded, and continued on his way.

"You see?" Beverly's voice was a cracked whisper. "We shouldn't have come." Her heart was hammering, her hands were hot. "Oh let's go home, Tod. Please!"

circumstances. But I did think you'd have the sense to keep out of our way for a while."

"Oh I'll keep out of your way. Yours and all the others like you." He brushed past her and in dead silence Beverly followed, her head high, her eyes contracted until they seemed all light, with pinpoints of pupils. She could hardly see. But somehow she got out of the house, and into the car beside Tod, and he, muttering incoherencies, swerved the car madly round and down the drive.

"You're driving like a madman," she said presently, but he answered, "Oh, rot!" and continued his shouting. It was not even jealousy which had provoked the happening in the library. She had to deny herself that small satisfaction, because he made his case quite plain. It was outraged vanity. This bewildering recession of the sea of his popularity. He had bathed in these warm sparkling waters all his life; and now suddenly, he was beached, high and dry, on an arid shore.

It was all Annette's doing. Annette knew perfectly well what he would be up against if he went to the Seymours', and she had deliberately got him there, manoeuvred him into the position of a target for her friends. She had known what would happen; she had stirred it up.

Beverly's torpor had passed. Her disgust became articulate.

"You don't know what you're saying. Annette didn't make trouble for us. I don't believe it. We made it for ourselves. We shouldn't have gone there. You ought to know your friends better . . . how much they'll stand. Anybody would be on Annette's side in this. Even if she knew how people would act, you can't blame her altogether. She just let things take their course. She might have done that. I don't know. Even if she did, you can't blame her for wanting to let you know how rotten you've been to her."

"I'm blaming her for deceit, for pretending to be such a good sport, pretending to lose like a gentleman, when she's lost like a woman and a cat!"

"Tod, don't show me this side of yourself. It isn't you! Whatever a person does when they've been hurt by someone they love . . ."

"Love, my foot! She's in love with Oliver Brody. She's been crazy about him for years. But he won't marry her, and she wouldn't marry him either, if it came to that. They want money as much as they want each other . . . and that's where I came in. Do you think I didn't know what would happen as soon as we were married, and she'd got a settlement? She and Oliver would carry on as usual and I'd pay the bills."

"Well if you knew and you were prepared for it you're as beastly as she is!"

"Well I wasn't prepared for it, was I? I married you, didn't I?"

That was true. But for him to tell her these things—about any woman! Her head was throbbing so that it seemed to be receiving hammer blows. The pain above her eyes was blinding.

"And look what I get for it!" He was off on a new track, with herself as the focus of his abuse this time, but she hardly heard his words; they were joined to the hammer blows of pain, became merely a physical assault.

"We're nearly there," she said. "Try to pull yourself together, Tod. You don't want your parents to know what has happened."

But when they got home no one was awake, and they reached their room in safety. Tod fell instantly asleep, while Beverly lay staring into the darkness for hours.

THE NEXT DAY Tod was friendlier, but he was away for the day, on some business for his father. On the next he found a pretext for absenting himself, and Beverly filled in her lonely hours as best she could. Annette was staying with the Seymours. Beverly thought of going to visit her mother but rejected the idea. Her

unhappiness was too plain to read; even anyone as unobservant as her mother would remark it. The Firths confined themselves to the briefest of exchanges. Meeting her wandering aimlessly about the grounds, Mr. Firth suggested that she might find something to interest her in the library. He was a thoughtful reader. He offered his suggestion with a brusqueness which did not entirely hide kind intention.

"You might find some of that information you've said you wanted."

She had stammered out her thanks, taken unawares by this first sign of graciousness.

Mr. Firth explained his action to himself, by explaining to his wife.

"I'm not at all sure that we have been right in laying so much blame on this girl. She's a mere child after all. I doubt if she has either the developed intelligence or the will power to carry through what you call a 'scheme' like this. Certainly she's not enjoying herself. If she had got what she wanted she would be a bit happier about it."

But like all weak women of limited vision, Mrs. Firth was obstinate.

"She hasn't got all she wanted. Poor Tod is recovering from his delusion." She wept a great deal these days in the privacy of her room. She was obsessed by the tragedy. "He realizes what a dreadful mistake he's made. Do you think I don't know my own son? He doesn't really love this girl. His whole life is ruined because of this one foolish impulse."

But Mr. Firth, though equally obsessed by his son's problem, was subjecting it to an analysis of which his wife was incapable.

"I believe it is not this one impulse which will ruin his life. It's the succession of impulses to which he has yielded always. We've spoiled that boy, Amy. We've given him everything except the one vital thing a man needs—self-discipline. I don't know . . . this whole thing has upset me as much as it upsets you. I'm still in the dark. But I'm not sure that his marriage to this girl is worse than any marriage he might have made, even with our approbation."

"It looks like it!" his wife said stormily. "The boy is wretched, utterly wretched. He doesn't love her."

"Could he love anyone? Does he love us?" Mr. Firth asked with a flash of insight. But his wife began crying again.

"At all events they are married, and we must do what we can."

Tod came back to dinner that night. He was in a bad temper and was silent all through the meal. As they were leaving the dining room Beverly said:

"Would you try and teach me billiards again? I'd really like to learn."

Her pathetic effort had an irritating effect on him.

"I'm not going to sit around in this mausoleum . . . with mother looking all the time as if she's going to burst into tears."

"Well, you've got me, darling." She tried to say it jokingly, but her nervous hands were twisting at a lace handkerchief and her eyes were like a sick animal's.

He lit a cigarette and looked at her searchingly, sulkily.

"I haven't got the 'you' that you were. You used to be grand fun, the kind of person who would get a laugh out of anything. I thought. And now in a few weeks you've turned gloomy. I begin to feel I don't know anything . . . about you or anybody. Everything's a muddle."

"I'm sorry I've turned gloomy as you say, but there hasn't been much so far to make me anything else, has there? It was just one crack after another and these last few days I've hardly seen you." She was bewildered and hopeless, not knowing what to do or say to this incomprehensible stranger.

"You take things too hard. I'll admit it's been unpleasant for you, but if you'd had a bit of spirit you could have fought back. You just seem to be lying down under it. Take the other evening at Jane's for instance. You were better-looking than anyone there, you were as well

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up their abode in the body, live off its cells and multiply with unbelievable rapidity. Their rapid multiplication and growth produce toxic substances. It is these toxic substances which cause the fever, pain, weakness and other manifestations which we know as sickness and disease. We need not have these manifestations if we would keep our blood stream in a normal healthy state. Then the cells nourished by such blood would be vigorous and vital and able to repel the invasion of "germs" into the system.

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alone and the others didn't notice her. Legendary beauty which flashes on a scene and commands subservience is legendary, after all. She was just another pretty girl, and even her beauty was dulled, drained of vitality as she sat there. She was nineteen years old, neither witty nor wise nor brilliant; the light in her was out.

Porgy Fleming came back and said, "Happy days. This party looks like going on forever."

It would go on forever. Forever she would sit there, calling voicelessly to Tod, whom she could not even see now. Forever . . .

"Is there anywhere else we could go?" Her voice was hoarse, her throat dry. "My head's aching," she said truthfully. Perhaps if she got out of here she could find Tod and he would take her away.

"Yes, there are places. If you don't like this place, we'll find another," Porgy said kindly. "Jane's house is simply full of places. I know 'em all. I know a place. In the library. Always make love in the library. All the best people do. Or the conservatory . . ."

"Do you like books?" Porgy said as they opened the library door. "Lots of books here. Jane reads 'em. Do you read books?"

"Oh yes. Yes, I read books," she said. She wished he would go away now. If she were here for a little while alone she could recover, then she would find Tod and they would go away.

"Well you shouldn't. A pretty girl like you should have better things to do." He giggled, and then realized that he had a pretty girl with him. He reached to take her in his arms, and in the minute of the struggle, Tod came in, his hands in his pockets, his face white and ugly, with the slights of the evening. All the rage in him, steadily mounting through the inexplicable discomfort of this evening, converged and focused on Porgy's asinine, good-humored face.

"Nice girl," Porgy said. "You must meet her, old chap." He was looking round for the inevitable glass when Tod began to shout at him; shouting things, so that people came to the door and looked in.

"You little rat, sneaking in here, kissing her . . ." The rage of his evening was sending thrills of strength through his arm, all the faces of the men whom he had wanted to hit during the last hour became poor Porgy's weak, vacuous, surprised face, and he smashed his fist into it. It was a good thing to hit out, to smash into this confounded party where everyone was riding the high horse. Even Crane, who was always trying to borrow money from him! *Crane!* He'd like to smash them all . . .

He glared at Beverly. She was shrunken, small and still. All the faces at the door were a blur. Only Tod's handsome face twisted in its ugly anger stood out.

"I wouldn't mind if I'd caught you kissing somebody worth while!"

Jane's voice dropped on the startled air.

"I must say you're making yourselves at home," she said. "Tod, could you manage your domestic brawls more quietly? Barney take Porgy to the bathroom and put him under the tap. His nose is bleeding."

"I—I only . . ." Porgy stammered fogily.

"We know, Porgy. But you'll have to learn there are people one kisses and people one doesn't. Next time you feel amorous come to one of your friends."

"Tod. I think you'd better take your wife home. This has probably spoiled her enjoyment."

"I'll take her home all right. That was the idea, Jane." Tod's voice was savage. "It's been a rotten party anyway, thank you very much."

Jane's little, amused laugh was like a silver whip.

"Tod, you seem in losing other things to have lost your manners. However, the party wasn't exactly given for your benefit. I invited you certainly, because Annette insisted. Why, goodness knows. She's more forgiving than I would be in the

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you wanted, Maman." The conversation became impersonal and soon, making a vague excuse Beverly slipped away. Tod did not follow her and she went aimlessly walking around the grounds then out into the fields until, fatigued, she rested on a fallen tree trunk on the top of a thickly wooded hill. A rabbit scurried madly away at her coming, the branches of the trees were alive with the twittering of birds. But the things of nature which had been friendly living things to her through her lonely years had no power to rouse her now. Her world was arid as a desert. Bleakly she sat on the fallen log and contemplated her failure. The ghosts of her bright hopes trailed greyly before her and she knew, with hopeless certainty, that Tod did not love her, if love meant tenderness and loyalty and kindness. Their passion for each other which had the power to sweep through them, seemed like a tide which rose, obliterating the jagged rocks of their dissatisfaction; but like a tide receding and leaving them impaled on the cruel points.

"It's not right. If that's love I don't want it . . . if that's all of love I hate it. It's a betrayal. It's just something that gives a man and a woman the power to hurt each other."

"Oh no," she said aloud, hoarsely, startling the birds into a whirring of little wings. "Oh, no . . . I can't. There's nothing in him, nothing worth being hurt for, nothing worth loving. He is selfish, dishonest and unkind. He has nothing to give, and wants to take nothing that any woman . . . any woman could not give him."

"I must go away. I must go now. Before he hurts me too much."

Those words formed for the first time, and the shock of them left her shivering as if she was very cold, although the sun streamed down, slanting into the clearing where she sat.

THAT EVENING after dinner Mrs. Firth said, "I'd like to talk to you for a minute, Beverly. In my sitting room . . . no Tod . . . I want to talk to Beverly alone."

Small, but very straight and dignified she preceded Beverly from the dining room, and apathetic as she had been since the crisis in the woods Beverly followed her. She did not glance at Tod who viewed this exit somewhat uneasily. When they reached the sitting room the girl stood until Mrs. Firth waved her to a chair.

"It is about what happened at the Seymours."

Numb as she was Beverly was nevertheless faintly surprised. The gossip had travelled quickly. And then she realized . . . Annette of course.

She endured what followed without offering any defense; mute and stolid, she heard Mrs. Firth's recriminations as if they were being addressed to someone else.

"With such a beginning as this what do you expect from your marriage? A marriage which has no loyalty and truth, no love in it? What do you expect? Do you think the material things my son can give

you will make you happy? Perhaps you are ignorant enough to believe that. But I'm an old woman, I know a great deal more of life than you do, and I know no women, even the worst of them, get real happiness from a life which hasn't loyalty and love and service to someone in it."

"And I'm not capable of that?" Beverly spoke for the first time, her voice hard and toneless.

"You yourself know that best. You're very young. It's not too late for you to change your attitude to life."

Suddenly unable to endure more, Beverly turned and went from the room, but outside the door the little gust of energy spent itself and she relapsed into her former apathy. She heard the sound of a piano; the music soared, in a delicate, rippling crescendo of treble notes. Perhaps that was Annette, who had brought home this sordid little tale. And yet she might not have told the tale. Perhaps even this was not beyond Tod; perhaps his wife's delinquency had been the excuse for behaving as he had on that wretched night.

Almost involuntarily she turned and went toward the music room. Annette was alone there and she stopped playing instantly.

"Did you want me?"

Expressionless of face and of voice Beverly said:

"Did you tell Mrs. Firth about what happened at the Seymours?"

Annette selected a cigarette from a little case which had rested on the piano edge. She was cool and remote, her pure brow untroubled.

"Yes. I told her. If I hadn't someone else would have, sooner or later. She asked me if anything particular had happened. There was no reason for me to keep quiet."

"Can I have a cigarette?" Beverly said. She was frowning slightly. A little pain had shot up between her eyes.

"Help yourself."

When her cigarette was alight Beverly said, "No, there was no reason why you shouldn't have told her. But her knowing doesn't make things easier for me. You hate me, too, don't you?"

"Why shouldn't I? Why should I make things easier for you? You didn't make them easy for me, did you?"

"No. I never thought about you. I didn't know much about you."

"You knew enough to know I was engaged to Tod." Abruptly the quiet tempo of the conversation changed. Annette's breast rose and fell tumultuously. "Taking him the way you did was bad enough, but you could have given me the chance to save my face. You'd got what you wanted. There was no reason to let the engagement get into the papers and make a fool of me through the whole county. Not posting that letter Tod gave you was the meanest thing you did."

"Did he tell you he gave me the letter to post?"

"Why shouldn't he tell me? He thinks you posted it, and that it went astray. But letters don't go astray. You never sent it, did you?"

"No," she said. "No. I never sent it."

[To be continued]

Make Drapes to Match Your Room

(Continued from page 73)

fit into the simple scheme. Rough plaster walls demand textured fabrics of some weight, and a sense of balance is given in large formal rooms by the use of velvet, velours, and weighty large patterned material.

In colors and patterns, there is a greater range than many people think can be used successfully. Also bigger designs if you like, for when curtains are hung, the pat-

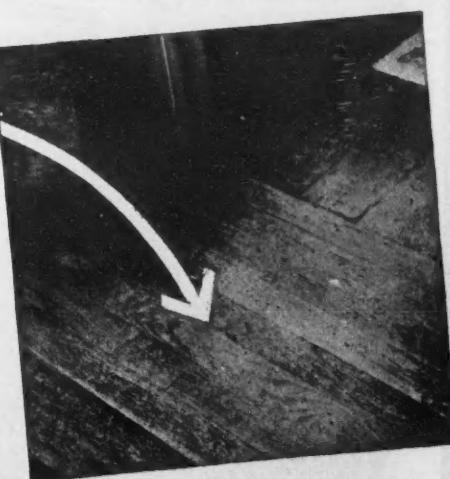
tern is softened and not so obtrusive. The light in a house is usually duller than in the shop and therefore a brighter choice may often be made. Then too, artificial light tones down a hue and as it sometimes changes the shade, it is a good plan to test the material under these conditions before buying.

Styles—Over-drapery are usually hung straight or tied back at either of two points—one third or two thirds of the distance from the floor. Widely different effects, however, can be given not only by the fabric itself but by the use of valances in various styles. Their design should conform to the treatment of the window and the general feeling of the room. As, for instance, a ruffled or shirred valance in Colonial, graceful swag in Empire, a straight, quilted valance in modern and a

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dressed, you've got plenty to say for yourself when you like . . . a girl with spirit could have brought that crowd to heel . . . but you just laid down to it and let Porgy Fleming make a fool of you. It's the same with mother and dad. You could get round them if you wanted to. But you go around looking as if you're just waiting for a crack. You do it with me. You get heartbroken over nothing . . ."

"Don't say any more, please, Tod!" She flung out her hands as if his assault had been physical.

"There you go." He flung at her. "Everything I say upsets you out of all proportion. Everything I do. We just don't speak the same language or look at life the same way."

"No," she said, and repeated dully, "No."

"I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings," he said ungraciously. "But everything is so much grimmer than it need be. I'm just about fed up, I can tell you. If things don't improve, I think we'd better pack up and clear out. Perhaps we'd get on a bit better if we were on our own."

"We were alone in Paris, and we weren't very happy—not at the end," she reminded him, still in that dull colorless voice. The color had drained from her voice, from her face, the blood which ebbed away seemed to be draining from a wound in her heart.

"Perhaps it's a mistake . . . all of it." She offered this so quietly that he did not notice that her whole body was rigid with apprehension.

"It looks like it. We'd certainly have avoided a lot of trouble if we'd waited until we knew each other better . . . and if we'd been able to look ahead and see all the fuss that would be made."

"Yes," she said.

"Well," he took a last deep puff at his cigarette and dumped it in an ash tray, "I'm going to look up some of my less unpleasant friends. I met them in the town today. Quite cheery folks, and they don't interfere with other people's business. Care to come along? They'll be quite decent. They know all about everything."

"Oh no!" she said. "Oh no."

"Well, just as you like." He was somewhat relieved at her refusal. "I'll just have a game of bridge. I won't be late." He bent and kissed her, squeezing her shoulders as he did so.

"Buck up . . . nothing lasts forever. Things will adjust themselves."

When he had gone she went up to her room, careless of what the two old people might think. As she hurried by the half-opened door of the drawing-room she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Firth's averted head. The light beside her turned her hair to bright silver. Bates, carrying in coffee, came from the pantry under the stairway. Majestically moving, he did not see her, nor hear the sound of her swiftly ascending feet.

In her room she flung herself on the bed. "I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do," she whimpered. She pulled a pillow over her face and that made a blackness over her eyes and shattered her thoughts.

When Tod came home she was undressed and in bed, but still awake though it was very late. He was in a cheerful mood; he had enjoyed his evening and he was blind to her state. Later, lying in his arms in the darkness her eyes were widely opened and fixed. As his drowsiness gave way to deep sleep she felt his body grow heavier and inert against her, the grip of his hand relaxed, but to her sleep did not come. Her unhappiness was greater than before.

ANNETTE RETURNED the next afternoon in time for tea which was being served on the terrace.

"Hello, everybody," she said, and Mrs. Firth's welcome was warm.

"We've missed you," she said. "Did you enjoy yourself at Jane's?"

"So-so," she said. "Jane's always a dear."

"I hadn't noticed it," Tod said, and Annette pouring tea for herself made no reply to that.

"Mrs. Seymour gave me those cuttings

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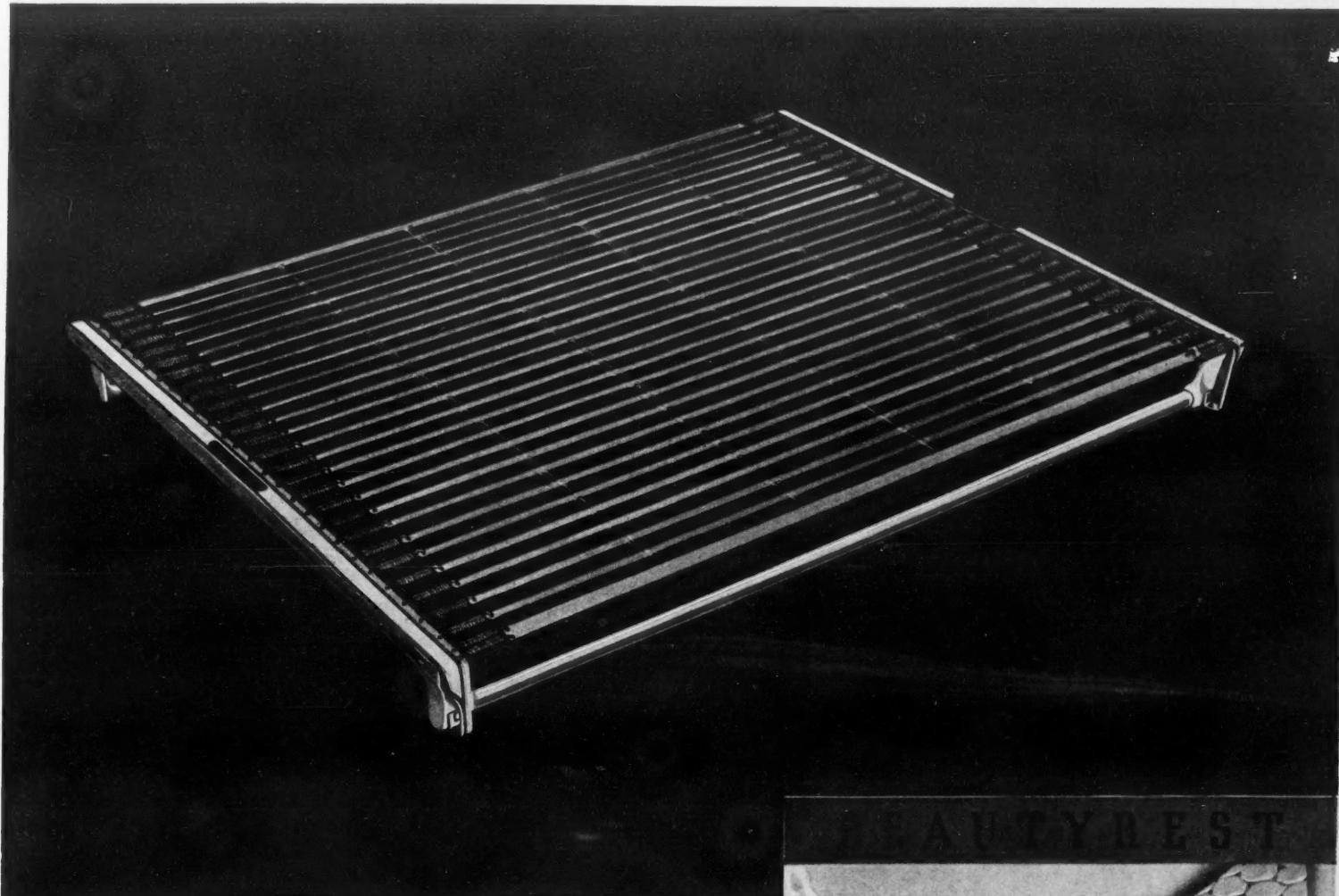
ADDRESS.....

SANITABS

THE MODERN METHOD

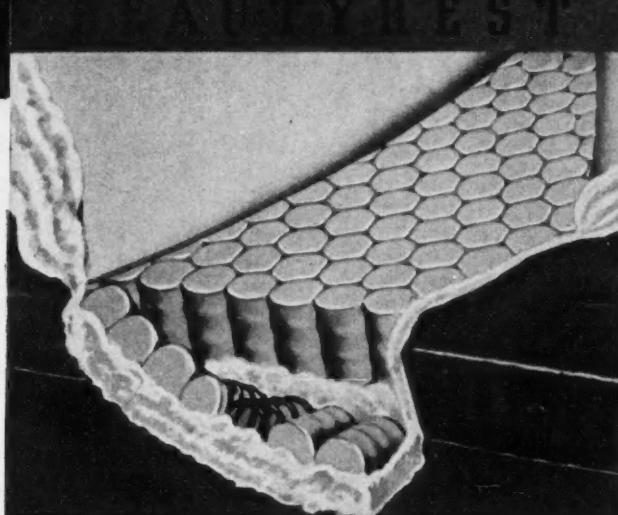


SLEEP FOR HEALTH



Slumber King

IT'S as though your mattress was floating on air when it is supported by SLUMBER KING, the famous sag-proof spring, designed and built by Simmons sleep technicians. SLUMBER KING is built to box-spring height for easy bed-making and smart daytime appearance. It is rust-proof, has no jagged edges to tear bed-clothes, is clean-looking and easy to keep clean. With BEAUTYREST, its ideal mattress companion, it contributes immeasurably to night-time comfort and to the health that comes from sound, refreshing sleep. On display at all House Furnishing and Departmental Stores.



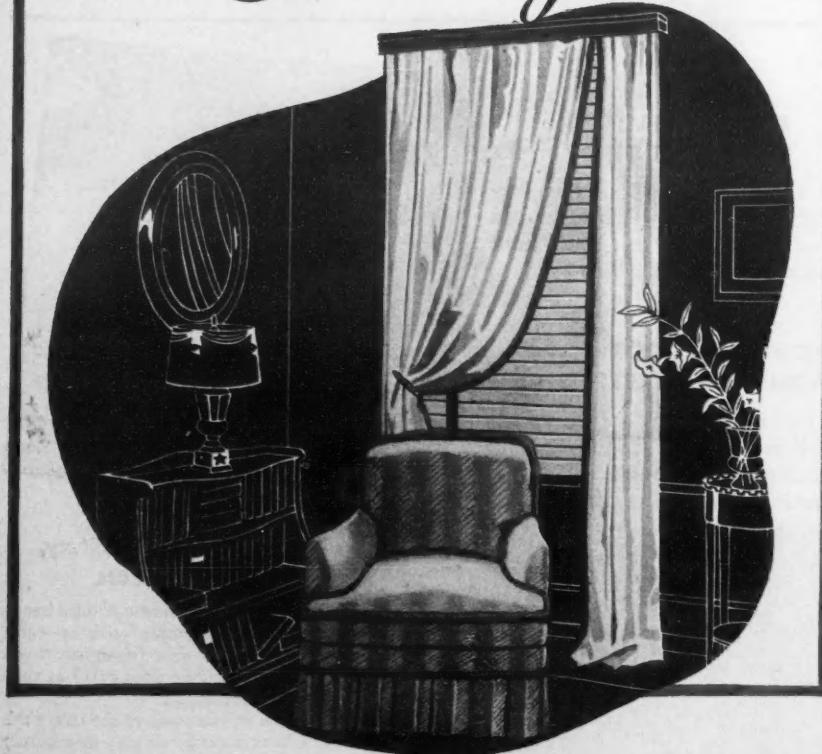
Above is shown the inner construction of Beautyrest. Note the individually pocketed coil springs coming right to the pre-built pocket edge; the pure cotton felt and all the other evidences of sound construction and fine craftsmanship. Then you will realize why Beautyrest stands preëminent in the mattress world.

SIMMONS

Dress every Room

with refreshing

Beauty



through this new Decoration Service

A NEW spring wardrobe works wonders for rooms as well as for people. It's a vacation and tonic all in one. And you needn't worry about the expense; for you can have curtains, draperies, slip covers, bedspreads—whatever you need—and save fully half the usual cost. Singer will show you how, through personal instruction in the new Home-Decoration Service. At your Singer Sewing Centre you can quickly learn the modern easy ways to make fabric furnishings—all the secrets of how to achieve that smart custom-made look.

FREE! "New Fashions for You and Your Home"

This handsome new book illustrates in full color and describes many types of fabric furnishings, designed by famous decorating authorities. Also, smart styles for your own and your children's spring and summer wardrobes, created by leading fashion experts. Get your copy while the supply lasts—from any Singer Shop in Canada or the United States, or from the Singer Man assigned to render service in your community. See your phone book for nearest address of Singer Sewing Machine Co.



SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE MADE IN CANADA,
OF CANADIAN MATERIALS, BY CANADIAN WORKMEN

shaped one in a period room. Sometimes, for variety, a combination of materials is used—plain valances with figured draperies or vice versa. Often, they are trimmed by binding, fringe, or some other appropriate fashion.

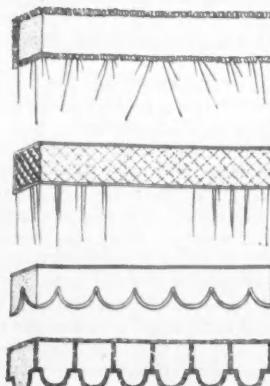


Fig. 2

The valance, if used, should not overpower the window or shut out more light than necessary. In Canada we want to take advantage of all possible light. Therefore, don't have them too deep. The general rule is, at its deepest part, not more than one seventh of the drapery length and from 7 inches to 10 inches is a good average. A tall window might require more and a swag treatment is usually deeper. A satisfactory way to hold them in place is by means of a valance board supported by angle brackets. Small rings on the valance slip over a row of tacks on the inner side of the board, across the front and along the side. This arrangement continues around the return to conceal the edge. A shaped or flat valance needs stiffening with buckram or duck. Swag valances, on the other hand, are draped over a rod or caught up at the corners. The illustration shows two styles of swag treatments and how to cut them.

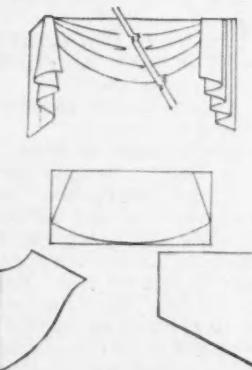


Fig. 3

The usual purpose of this decoration is to conceal rods, rings or unsightly wood trim and at the same time to add interest. They connect the window treatment and can be valuable in correcting faulty proportions; a tall narrow window is improved in this way.

A cornice or curtain box is a variation of the valance and used for the same purpose. It is often wood but may be fashioned of cork, bamboo, glass, twisted wire, gilt plaster and other materials. Or it may be covered with cloth or wallpaper.

Ornamental rods of wrought iron, glass, chromium, gilt or painted wood, provide possibilities in attractive drapery treatments.



Fig. 4

Another interesting suggestion for novelty arrangement is shown in Fig. 5—fringed curtains caught up with large pearl buttons fastened along the top of the wood trim.

Measurements—Don't depend on your tape measure but use a steel ruler or yardstick. Then measure from the top edge of the wood trim to the floor or the apron, as the case may be. Add to this an extra allowance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches for the bottom hem and 9 inches for a top finish if you are using high heading hooks, or 6 inches for ordinary short hooks. Check again just to be sure of the correct total length before you cut. And if you are using patterned material which needs matching, don't overlook this point.

For side draperies which are not intended to draw, use a full width of 36-inch material at each side on an average size window. More would be required on a double or large, wide window, but in all cases, there should be sufficient width for easy, graceful folds—never a skimpy effect.

Draw hangings are made from one and a half to twice the width in order to look well when drawn. The weight of the fabric is something to consider here as lighter materials need the greater fullness. Heavy curtains should not be too full as they are apt to look bulky in the daytime. In estimating the width, remember to allow for turn-ins at each side. Another point: when you are joining material to add to the width or splitting to subtract from it, think of the pattern of the fabric and adjust accordingly.

Making—The majority of draperies should be lined to give them a certain weight and a better "hang." The lining also protects them from fading and prolongs their life. Some are unlined for an airy effect and in others an interlining is used. It is best to trim the selvedges from the light-weight material or on heavier fabric, nick every two or three inches. A quick and easy method of making is first to stitch in the bottom hem and lay the material right side up on the table. Then put the hem in the lining, which is cut two inches narrower and shorter than the curtain material, and place it wrong side up over the drapery length, having the lining edge come $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches above the bottom of the draperies. Pin or baste in place, then sew; clip the seams at intervals, press open and turn right side out. Press the edges so that the turn-back is even on both sides. Leave the lining free across the bottom or hold in place with a French tack. Turn the heading in and baste in place, then turn in the lining over the raw edge and sew across by hand. A variety of decorative edges are often used, in which case the lining is cut the same width as the material and the trimming stitched in as the two pieces are joined.

The trimming should suit the texture of the curtain, using the more formal for elegant materials and treatment.

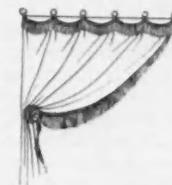


Fig. 5

Headings—The depth of the heading depends on whether or not a valance or cornice is used. If the curtains are hung without benefit of either, the heading covers the rod and is, therefore, fairly deep—3 to 5 inches or even more. Different top finishes are favored—shirred with two or three draw strings to gather the curtains evenly, pinch pleats made from an allowance of about 8 inches each, box pleats for heavier materials and a tailored effect, pressed pleats which go one way only or cylindrical pleats, not pressed in but forming long tubes like a pipe organ. A variation of this last treatment is to cut away the front of the tube at the top and line with another color.

So much for general rules; problem windows will be discussed in a later issue of *Chatelaine*.

Tips on Using Your Electric Stove

For Top Stove Cooking

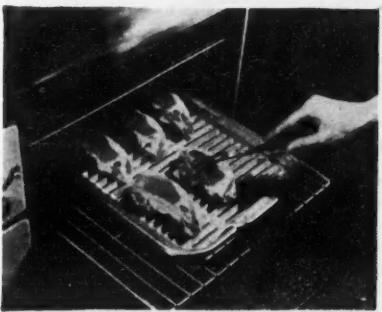
USE POTS and pans with tightly fitting lids and flat bottoms which fit closely to the elements and therefore save fuel. If the range has an enamel top, the pans should not be so large that they extend over the edge, as this will overheat the enamel and cause little hair-line cracks in it. The most economical pan is the same size as the cooking unit.

Place the utensil over the burner and turn the switch to "high." Leave on the full heat until the cooking commences, then turn to "medium" or "low" according to the dish. Don't waste fuel by allowing vegetables to boil full tilt; they'll be cooked as quickly by gentle as by furious boiling. Water gets no hotter than 212 degrees Fahrenheit and all you have for your extra fuel is more steam in the kitchen. Turn the switch to the "off" position before the kettle quite boils or the food is quite cooked and finish by the heat retained in the units. Enclosed or encased types keep hot for considerable time and even the open coil does not cool at once. And another pertinent point—a little water will cook a lot of vegetable,

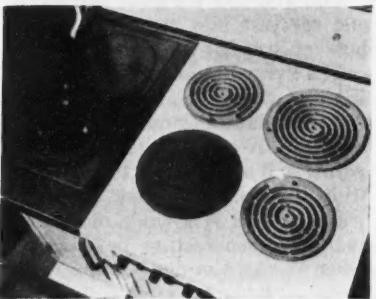
which means a substantial saving of time and fuel.

For Baking

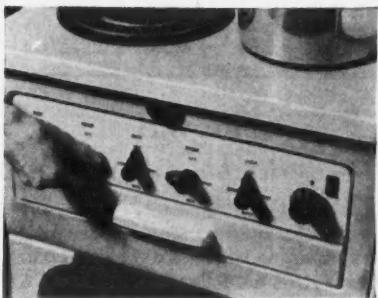
To preheat your oven, set the temperature control and turn on both upper and lower elements. When the required degree of heat is reached, turn off the top unit and put the food in the oven. For angel food or sponge cakes it is better to use only the bottom burner for preheating, which takes longer but leaves a cooler "ceiling" and allows these delicate mixtures to rise higher. Some people like to start from a cold oven, but this is not advisable for baking powder biscuits, cookies or other quick-cooking products. Don't overcrowd your oven, but leave an inch or so between them and the sides and between each other. This allows the heat to circulate freely and ensures more even baking. When using both racks, don't set one pan directly over the other; stagger them. Take full advantage of the oven heat to cook more than one thing at a time. Several dishes can be cooked at once—even a whole meal, if made up of items which require about the same temperature. Don't leave all the dishes uncovered as this



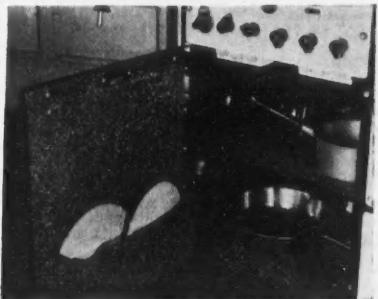
A well-designed broiler pan adds to the use and enjoyment of an electric range. Cooks chops, steaks, fish, or what have you, without smoking and thereby provides satisfaction as to method and flavor. Preheat the top unit, then place the food on the rack and cook one or two inches from the heat, with the oven door ajar. Turn when browned on one side.



Combination electric and coal or wood range which is useful in many homes. It provides the convenience of electric cooking and at the same time answers a heating problem. The smooth, spacious cooking surface has open and closed elements, the first for speedy heating and the latter for heat retention. The heater offers auxiliary cooking space.



Shows a trim row of switches clearly and conveniently for the various cooking speeds. Start at "high," then turn to "medium" or "low" to save fuel and money. Note the "broil" position for use in this easy and popular method of preparation. Automatic oven control is placed in the forefront and is easily adjusted to any degree of temperature required for baking or roasting.



Storage compartments are provided by many of this year's range models. Decidedly convenient for utensils used here—saucers, double boilers, cookie sheets, frying pans, pot lids and so on. Brings the kitchen one step nearer that ideal state of a place for everything and everything in a handy place. Compartments are in the form of cupboards or drawers, at the side or underneath in the case of built-to-the-floor designs.



Coronation — a crowning achievement in classic line — truly worthy of the occasion it commemorates. The makers of Community Plate recommend Silvo for your silver.

Coronation

THE glowing beauty of radiant silver, with its lovely, softly gleaming surface, merits your fond, loving attention. Your silver's proud lustre is a cherished tradition, worthily reflecting your pride in its lovely charm.

You can safely trust the glorious sheen of your silver treasures to Silvo, the quick Liquid Polish, for Silvo is always considerate of the beauty it promotes and preserves.

Please send me free test tin of Silvo.

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ADDRESS.....



RECKITTS (Overseas) LIMITED, 1014 Amherst Street, Montreal

Therm-O-Matic (Bi-Metal) Oven Heat Control is accurate, dependable and durable. It automatically maintains the desired temperature in the oven.



WITH

THE THERM-O-MATIC

THE SIMPLE, ACCURATE, AND DEPENDABLE OVEN HEAT CONTROL
THAT KEEPS OVEN TEMPERATURE JUST WHERE YOU WANT IT

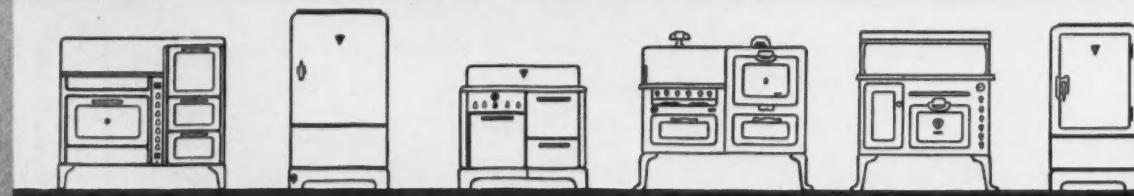
AND Therm-O-Matic is only one of the many features of this fine Moffat Range . . . its gleaming, all-over porcelain finish . . . its speedy "Cook-Quik" elements . . . its smokeless grill equipment . . . its roomy one-piece, insulated oven . . . utility drawer on ball bearings . . . and warming oven . . . will make you feel that it has *everything you could ask for in a range*.

When you see how lovely it is in your kitchen . . . how spotless . . . how smart . . . how well it takes care of every cooking need . . . you'll be glad your choice is a Moffat.



Use the Value-Check to compare the Moffat with any other range. Note the features found in the Moffat, but in no other range.

MOFFATS



MAKERS OF ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS, ELECTRIC RANGES, GAS RANGES

Coronation Preview . . .

(Continued from page 78)

where the King is seated. The dean delivers the crown to the archbishop who "reverently puts it upon the King's head." At once the assembled company cry out loudly and repeatedly, "God Save the King," and the peers put on coronets which they have previously carried. Trumpets sound and—a modern touch—a telephone message from the Abbey itself, sets off cannon salutes at the Tower of London and at Windsor Castle.

When Do the Peers Do Homage and Do All of Them File Past the Throne?

After being crowned, the King is presented with a Bible, and he is again exhorted by the archbishop. Then the archbishop, bishops and princes of blood Royal and other peers of the realm "do homage publically and solemnly unto the King." The leading duke, marquis, and earl represent others of their rank, as do all other leading peers of different status down to baronets and knights.

How Do They Give Homage?

Each in turn kneels before the King and says, "I...duke of... or marquis of... do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God." All other members of the speaker's rank repeat the words after him. He kisses the King's cheek and the trumpets and drums again sound out.

How About the Queen?

The Queen is then anointed while four duchesses hold the golden canopy over her. She is crowned and at that moment, said to be the most spectacular of the Coronation, the peeresses lift their jewelled arms and put on their coronets. The Queen is also invested with the ring, sceptre and ivory rod.

Does the Queen Sit on a Throne?

Yes, Their Majesties take their places on their thrones but remove their crowns and descend to the steps of the altar to take part in the communion service. During this, His Majesty makes an offering of a pall or altar cloth and an ingot—or wedge of gold of a pound weight—the Queen does the same. They take communion with the bishops and the *Te Deum* is sung.

How Does the Ceremony End?

The King puts on his crown, receives back his sceptre and rod and with the four swords of state borne before him, goes to St. Edward's Chapel, where he is disrobed of his imperial robe and arrayed in purple velvet, then accompanied by the Queen in crown and full costume, he proceeds out the west door followed by all peers and peeresses wearing their coronets.

How Do They Go Back to the Palace?

By the longest route possible—though the King wears a crown weighing seven and a half pounds—so that the most people may catch a glimpse of them.

How Many People Will See the Procession?

Five million is a modest estimate; plans have been made for twelve million.

Will There Be Room to Move Around?

Well the higher the fewer—there are even stands up on the roofs of buildings.

Special places are being reserved for the schoolchildren to keep them out of the crush. At the Coronation of Edward I the crowds trod a knight to death and the policemen have been careful ever since.

What Will the Streets Look Like?

They will be lined with 20,000 policemen from London and the provinces and with 60,000 defense troops from all over the Empire, the British very proud in their new horizon blue. Brilliantly uniformed bands will be stationed at strategic points. Great boxes of flowers will be massed in windows and against grey stone buildings, floral crowns and laurel garlands will share overhead honors with flags and fairy lights. Every one of the eight miles of stands will be decorated and masts fifty feet apart, each carrying two banners emblazoned with the Royal arms topped by gold crowns and lions, will decorate the famous Mall.

Will the Weather Make Much Difference?

For those sitting in uncovered stands it certainly will. Also bad weather is supposed to be a bad omen. However, weather prophets predict little or no rain, with temperature average for that time of year.

What Time Will Everyone Get Up That Morning?

It is expected the police will waken very early those who will sleep on the sidewalks for two nights before to keep their places. Six a.m. is the latest holders of seats in the stands in Hyde Park can arrive, 7 a.m. for those on the embankment—and that is an average.

How Will the People Get There?

Buses will start at 4 a.m., the trains in the underground railway will run all night, though not even taxis will actually land people in the Coronation procession area. They will have to walk in from pre-arranged stops.

How Long Will It Last?

From ten-thirty until after noon. The exact time will be a matter of conjecture until the last minute, but it is expected to be about four hours long.

How Will the Crowds Get Anything to Eat?

Stocking marquees and fifty buffets along the Coronation route is costing caterers \$100,000. There will be huge lunch counters in Hyde Park and others built on safety islands in the streets. They will have a staff of 600 on duty from 6 p.m. May 11 until midnight May 12—working in four-hour shifts. There is to be a buffet luncheon in the King's robing room after the Coronation for 200 minor royalties and a buffet luncheon at a cost of \$2.50 per person for the peers in the House of Lords.

What Will Everyone Do Afterward?

Most people will be glad to go home and turn on the special British Broadcast. The theatres will be open as they have had an overwhelming demand for seats and the Earl Marshal and the Lord Chamberlain will spend the afternoon at the movies. They have to see the films of the ceremony which are to go airplane haste to America, Australia, South Africa and India.

How Will the Day End?

Bonfires will be lit in a chain through the country, fireworks, searchlights and illuminations will radiate out into the darkness as evening lengthens into night over London. Australia will have turned another page of the calendar before the last rocket dashes off on its brilliant journey and Vancouver will have scarcely begun her Coronation celebration. May 12 will be a day that really has no ending, in the Empire on which the sun never sets!



Take the Bother out of Breakfast

WHY spend time and energy over a hot stove in the morning, when you can have this delightful breakfast on the table in a twinkling?

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are so appetizingly crisp—so delicious in flavor—that everybody likes them. They're nourishing too. Rich in energy and easy to digest. An ideal lunch. A splendid evening meal for children.

The time you save with Kellogg's gives you more leisure to do the things you enjoy, these pleasant days.

There's all-round economy in buying Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They save fuel as well as time. And the big package, holding many servings, costs but a few cents. Always oven-fresh, thanks to the heat-sealed WAXTITE inner bag. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



Kellogg's FOR CONVENIENCE

Ride a Cock Horse ...



TO boot and to saddle"—and away goes the hunter, every inch of leather gleaming in the sun. All active men—and women, too—who are particular about their shoes prefer Meltonian—in handy tube or wide-mouthed jar. This made-in-England shoe cream does more than give a brilliant polish—it softens and preserves the leather. There's a dressing—and a colour—for every type of shoe. Ask for it by name at the better shops.

MELTONIAN FOR GOOD SHOES

1137

In Tubes or Jars

Glide
THROUGH YOUR
IRONING IN
A THIRD LESS TIME

**5-PIECE SET
CORONATION
LINEN**

Pure linen, in Coronation Colors, handsomely boxed introductory offer with Westinghouse Streamline Iron.

FREE

The most sensational development since Westinghouse introduced the first automatic electric iron . . . this new light-weight, high-speed Iron literally cuts work in half . . . saves at least a third the time required by old-type irons. Try it yourself at your Westinghouse dealer's.

Westinghouse
Streamline
MASTER-MATIC IRON

\$8.95

1. 25% Lighter in Weight. Only 4½ lbs. 37% faster, due to economical 1000-watt element.
2. Adjustable Heat Control for all fabrics . . . plainly marked . . . maintained by exclusive automatic switch.
3. Chrome-plated finish, mirror-smooth and easy-gliding.
4. New Streamlined Micarta Handle . . . cool . . . comfortable . . . rests the wrist.
5. Bevel edge and streamline point, a real convenience.

creates too much steam for that delicious baked flavor.

Make full use of the heat which is retained by a well-insulated oven. Turn the switch to "off" before the food is done, as there is enough heat stored up to complete the cooking. After each using, leave the door open for a few minutes. And there's no excuse for not keeping your oven as clean as a new pin.

For Roasting

You can start from a cold, a warm or a hot oven. If you preheat, use both top and bottom elements, then turn off the upper and continue the cooking with the lower unit. Do not have too high a temperature; less heat (around 325 deg. Fahr.) and a longer time will give better results—less shrinking and juicier meat. With an automatic oven control, no watching is needed and a roast meat thermometer tells you the inside story as to the degree of doneness.

For Broiling

Turn the switch to "high" to heat the upper unit. Put the meat or other food on the rack of the broiler pan and set it from one and a half to two inches from the glowing red element. Cook with the oven door ajar until done on one side, then slide out, turn the food and complete the browning. If chops or very thick slices of meat are being cooked, set the broiler pan in a lower position after they have browned and leave in a little longer. Two or three foods—meat, vegetable or fruit—may be prepared at once to make the popular mixed grills. If they do not require the same time, start with the slowest cooking variety and put in the others in turn.

Improved broiler racks are so designed that the fat drains away into the pan below. This prevents burning and smoking and gives a fine-flavored product. To get the fullest value of your modern electric range, don't overlook the broiler.

The Built-In Cooker

The insulated cooker with a low wattage burner which is built into some ranges provides an economical means of preparing a wide variety of dishes. Use it for gentle, long-time cooking for such foods as pot roasts, stews and other inexpensive cuts, vegetables, dried fruit and porridge. You can cook two or three things at one time and with the same fuel—even a whole meal for an average-sized family. Add only a little water and the flavors won't mix. Or use your cooker for other purposes—deep fat frying, canning (three or four pint jars of fruit fit in together), steaming puddings, reheating rolls or biscuits or keeping a late-comer's dinner hot.

Begin the cooking on "high," then set and leave at "low" until done. Or you can turn it off altogether for the last period as the container is insulated and holds the heat.

STEWs

By Kathleen Boyes

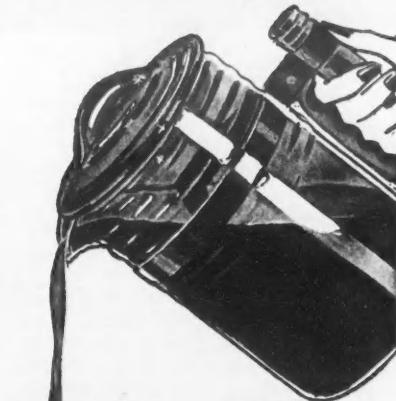
I think that I shall never do
A poem lovely as a stew—
A stew within whose fragrant breast
Divinely blended flavors test
The highest culinary art!

The perfect stew, you know, must start

On the rich background of a bone,
O'erlaid with a bright onion tone;
From this, in subtle accents, rise
Potato diamonds, carrot dice;
Your hint of cabbage strictly curb;
Two grains of curry — garden herb;
Pepper and salt, and, chastely dim,
Soft barley pearls which sink and swim—

Poems, maybe, are made by you,
But only I can make such stew!

No More
"Coffee Pot
taste"



When you
use this New
**PYREX CRYSTAL
PERCOLATOR**



★ A clean pot makes better coffee. That's why coffee made in this Pyrex Crystal Percolator is so satisfying. There's no "dark taste" to spoil the coffee's rich goodness.

And you can watch it percolate, and see just how strong it is and how much is left for "second cups".

The Pyrex Brand Glass Percolator is big at the top . . . easy to wash. Never needs boiling out. You can see it's clean. A perfect pitcher for preparing and serving iced tea; also for fruit juices and ice water. 8-cup capacity. Pyrex is a trade mark and indicates manufacture by Corning Glass Works, Corning, U.S.A.



**PYREX Crystal
PERCOLATOR**

Sole Canadian importers and distributors
THE JOHN A. HUSTON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Descriptions of Chatelaine Patterns

ALL ONE PRICE—15 CENTS

No. 794. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material and ½ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

No. 727. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires 1½ yards of 39-inch material for blouse and 3½ yards of trimming. The skirt requires 2½ yards of 35- or 39-inch material.

No. 755. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 792. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires 3¼ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 668. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires 3½ yards of 35- or 39-inch material for dress and 1½ yards of 35- or 39-inch material for jacket.

No. 669. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 34 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material and 7¼ yards of binding.

No. 793. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 791. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material and ½ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

No. 751. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 785. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 795. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material for dress and 1¾ yards of 39-inch material for jacket.

No. 783. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material for dress and 1¼ yards of 39-inch material for jacket.

No. 790. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 12 requires 4¾ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 796. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Size 11 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 784. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 39-inch material and ¾ yard of 18-inch contrasting, for pantie dress.

No. 797. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 12 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material for short-sleeved dress and 4½ yards of binding. The long-sleeved dress requires 2½ yards of 39-inch material and ¾ yard of 35-inch contrasting for collar and belt.

WATCH YOUR WEIGHT!

SOMETHING every family should have — that every woman needs — this beautifully designed bathroom scale that enables you to keep a careful check on your weight. A graceful figure can be retained indefinitely — if your weight does not get out of hand!



This Scale Can Be Yours — FREE!

IT'S easy for you to have one of these handsomely designed, sturdily built scales. Get yours by securing a total of \$6.00 in subscriptions to Chatelaine (either new or renewal); send the names and addresses of the subscribers, with your own name and address written clearly, and the scale will be shipped postpaid to your address. You may have the scale in these colors—green, white, ivory, blue, black or orchid—please indicate your choice. Scales are supplied by Birks-Ellis-Ryrie. This scale has a stationary dial with patented pointer and unbreakable glass; overhanging body of heavy-gauge auto-body steel; fool-proof lever and spring construction. It will weigh up to 250 pounds. Guaranteed for 5 years.

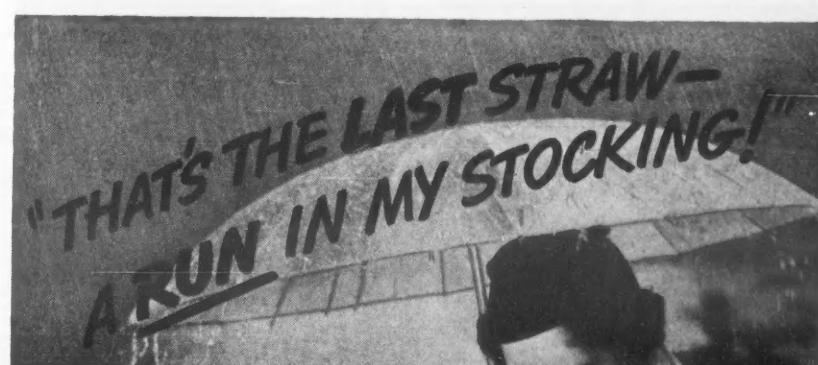
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**Embarrassed by
constant runs? Not if
you know this secret**



Runs are embarrassing and costly, but you needn't get so many! When stockings are new, they're elastic—stretch under strain.



Wrong washing is apt to rob them of this elasticity. Then the lifeless threads may snap and break into runs at the slightest strain.



So avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps that may contain harmful alkali. Use LUX—it's made to preserve stocking elasticity—cut down runs.

**Saves Stocking Elasticity—
Cuts Down Runs**





PREVENT SPIDER-WEB CHECKING

O-Cedar Polish actually protects and preserves your furniture. Quickly restores lustre, O-Cedar has been the "old reliable" friend to housekeepers the world over for 30 years. For your own protection, insist on O-Cedar!



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POLISH • MOPS • WAX



Bring gay spring COLOURS into your home!

—easily... inexpensively

Forget drab winter! Bring the cheer and charm of spring into your home with a change of colour scheme. Liven up your furnishings with gay new colour accents in draperies, slip covers, cushions, table and bedroom linens. It's so easy and costs practically nothing with Diamond Dyes. You can count on success with Diamond. Their colours are always rich, deep, true, even, because they contain a greater amount of the finest aniline dyestuff. Easy to use, too — no soapy scum even in hard water. Let Diamond colours make your wardrobe new and smart, and your home artistically colourful!

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A LOVELY SKIN

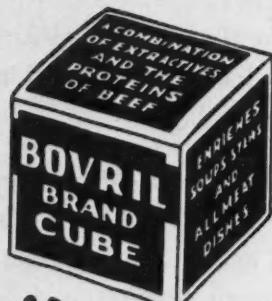
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C-21
for SOUPS - STEWS - GRAVIES



With Our Canadian Poets

THUS LOVE

By M. EUGENIE PERRY

As some bright bird, winging from unknown sphere
Seeks my inviting garden's emerald peace
For briefest rest, then at the wind's caprice
Lifts skyward, and away into the clear
Cold ethered space, leaving me strangely reft
As if gold threads that glorified life's weft
Had dulled, the garden's bloom turned brown and sere —
Thus love, pilgrim from Paradise, once shone
Chameleon-hued, alighted and was gone.



Thrown to the Moths!

● Don't trust your expensive coat, woolen blankets and other winter treasures of wool and fur to old-fashioned, ineffective moth preparations. A pound can of Di-chloricide protects an average trunkful of clothes at a cost of only a few cents per garment, and may save you hundreds of dollars.

POWERFUL VAPOR



Kills Moths
the tested
modern way

● Di-chloride crystals give off a powerful vapor that penetrates every square inch of fabric, every fold, seam and lining. It kills moths and moth worms which sprays do not reach. And it leaves no "moth ball" odor. Full directions for use on every can.

DOUBLE WINDOWS

By MARGARET MUIR

Drag them from the dusty cellar,
Put them up and make them fast,
That is all you know of winter,
Your salute to summer past.

When the roots stir in the darkness
Take the spotted windows down,
That is all you know of springtime
In the sad and narrow town.

YOUNG GIRLS HIKING

By EDNA JAQUES

○ may the day be bright for them,
the road
A ladder reaching up to meet the sky
○ make their hearts aware of lovely things
Their ears unstopped to hear the curlew's cry.

○ let them sense the beauty of the day
They are too young to truly realize
The wide sweet world, the blue and gentle dusk
Laid out like tapestry before their eyes.

○ keep them young, renew their strength until
They mount like eagles to the rising sun.
Open their hearts to joy and let them feel
The quivering tides of life that throb and run.

○ may they store safe in their spirit's vault
Some of the shining wonder they have known
And ring their lovely day about with stars
To shine above them when they walk alone.

TESTED

by leading manufacturers
of clothing & blankets



● Leading manufacturers of blankets, prominent clothing and fur shops, and famous hotels, have put Di-chloride to exacting tests that have proved its moth-killing power.

● Ask your druggist for Di-chloride today and do not accept any substitute if you want Di-chloride results. Merck & Co. Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Montreal.

Di-chloride

the Tested
moth Killer





"Quality Street" has Katharine Hepburn as its star. She is shown in a scene with Eric Blore.

Speaking of Luise Rainer reminds us that she undergoes a complete transformation in "The Emperor's Candlesticks." She's changed the color of her hair to red, from the meek little mouse she's turned into an ultra-sexy gamin and when you see her in the clothes that Adrian, who dresses such stars as Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer, has designed for her you'll be even more wildly enthusiastic about this little Viennese than ever.

SELDOM HAS the future held such high promise for colorful costume productions as the array offered for the coming season. They spell entertainment with a capital E.

"The Prince and the Pauper," with Billy Mauch—remembered as the boy Anthony Adverse—and Errol Flynn, intrigues particularly . . . but then, so do all these others. It is of especial interest that Flynn will assume a swashbuckling role in the remaking of "The Sea Hawk."

Douglas Fairbanks will go to China to film "The Travels of Marco Polo," starring



"Luise Rainer turns from a meek mouse to a sexy gamin." Freddie Bartholomew plays in "Captains Courageous."

Gary Cooper; and Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, already has dispatched a company to the South Seas for "Hurricane."

"Souls At Sea" gives you Gary Cooper again, with George Raft, in a stirring tale of the early nineteenth century. "The Prisoner of Zenda" will unite Ronald Colman and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with lovely Madeleine Carroll as the love interest; Paul Muni enacts the title role in "The Life of Emile Zola;" and those who enjoyed — and who didn't? — Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer together in "Come and Get It," will be enabled to see this pair again in "Toast of New York." Altogether—and these represent only the cream of the crop, so to speak—the outlook appears exceptionally brilliant.

ANOTHER much-heralded production is the old favorite, "Firefly," in which Jeanette MacDonald, will appear opposite a leading man other than Nelson Eddy. She is to be teamed with Allan Jones, recalled for his Ravelin in "Showboat." "Firefly" will bring together two of the most glorious voices on the screen, so watch for this.

Ten to one you'd never suspect, unless we told you, the identity of Hollywood's most bride-and-groomish bride and groom. Not to keep you in suspense—or did you guess it?—they're Joan Blondell and Dick Powell.

Joan, you see, always sleeps late whenever she's not working, while Dick, in the

midst of production on "The Singing Marine," must rise at six o'clock to be at the studio by eight.

Immediately she wakes, Joan wires Dick her daily good-morning greeting, because she cannot call him direct on the set, and Dick—well, just as soon as he receives the telegram and can leave the set he'll dash to a phone, to thank his little honey and talk nonsense. A young suitor might gain a liberal education in courting, just listening to Dick's conversation over the wire.

REMEMBER Esther Ralston? Of course, you do. She was one of our brightest stars back in the silent-picture era. Now, she is making a comeback, and already has appeared in several important productions, among them "Reunion," with the Quints, and "Hollywood Boulevard."

Behind this comeback there's a grand story.

Not for herself did Esther elect once more to win fame. She had a sufficiency of this, during her heyday. The reason lies in her young daughter, who doesn't remember her mother on the screen, and more than anything else in the world wanted to see her mother once more a popular figure of the films. With no interest other than to please this daughter, Esther started anew, and already is making an enviable name for herself.

BECAUSE SHE was fearful of hitting the cameraman in the face with a flying hard-soled shoe, Eleanor Powell, on the second day of production on "Broadway Melody of 1937," sprained her ankle and was forced to lay off work for three weeks.

To the dancer, this represented the depths of tragedy, for she had just completed six weeks of intensive dance rehearsals when the accident occurred. During the filming of her initial picture, "Broadway Melody of 1936," Eleanor experienced a mishap, too, but at that time she was so worried over losing out in the picture—as who wouldn't?—that she danced even when her foot caused her excruciating agony. There's a real trouper for you.

MANY PLAYERS have strange clauses in their contracts with studios, but none more satisfying to the imagination than one in Alice Faye's agreement with Fox. It is down in black and white that she may leave the set, regardless of what she may be doing at the time, whenever her old friend, Rudy Vallee, broadcasts on the radio.

STORIES OF Edward Everett Horton's acts of kindness are legion in Hollywood, but we happened to overhear the following ourselves while visiting Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers on the "Shall We Dance?" set.

It was the first day of the picture, and Horton, coming on the set, noticed a young actor who appeared ill at ease.



An emotional moment in "The Good Earth," starring Luise Rainer and Paul Muni.

Obviously, the confusion was new to him. "My name's Horton," Eddie introduced himself, crossing the huge stage to the other. "If there's anything I can do for you, just say the word. I hate opening days, don't you?"

Do you wonder Horton is so popular?

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Exquisitely—
SHEER
Flawlessly—
CLEAR
DOUBLY CERTIFIED
QUALITY

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A light beige for wear with beige and pastels.

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A sophisticated, versatile beige for medium colors.

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A bright sun-tan for White and Gay Prints.

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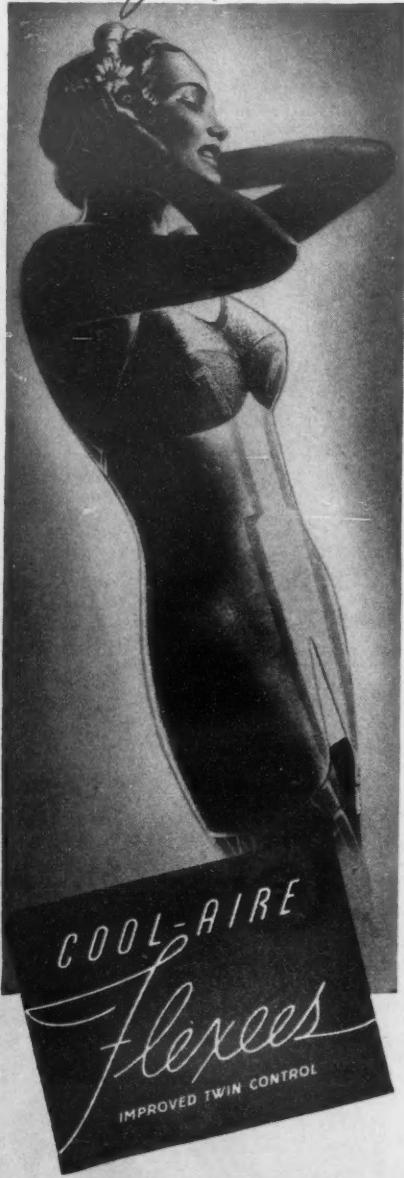
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THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

What's Happening in Hollywood?

Whitney Williams—friend of stars and studios, brilliant columnist—knows. And he's telling all for Chatelaine readers each month in this bright and chatty new column about the talkies.

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

HOLLYWOOD is a city of glamor and romance.

What better way, then, to start off our new column devoted to the film capital and its famous folk than to touch upon the romances of the stars themselves.

Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor still occupy topmost position in popular interest, but the Sonja Henie-Tyrone Power, Jr., combine bids fair to overshadow even the brilliance of this famous couple.

Sonja, you will recall, scored sensational in her screen debut as star of "One In a Million," after having won international skating honors at the Olympic Games; and Tyrone performed magnificently in "Lloyd's of London." Their romance is watched with rather more than customary concern. Hollywood, though, is hoping, for the benefit of both their careers, that they won't jump madly into matrimony. Now that they are so definitely on the upgrade, by all the rules of Hollywood they would be tempting fate.



"Hollywood's most bride and groomish pair—Joan Blondell and Dick Powell."

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond will be married in June, and many believe that Binnie Barnes ultimately will wed Don Alvarado. The romance between Jean Harlow and William Powell, however, appears to be in the cooling stage, as does that of George Raft and Virginia Pine. And Merle Oberon apparently cannot choose between David Niven, to whom she has been reported engaged for many months, and Brian Aherne, who followed her to London.

There seems to be a bond of understanding existing between Kay Francis and Delmar Daves that withstands the ravages of time, and Greta Garbo still remains constant to George Brent. Alice Faye and Tony Martin likewise prefer each other to all others, and James Stewart squires Ginger Rogers about more than any other one man. And, of course, there are Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, seen always together. They get a terrific "bang" out of each other's company.

NOW THAT we've disposed of the major romantic combinations, let's get on . . .

For certain sequences in "Cafe Metropole," in which she's co-starred with Tyrone Power, Loretta Young wears a

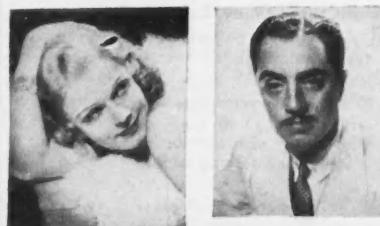


"Great Garbo remains constant to George Brent."

black wig. It changes her appearance considerably; so much so, in fact, that one day while on location a young man approached, and begged . . . "May I have your autograph, Miss Oberon?" Loretta, good sport that she is, smilingly wrote Merle's name in the proffered autograph book. When you see the picture you'll appreciate the occurrence, for the resemblance between the two as a result of the wig is striking.

A QUARTET of the brightest prospects seen on the screen in years hail from as many different countries. Sonja Henie comes from Norway, Luise Rainer claims Austria as her birthplace, Simone Simon is French and Mary Maguire sailed from Down Under, from far-off Australia, for Hollywood.

Not only will the screen be all the better for their entry into films, but each is a new type of personality and delights the eye with her fascinating mannerisms. Sonja will be glimpsed again in "Thin Ice;" Luise, as you probably know, won the Academy award for her second film characterization, that of Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," and certainly will garner new honors for her matchless acting in "The Good Earth;" Simone ascends on high in the new version of the picture that originally sent Janet Gaynor soaring to stardom, in "Seventh Heaven"—be sure to see Simone in this; and Mary Maguire



The Jean Harlow—Bill Powell romance seems to be in the cooling stages.

you will love in "That Man's Here Again." Mary's eyes alone are worth the price of admission, even though the feature itself is no great shakes as entertainment.



Fastidious about the materials she wears and the styles she chooses, this young miss selects Butterick Pattern No. 7263 and makes it up in Viyella Flannel.

Soft as lambs' wool, this beautiful fashion dress fabric launders repeatedly, tailors to perfection and never "sits out" in the back. It goes, pleats, flares and is so easy to make up...in creams, pastels and authentic Scottish plaids.

You will find Viyella ideal for spring dresses, sports skirts, golf shirts and tennis shorts. If your favorite store does not stock Viyella write William Hollins & Co., Ltd., 266 King Street, West, Toronto, Dept. B.

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washable and colorfast



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Wood's

MOTH KILLER

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FOR THE DEATH OF A MOTH

Every housewife can save \$10 or more each year by keeping her home free from moths. Spray Fly-Tox on upholstery and woolens regularly. Follow the directions on the container. It kills moths and larvae at a touch, just as it kills flies, bedbugs and all household pests. Fly-Tox is cheaper because it goes farther.

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Gator Roach Hives kill Roaches without mess, waste or bother. Effective for months. At all drug-gists—3 for 50c.



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TRY THIS EASY WAY CUTS WORK IN HALF

One of the "Capo" Family of Cleaners and Polishes

THE CAPO POLISHES LIMITED HAMILTON, CANADA

Nine Diet Essentials

(Continued from page 64)

Eating pies and cakes in excess or indulging in pickles and highly seasoned and spiced foods.

Heaping sugar on various foods.

Partaking of only one type of food at a meal.

Partaking of the less nourishing type of ready-to-serve cereal.

Hurrying through meals to get off to play.

Eating meals when over-tired.

Overindulgence in fried or greasy foods. And here are some points to watch generally in the care of the pre-school child.

1. An annual medical examination after the first year.

2. A biannual dental inspection after the third year.

3. Early attention to any defective conditions revealed at these examinations.

4. A suitable diet and a happy mealtime.

5. The prevention of fatigue by adequate rest, not only during the night, but also during the day.

6. Immunization against diphtheria or any other communicable disease which the family doctor may advocate.

7. Vaccination against smallpox.

8. Due consideration to the common cold, grippelike infections and sore throats with an adequate convalescent period.

9. Cod-liver oil or other vitamin-rich fish oils during the darker months of the year.

10. Iodine in some form, or sodium iodide administration for goitre prevention, according to method outlined by the family doctor.

11. Satisfactory parental control and discipline, with the establishment of sound health habits and practices.

12. The establishment of pre-school clinics for the children whose parents are unable to employ a private physician.



JIM: "Not leaving? It's the very shank of the evening."

FRANK: "You'd leave, too, if you had to dance with the girl I brought. She's got 'It'—the wrong kind."

*Nothing offends like halitosis (bad breath); nothing remedies it so well as LISTERINE.

Cute but Careless

By Jane Brown

AT A RECENT house party, to which I was unlucky enough to be invited (I had a good book at home to finish), my attention fell on an exceptionally attractive young girl—the kind of a girl you'd think men would simply lose their minds about. Yet everywhere in that gay crowd, she seemed a sort of fifth wheel.

Young men would drop down beside her for a moment, then dash off. Occasionally they danced with her, wearing expressions indicating acute martyrdom.

I couldn't understand it, so I asked my hostess about her.

"Marjorie?" she confided, "of course she's cute . . . but she's also careless."

"Certainly not about her clothes!"

"Not about her clothes or her manners, but about her breath. It isn't . . . well . . ."

nice, and nobody has the heart to tell her about it."

I suppose I should have been shocked, but in my work I've come in contact with so many girls, so many women also, with exactly the same trouble, that I merely shrugged.

For the life of me, I can't understand why any woman in social or business life dares to assume that her breath is always beyond reproach, when so often the reverse is true.

And when it is true, what a terrific hurdle the woman has ever before her.

As I said, I can't imagine any woman, or man either, running the risk of offending others when a good mouth wash like Listerine will take care of an unpleasant breath so promptly.

ACTS TWO WAYS TO SWEETEN BREATH

Don't expect tooth paste, powders, or digestive tablets to cure halitosis (unpleasant breath). What you need is a safe antiseptic and quick deodorant.

Listerine Antiseptic is so effective against halitosis for two reasons: First, it quickly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth and mouth surfaces—a major cause of breath odors. Second, it then overcomes the odors themselves.

After you have used Listerine Antiseptic your entire mouth is fresher, cleaner, more

hygienic, and your breath is sweeter and hence more agreeable.

Never go forth to a business or social engagement without first using Listerine Antiseptic; it is your assurance that your breath will not offend others.

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LISTERINE
checks Halitosis



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Dull, lifeless hair?



DRY SCALD is the cause

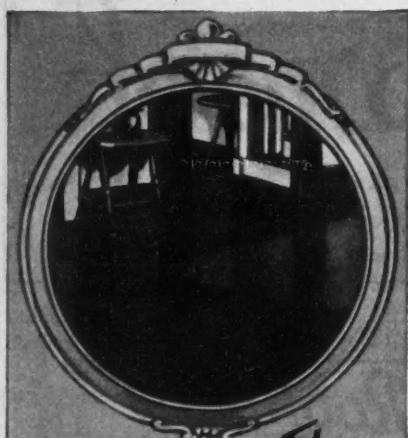
The natural oils of the scalp dry out quickly in Canada's drying winds and brilliant sunshine. Your hair becomes dry, harsh, brittle.

Try this simple home treatment. Part your hair and apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic right on the scalp. Massage briskly, then shampoo. See how soft and pliant your scalp becomes. Hair is lustrous and lovely again.

Two sizes 45c and 75c. Three times the quantity in the larger bottle. Write for FREE SAMPLE bottle to Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 5520 Chabot Avenue, Montreal, Que., Dept. CS.



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Give Your Floors
the Beauty THAT ONLY
A FINE WAX CAN GIVE



LASTS LONGER - POLISHES BETTER - COSTS LESS



Against the magnificent background of the Canadian Rockies, much of the action of "Silent Barriers," the first great film made in Canada, takes place. The principals are Lilli Palmer and Richard Arlen

His Father's Wife

(Continued from page 59)

Now she had come and found a young man cold and angry as his father had been. It was the bitterest pain of all—this knowing that he thought she had not cared. She looked up and met his eyes. "Mother," he said, knowing somehow, at last, that she had never forgotten him. And the girl, Claire, who had been merciless, was crying. She bent suddenly, shyly to kiss Peter's mother on the lips.

THEY SETTLED the child in the hospital, barely scratched, the doctor said. He was the little imp who had seen Claire and Peter the day before, hidden to jump out at them.

He clung to the older woman when she turned to leave him, but Peter gently unclasped the youngster's fingers.

"Look here, young fellow," he said, "your mother's on her way here. I have to take my mother home."

Finally Claire and Peter and Mrs.

Belmore were seated around a tea tray in the library, trying to appear unconcerned. Claire was saying to Mrs. Belmore, "You must stay for our wedding."

"Do stay, mother," said Peter, rejoicing because she had never stopped loving him. What had taken her away from him he could never know but he would never blame her for it again.

She looked at them, then she said slowly, "I've been a character in a book for a long time, Peter—a silly book written by a silly man about a silly woman. I've lived and died by that woman and lived and died again and now it's too late to change."

"The woman never was me, Peter, but the world has a way of making us play the part it sees us in. It's better for everyone if we stay in character. You'll be happy, you and Claire. I'll come back to see my grandchildren. By that time being a grandmother will be in character—and I'll love it."

"Mother—" Peter began but she stopped him for Hodges had opened the door to announce:

"Your car is ready, Mrs. Belmore."

She kissed them both—Claire first, then Peter, and left without looking back at them.

the style of your foot. The best all-round shoe is the Oxford. The overweight woman may think it makes her ankle look a trifle thicker, but it's her best shoe. Don't wear pumps if you're heavy. Don't wear ankle shoes unless your ankles are nicely shaped. You can get Oxfords now in lighter lines and angles, rather than heavy curves.

And for this season . . . you can wear carnelian reds, lovely new greens, dark blues, and the new "greyed bright" shades in shoes. Black, blue and tan shoes in shades to match gloves and bags are still best. Gabardines trimmed with leather and vice versa are good for summer. And the multi-colored suede sandal in ruby red, sapphire, emerald and gold is very good for evening wear. The Coronation has brought us the large buckled pump, beautiful sandals for Coronation robes, gemmed shoes and rich gold and silver brocades.

My Feet Hurt!

(Continued from page 61)

For better ankles. Stand against a wall, face inward, and stretch up as though trying to reach something. Then down. Do it several times.

The biggest cause of foot trouble today is displacement of one or more of the metatarsals (little arch-bones right behind the toes). When one of these falls, it often causes calluses and other trouble. Pads in shoes, etc., are of no use in this case. The bone must be pushed back by proper scientific treatment.

As to what to wear, and what not to. Don't follow the styles slavishly. Study



Margot Graham, Anton Walbrook and Elizabeth Allen in "The Soldier and the Lady."

DROP
THAT
KNIFE!

CORNS COME
BACK BIGGER-
UGLIER
UNLESS REMOVED ROOT AND ALL

Home paring methods make corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever. Don't take that chance. Use the Blue-Jay method that removes corns completely by lifting out the corn Root and All in 3 short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Easy to use. Blue-Jay is a modern, scientific corn plaster. Try this Blue-Jay method now.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



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Parker Quink contains a secret ingredient that dissolves sediment left in your pen by ordinary inks—hence ends clogging. And Parker Quink dries 31% faster ON PAPER. Yet Quink resists evaporation—will NOT dry in your pen.

Made two ways—WASHABLE and PERMANENT. The PERMANENT Quink is for everlasting records—will not fade or wash out. But for safety at home or school, get WASHABLE Quink. Soap and water remove it without trace from hands, clothes, rugs. Quink is always rich, brilliant—never watery. 15c, 25c and up, at all stores selling ink.

**Parker
Quink**



Made by
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WARTS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL

Say goodbye to ugly warts. A new liquid called KORN-KING gets rid of them in a few days. Also dries up the worst corn or callus. Contains pure castor oil, iodine and camphor. Absolutely safe. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Easy directions in package. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggists all over Canada supply KORN-KING and hand you back your money if it fails to remove any wart or corn.

KORN-KING

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And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning
Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.



a Chevrolet"

"We had to keep one eye on the budget when we looked around for our new car. So naturally we expected to sacrifice some of the fine things of modern motoring. But Chevrolet changed our ideas about that! One look, one ride—and we knew that here was everything we wanted, at a price just 'made to order' for our pocket-book. It's certainly true . . . you get all the advantages, you sacrifice nothing, when you buy The Complete Car!"

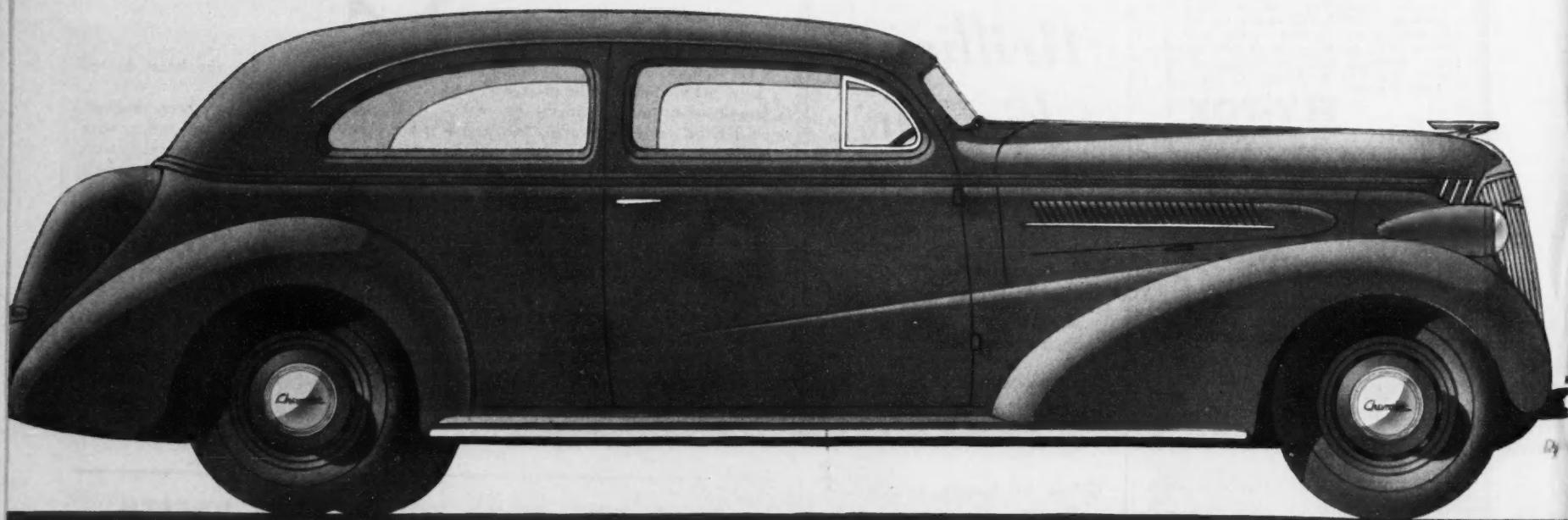
Yes, thousands are finding out that *you get all the advantages—you sacrifice nothing*—when you buy a Chevrolet. It brings you all the features you look for today in the finest cars . . . safe, beautiful Unisteel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher . . . perfected Hydraulic Brakes . . . dependable Valve-in-Head Engine, with full 85 horsepower and peak economy . . . the famous *Knee-Action gliding ride . . . healthful Fisher No-Draft Ventilation . . . Safety glass in every window.

And it's the only car in the world that gives you all these good things at the lowest prices and with lowest operating costs! See your Chevrolet dealer. Let your own eyes and ten minutes behind the wheel convince you. Low delivered prices, and low monthly payments on the General Motors Instalment Plan.

*On Master De Luxe Models.

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R O L E T

"We tried them all...
here's why we bought



IT'S THE ONLY COMPLETE

CHEV



Check Over Your Car

Sixteen points to look into for yourself before you begin spring and summer driving. Save time and money by following these suggestions.

By FLORENCE M. JURY

SOME OF us may be lucky enough to have new cars this year, but a great many more will probably have to make the old one do, and this need not be a hardship if the proper precautions are taken and a little money spent. Remember, winter driving is hard on any car, no matter how carefully it may have been handled. Snowy roads with heavy ruts tend to loosen bolts and connections, and the mud and slush of early spring are certainly very hard on springs, and body and shackle bolts.

Let us go over the necessary processes, one by one. We will take it for granted that you know you must have the oil changed and the car thoroughly greased, but there are several other items equally important that are likely to be overlooked and that will make a vital difference in the lifetime of your car as well as in your driving pleasure and safety this coming summer. Unless you are quite sure that you can depend upon the mechanic to carry out your instructions, it will pay you to stay at the garage while the job is being done, giving him the instructions one by one and checking them off as they are completed. This applies to practically all items except the outside finish of your car, and this you will see, instantly, when your car is returned.

1. We might as well save the antifreeze that will have to be taken out of the radiator. We are usually told that most kinds will not keep from one year to the next, but any kind will keep, provided it is in an airtight container. Then, next fall, you can put it back in the radiator, have it checked and brought up to the necessary standard. After taking out the antifreeze, the radiator must be flushed out, using a hose if possible, and first hot then cold water. Then fill up the radiator and check over the hose connections. Antifreeze is hard on the hose, and it will pay you to have new connections put in if they are at all weak, as they are apt to give out suddenly, and when this happens you may not notice it at once and drive your car without any water in the cooling system, which might ruin the engine. In any case, if a garage is not directly at hand, you would be put to the expense of having to send for a wrecking car and perhaps have to be towed some distance.

2. Have your heater disconnected—if you happen to have one.

3. See if the battery needs water, and at the same time have the cable ends checked and see that they have not rotted and that they are not corroded. Have the battery checked to see that it is adjusted for charging correctly for long trips in the summer. If it has been set for winter driving it is likely to become overcharged if it is not

readjusted, and the battery would burn out. Have the head and tail-lights inspected—not only the bulbs but the focus too of your headlights. They are almost sure to need adjusting, after the rough jolting on winter roads.

4. The accelerator should be oiled; also the windshield wiper, and at the same time see if you need a new blade in the wiper. A worn windshield wiper is very bad, because it leaves your windshield streaked in large circles, which are annoying at any time but positively dazzling and, therefore, dangerous for night driving. A little oil should be applied to all hinges and locks. Put a few drops of oil on the key; put the key in the lock and turn it backward and forward, to work the oil in. After the winter dampness, rust may have formed in the lock, and a little oil applied in time will clean it off.

5. Have the fan belt inspected. This becomes very greasy and will break quite suddenly—often at a most inopportune time. The cost of a new belt is so little that it does not pay to take the risk of this mishap.

6. Have the spark plugs checked. One often thinks that something is seriously wrong with the engine, when it is only spark plug trouble. Unless you can see for yourself that they are broken or very badly worn, all that is necessary is to have them cleaned. This will cost you only five cents each, but will make a wonderful difference in the smooth running of the engine. Sometimes you will find that a spark plug has become disconnected, but this is instantly obvious. Remember, your car cannot possibly run smoothly with dirty, worn or broken spark plugs.

7. Have the steering gear checked carefully. This is particularly necessary, for we all know how serious it is if anything goes wrong with the steering.

8. Have the brakes tested. They may need only adjusting or tightening, but of course they may need to be relined. It is very important that they should be in perfect condition before you start your summer driving. Traffic is, of course, much heavier in the summer, and there are always pedestrians to be considered—on both highways and byways.

9. Have the carburetor cleaned out, and make sure the gas filter is not clogged.

10. Have the wheel bolts checked. You are quite likely to find that a few have been lost during the winter. The following precautions may save you a great deal of trouble on the road: Have all your tires taken off the rims, including the spare, and have them thoroughly inspected, as well as the inner tubes. Cuts or bruises are quite likely to show from the inside that

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Make Your Own Crowns

By MARIE LE CERF



C501—Coronation Shopping Bag to match purse—stamped on imitation suede leather in the same shade of Coronation blue or doe-tan—size, exclusive of handles, about 10 x 12 inches. The crown is in dull gold and the jewels in brilliant colors. Complete materials, including lining, price, \$1.

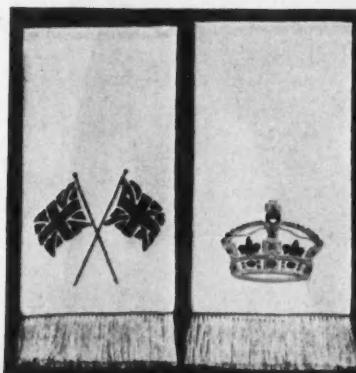


C499—Coronation Scarf, stamped on deep Coronation blue or white taffeta silk—back and front alike. The crown is in dull gold with jewels in brilliant colors. Size, 9 x 45 inches, complete with cottons for working, it is priced at \$1.25.

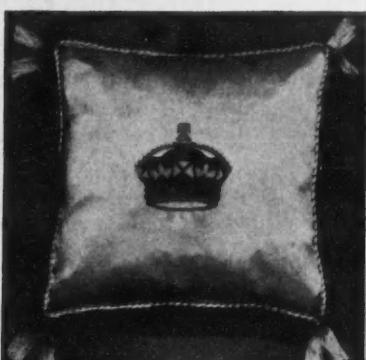
Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Articles from previous issues can always be supplied. Full directions for working are sent. Prices include postage.



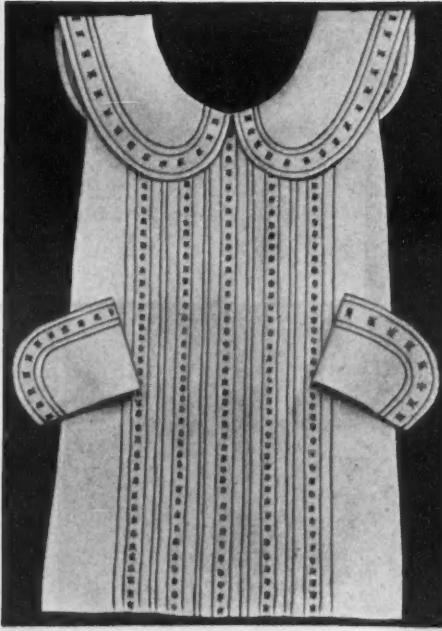
C500—Coronation Purse with Gusset, stamped on imitation suede leather in a heavenly shade of Coronation blue or doe-tan, with zipper fastener in cherry-red or amber, and taped edges to match purse. Size finished, exclusive of handle, about 7 x 10 inches—the crown to be worked in dull gold and the jewels in their natural colors. Complete materials, including lining and pocket, price, \$1.25.



C498—Coronation Fingertip Towels—crossed Union Jacks and the English crown, in brilliant colors. Please state whether you prefer one of each design or two alike for your pair. Size, 13 x 18 inches, tiny hems are required on each side; the selvedge is used for one end and the other end requires a single row of hemstitching or a double row of machine stitching before fringing. Price, 50 cents per pair; cottons for working flags, 5 cents; for crowns, 5 cents, or for one of each, 5 cents.



C502—Coronation Cushion. A most beautiful setting for the crown—stamped on deep Coronation blue or black silk taffeta; the crown to be worked in dull gold with jewels in their natural colors. This makes a really exclusive cushion—one that you would be proud to own or to present to a bride as a souvenir of Coronation year. Size, 16 inches square, front and back are priced at \$1; cottons for working, 15 cents. Four Royal cords for edges are priced at \$1 the set, and a form can be supplied at 45 cents. These cords make a beautiful finish but they are not, of course, a necessity.



C497—Coronation Dress Set in fine white or cream linen. Light cherry-red and deep Coronation blue cottons are sent, so that the work looks neither gaudy nor common—it is really lovely. Of course, any other one or two colors may be substituted if preferred. The vest is of good width and length, so that it will not slip out easily. Chain and single stitches only are used, and small buttons are sent for neck and cuffs. Complete materials and instructions for making are priced at 90 cents.



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I enclose 10c. Please send me Book No. 301,
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signs in crocheted accessories.

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Chatelaine's May 1937
Index of Advertisers

ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trademarked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

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The New WASHABLE WALL FINISH

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ALATINT will give your walls and ceilings a soft, non-glossy tint. Frequent washing will not mar its beauty. With ALATINT, one coat is usually sufficient.

ALATINT goes on easily—is free-flowing, easy-brushing. Odorless, permitting immediate occupation.

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PARIS MEAT PATTY
GET IT AT YOUR GROCERS

Are You Planning a Motor Trip or a Hike?

These little books are crammed with practical information that will make your holiday trips more enjoyable. Written by experienced trippers.

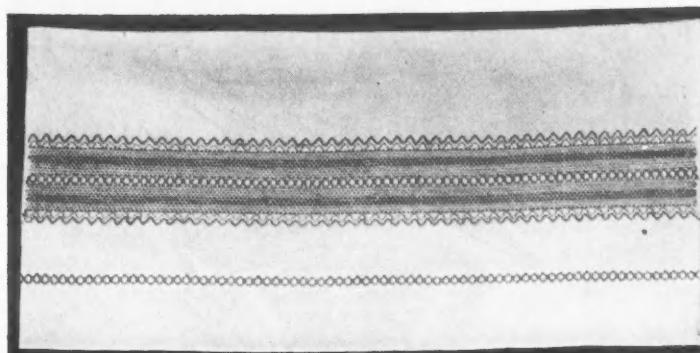
HIKER'S GUIDE. By Ben Solomon. Practical hints and tips that anyone can enjoy. A hiker who really hikes gets us into the country.

MOTOR CAMPING. By Porter Varney. This little book is packed with useful, practical information for motor campers. Where and how to go, and what to take. Complete plans for making equipment, even to a house trailer. Fully illustrated.

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SHU-MILK
to Safely
CLEAN and WHITEN
WHITE SHOES

Best Ever Used or Money Refunded



C503—Woven Towels in Coronation colors. Finest white linen huckaback is sent, with instructions for weaving design through the raised lines of the huck. This is the simplest and most fascinating of work. Cottons in cherry-red and Coronation blue are used, but any other combination of colors can be supplied if preferred. Size, 13 x 33 inches; price, \$1.10 per pair, and cottons for working, 10 cents. Order from Marie Le Cerf, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

will not show on the outside. Have any defects patched or vulcanized, as seems necessary. It is a lot cheaper and easier to have these things attended to when you are at the garage than to have trouble later on, on the highway or perhaps on a country road. After this has been done, have the two best tires put on the front, and all tires changed around as far as possible.

11. Have all shackle and body bolts checked.

12. Inspect the roof of your car, and if you find any slightest defect, give it a coat of paint. This will seal any cracks and prevent leaks.

13. Any rust spots should have careful attention, and don't think it is sufficient to daub a little paint on these; a little thing like that will never stop the energetic rust—it will continue to eat its way right through the metal, even under the paint. To make a satisfactory job of these spots, they must be rubbed off, right down to the metal, then touched up with enamel or paint.

14. Always carry a flashlight in your car; it so often comes in handy. If your lights fail, don't forget you can use this by shining it through the windshield until you reach a garage.

15. Now for the appearance of your car. If you feel like spending a few extra dollars, a cleaning and oiling job is well worth the cost, and you will be surprised at the difference it will make.

16. Did you know that moths are just as likely to get into the upholstery of your car as that of your furniture? It is advisable to attend to this yourself. Take a good stiff whisk or brush; open all the windows of your car, and thoroughly brush out all the folds and creases. Try to force the brush under all buttons, then a good

rubbing with gasoline will finally destroy any moths or larvae, and at the same time will freshen the upholstery.

For summer driving the battery should be checked every two weeks. Always see that tires are properly inflated and that the oil is either replenished or changed, according to your mileage.

After having all the foregoing attended to, you are not likely to run into any serious trouble, but there is always the possibility that you will have to change a tire. It is a good idea to keep an old pair of gloves in the car to use for this purpose; also a small tube of cold cream and some cleansing tissues, for repairing damage to face and hands, afterward.

And just a closing tip, now that the car's set to go. Fifty per cent of motorists throw away nearly half the fuel they pour into their gas tanks, according to Austin Elmore, nationally known test engineer. Mr. Elmore averaged 33.3 miles per gallon on a Los Angeles to San Francisco run in his stock eight-cylinder car recently. Here are some of the points on which most drivers slip up, and waste gasoline: pressing the throttle clear down to the floor, and giving the engine more gasoline than it needs for maximum power, when you want to make a quick getaway. The engine develops just as much power and runs nearly twice as long at half throttle. Then, don't drive the car as fast as possible in the lower gears. Shift into second at 10 miles an hour and into high at 25 miles. That will save 50 cubic centimeters of gasoline on one start. Also, don't try to beat the normal flow of traffic. Speeding faster than the regular traffic flow necessitates an excessive use of the brakes, and a great loss of gasoline. Finally, don't race the motor while standing still, or try to make high-speed getaways.

Is it to be a

JUNE WEDDING?

Here comes the bride . . . and here comes June Chatelaine with ideas for the important people concerned . . . and those on the sidelines, too.

For example, "The Mother of the Bride" . . . with suggestions for her ensemble and good looks for the special occasion.

And a complete, useful list of everything a girl needs for her trousseau — and what it should cost.

These special bride features are part of the exciting panorama of women's interests to be seen in

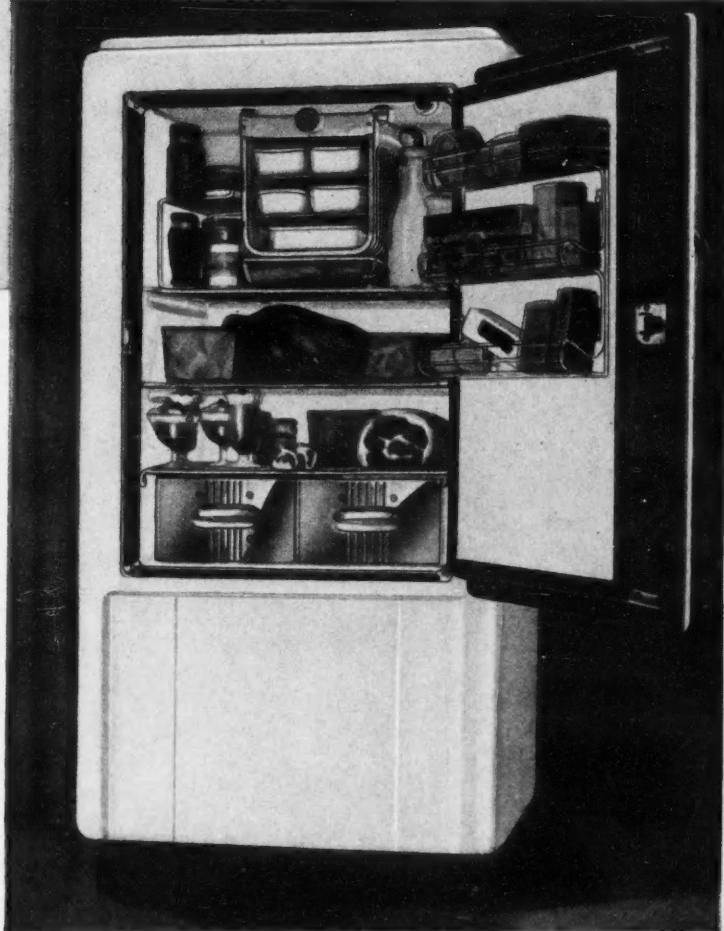
JUNE CHATELAINE

NOW KITCHEN-PROVED TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR Refrigerator



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In Para, Brazil, just 100 miles from the equator, is established proving kitchen No. 1. At the mouth of the Amazon River, under extreme conditions of heat and humidity, the Westinghouse Refrigerator came through all kitchen proving tests with flying colors. Mechanism operating only 41% of the time. Abundance of ice cubes. Perfect preservation of milk, meat and perishable foods, certified by Para State Health Department—and amazingly low current consumption.



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WESTINGHOUSE provides the kind of proof refrigerator buyers will understand and appreciate. Not laboratory performance...not show-room performance, but actual service performance in the homes of owners. 623 certified scientific tests, in 89 home-proving kitchens throughout this continent and the world...confirm the low cost of operation and dependability records established in Westinghouse engineering and research laboratories. "KITCHEN-PROVED FACTS" will save you money and uncertainty... "It Costs Less to Own a Westinghouse than to do without it."

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Extensive tests on milk, meat, and leftovers demonstrate unfailing food protection beyond household requirements, under any climatic conditions.

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Food purchasing and quantity storage tests show impressive savings in time, trouble and money through Westinghouse convenience features and food arrangement.

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Under normal kitchen conditions, with door openings as frequent as 50 times a day, the Westinghouse mechanism operates intermittently an average of only 8 hours out of every 24—a definite money-saving feature.

• FAST FREEZING SERVICE

Abundance of ice cubes and fast freezing of desserts unfailingly provided, even at extremely high summer temperatures.

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• BUY ON FACTS

Choose your electric refrigerator—not merely on outward appearance...but on proven performance records. Ask your Westinghouse Dealer for the FACTS of high-efficiency, low-cost Westinghouse Refrigeration.

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Super Power

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It's News

by Lotta Dempsey

WHAT HAPPENS IF WE DON'T FIGHT?

 Women who talk peace at any price ought to know more about what a no-fight-at-any-cost policy would mean to Canada, in the opinion of Senator Griesbach of Edmonton. A great many women say: "Whatever happens to the rest of the British Empire, we can declare a firm neutrality in Canada." All right—what happens if we do? The Senator says that our Government has to decide whether or not we will fight the day war breaks out between Great Britain and another country. It cannot be left to Parliament or to any ballot of the people.

If we say, "We are not taking any part" — then we must be prepared to trade on equal terms with the King's enemies and his people. If a British and an enemy ship both came to Canada for supplies, they must be treated absolutely equally. If a British warship takes refuge in our harbor, it must be driven to sea—even in the face of certain destruction—within 24 hours. We must provide that no one in Canada will leave the country to enlist in the forces of the King.

They are points to be considered, however strongly one's sentiment for peace, the Senator believes. And we overheard him say, quite humorously, that when a reporter refers to one of his military addresses by saying, "growled the Senator" and "barked the Senator" it should be remembered that he who growls and barks may also share his bone and wag his tail!

REAL FREEDOM FOR WOMEN

Women have really proved their independence by dressing to suit themselves instead of men. Ever think of it? Talk all you want to about politics, business and careers. It's when they persist in wearing strange-looking hats, bright lipstick and red fingernails that women show their own minds. We realized the truth of it when we were talking to Ruth Kerr, New York style analyst and shoe stylist, the other day. We were discussing the revolt against "pretty" hats. Women insist on being smart — although nine out of ten men will tell you they haven't liked the hats of the last two years. In fact, they've made all kinds of fun of them. But women don't care. They wear them anyway. How many male champions of scarlet nails have you seen? Not many. But

there are plenty tapping typewriters and tucking babies into cribs. Men design clothes . . . the famous Paris couturiers are chiefly of the male sex . . . true enough. But they can't "get to first base with them," Miss Kerr insists, unless some distinguished woman takes them up and wears them. Then other women will follow her.

Take low-heeled shoes. The average man prefers a slim, high heel that lifts the ankle to a nice turn . . . on his feminine companion. But such women as Lady Mendhl, Lady Abdy and Mrs. Harrison Williams, of New York, decided they wanted low-heeled shoes. So they had their shoe designers make them. And women everywhere have followed their lead. It should be a frightening thought to dominant males of the old school. More so than the mere winning of elections or setting up of business careers.

EAST VS. WEST

Students in Eastern universities will stand longer lectures than those in the West. But they're not so adventurous in their thinking. A professor who has lectured in both thinks so. He says that when a Western student is good . . . really alert, intelligent and eager for knowledge . . . he's very, very good indeed. He's not so hemmed in by convention and tradition in his ideas. But when he's bad . . . he's much worse than the worst Easterner! So it evens up in the long run.

SHE'S ONLY COUNTY CLERK

You may be having your struggles with the family budget—but meet a girl who's taken on the financial problems of a whole county. She's Jennie A. Batten, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada's only woman county clerk and treasurer. And for the last four years she's justified the faith of the Peterborough County Council when they were unanimous in giving her the job. She was 22 then — pretty young for a big post. But when the county clerk and treasurer died, she carried on so well that the auditors made special comment on her work. So the applications that came in from all over were bundled up neatly and put away. And Jennie Batten's pro-tem appointment was made permanent. She came up through the high school, business college route to be assistant in the county clerk's office. Now



she's official secretary of the Old Age Pension Board and of the Suburban Road Area Commission, as well as carrying on her own work. Peterborough County considers itself pretty lucky to have her at the helm.

HOW TO BE A GOOD HOSTESS

"I am going to give a good party. I am going to give a grand party. I am going to give the best party in the world." Repeat it all day when you're entertaining and you can't fail as a hostess, says a well-known social leader.

But Mrs. Herman Trelle, of the Peace River country, didn't know she was giving a party. Her big genial husband (thrice world wheat champion) just came in with a lot of people who happened to include a Lieutenant-Governor, a Premier, and several other distinguished visitors. And at that time the Trelle farm had burned down and the family was making shift in a big barn while a new house was being built. Mrs. Trelle served cookies, and milk, buffet style. She didn't rush the children into better clothes or change her pretty house dress. And one of the women at the party told us it was the most successful one she had ever been to!



PET NAMES CONFUSE YOUR CHILDREN

Does your child know your first name? Children's librarians in the Toronto Public Library say that while six-year-olds know that daddy is John P. Smith, they point out that mother is . . . well . . . simply mother or mamma. Then it's a question of digging it out. "What does daddy call her?" asks the librarian. It may be "mother" or "dear" or some other special name. Even, as one little girl admitted reluctantly after considerable pressure, "bozo." Finally it's usually solved by asking what uncle or auntie calls mamma. "Oh," says the child brightly, "Grace," or "Jean" or "Helen." And then the light breaks.

Those who start library-going at six may be spared the problem of the Canadian who wished to build a library recently. He had a magnificent room designed in his great new house, then walked into a book store and, with a sweeping gesture encompassing several shelves of books, said, "I'll take from here to here."

Or the other gentleman from a

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small Canadian city who is reputed to have cut the tops off his books when he discovered that certain shelves had been built too narrow to accommodate them!

BRIGHTER CLOTHES FOR MEN

For town wear a green raw silk costume with tunic-like top, belted, and having an erect self-collar, and for beach or lounging a shirt in natural color linen with wide trousers in bright blue linen, and gay red striped braces . . . and we're talking about men's fashions, not women's. Elizabeth Hawes, noted fashion designer, displayed them recently. She's all for colorful masculine dinner and evening fashions, too . . . there was a deep plum shade dinner suit with black silk revers, and an "at home" suit in navy worsted, the coat with revers and suggesting a cardigan. With this suit was worn a pleated silk shirt with shallow upstanding collar fastening at the back (no tie) and a waistcoat of striped upholstery silk.

There was a rosy-pink ribbed silk dinner jacket worn with black trousers in the same material and, as a final elegant note, a wide skirted dressing gown in tapestry brocade.

We haven't heard of any stalwart Canadian males sponsoring the new ensembles, though.

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"Here Comes the Bride"

All hail the Bride, the happy Bride! Surrounded with beauty, she approaches, down the flowery way. And, all hail to Community Plate, of all wedding gifts the loveliest, of all silverware the finest. Offered in *open stock* patterns, giving assurance that principal pieces may be added later. In making Community your gift to the bride, you may choose from six distinguished designs . . . discover joyfully, too, that complete services for six begin at as little as \$29.75 and may be purchased of your dealer on *terms convenient to your budget* . . . wherever fine silverware is sold.

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